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Roxburghe Ballads.

no. 36, 38

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* * The great bulk of the Final Volume of *Roxburghe Ballads* (a total for Binding of no less than 1,296 pp.) makes it necessary to separate the materials into Two Divisions. They are provided severally with special Frontispieces, Title-pages, Introductions, and Tables of Contents. But they hold in common one 'BALLAD INDEX to Vol. VIII' on pp. 881-936.

The First Division holds exactly 624 pages (cxii*** + xxxii + 480). The Second Division has 672 pages (viz. cc* + xvi** + 456).

 Bookbinders are warned *not to cancel any of the intermediate Prefaces*, or other pages issued for temporary use, as all of them contain Ballads, Notes, and Woodcuts deserving of preservation.

¶ When the projected GENERAL INDEX OF HISTORICAL NAMES AND EVENTS is added, it need not exceed a thin Half-Part of one hundred and sixty pages, for separate binding: always the best plan when indexing voluminous works.

It could be ready in manuscript for the printers before the end of 1899; and the two copper-plate portraits might be included: to count finally as Vol. X of the *Roxburghe Ballads*. Obstacles block the way, threatening to defeat this final achievement at the press: unless the Editor were to undertake the extra burden of expenditure for printing it, in addition to the literary and artistic labour. For twenty-three years his work for the Ballad Society has been gratuitous, ungrudgingly wrought, albeit thanklessly. Seeing, however, that the HISTORICAL INDEX is necessary, for completeness, direct communication with him alone on the subject must be held hereafter by any voluntary subscribers for the additional 'No. 39,' viz. Part xxviii, otherwise Vol. X.—J W. E.

FRONTISPIECE TO VOL. IX.



GUY, EARL OF WARWICK.

(See pp. xcix***, civ*** of Introduction, and ballad on p. 737 of Vol. VI.)

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V

The
Roxburghe Ballads.
Illustrating the Last Years of the Stuarts.

EDITED,
WITH SPECIAL INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES,

BY
J. WOODFALL EBSWORTH, M.A., F.S.A.

AUTHOR OF 'KARL'S LEGACY,' 1868, AND 'CAVALIER LYRICS,' 1887.
EDITOR OF FOUR REPRINTED 'DROLLERIES' OF THE RESTORATION;
OF 'THE BAGFORD BALLADS'; 'THE AMANDA GROUP';
'THE TWO EARLIEST QUARTOS OF A MIDSUMMER
NIGHT'S DREAM, 1600'; 'THE POEMS OF
THOMAS CAREW,' 1893; ETC.

WITH HIS COPIES OF THE ORIGINAL WOODCUTS.

Vol. VIII—IX.

IN TWO DIVISIONS: SECOND DIVISION=VOL. IX.

(The General Introduction is in First Division.)
Prefatory Note, with Restoration Ballads and Supplement;
Group of Robin Hood Ballads; Rogueries of Millers,
and of Female Ramblers. Additional Notes to
the Nine Vols. Ballad-Index.

"A few will cull my fruit, and like the taste,
And find not overmuch to pare away:
The soundest apples are not soonest ripe,
In some dark room laid up when others rot.
Meanwhile not querulous nor feverish
Hath been my courtship of the passing voice."
—WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

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HERTFORD:
Printed for the Ballad Society,
BY STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS.

INTENDED FOR H.I.M.'S DIAMOND-JUBILEE YEAR, 1897.

(Delayed from Issue, until two years later.)

HERTFORD



PRINTED BY STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS.

THIS FINAL GROUP OF
'Restoration Ballads,'

IS, WITH RESPECT AND GRATITUDE,

DEDICATED

TO A TRUE FRIEND, AND STUDENT OF THE

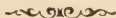
Civil-War Ballads:

SIR JAMES JENKINS, K.C.B.,

OF NEVINSTON, MANNAMEAD, PLYMOUTH:

BY THE EDITOR,

J. WOODFALL EBSWORTH.



“ I will make an end of my dinner: there is pippins and cheese to come ! ”
We have fare for Saint and for Sinner: a banquet is ready, for some !
It were folly to stint you in rations: no Lenten-diet is here ;
No total-abstainer's Jobations, but plenty of ' Skittles and Beer.'

Now make an end of your dinner, having “ pippins and cheese to come ! ”
One need not grow paler and thinner, with Barebone's dolorous hum.

NINETEEN HUNDRED OLD BALLADS we brought you (three centuries made
them of yore) ;

Since all these rich gifts have not taught you, the Editor adds a few more.

Parson Evans had lent us our motto (the only good Welshman yet known) ;*
Page dined him at Windsor, in grotto, when Falstaff came thither from Town.
Our own page is full to repletion, no ballad we drop in the Thames :

*But bring 'Roxburghes' now to completion. We thank all who shared in
our games.*

* See 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' Act i, sc. 2.



J. W. E.

Prefatory Note to the Second Division of Roxburghe Ballads, VOLS. VIII, IX.

Final Group of Restoration Ballads, 1660.

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Prefatory Note to Second Division of VOL. VIII,
Roxburghe Ballads. Virtually Vol. IX.

Final Group of Restoration Ballads.

"As when a mighty People rejoice,
With shawns, and with cymbals, and harps of gold,
And the tumult of their acclaim is rolled
Through the open gates of the City afar
To the Shepherd who watcheth the Evening-star."

—TENNYSON'S *Dying Swan*, 1830.

THERE is no longer any reasonable hope of the thirty-years old Ballad Society, with its insufficient funds, printing quickly the series of 'CIVIL WAR AND COMMONWEALTH BALLADS,' which the present Editor prepared laboriously. They have been delayed by the urgent need to first complete the enormous quantity of *Roxburghe Ballads*, extending as these have done (beyond Mr. Chappell's two thousand one hundred and ten pages) to four thousand seven hundred and seventy-eight pages, 8vo. They follow J. W. Ebsworth's twelve hundred and seventy-four pages of 'BAGFORD BALLADS.' (*His own total of Roxb. and Bagford combined is 6,052 pages.*) The sum-total of both works is 8,162 pp.; Roxb. alone being 6,888.

This last opportunity is now taken (owing to the expediency of separating into Two Divisions the 1,296 pp. of vols. viii, ix) to secure the publication of our present 'Group of Restoration Ballads,' May, 1660, to April, 1661. They were all preserved in exemplars probably unique (except one Bagford, on p. xiii*).

Other distinct ballads of the time were reprinted in the 'Rump Collections' of 1660, 1662, and 1731. Nearly all of them have hitherto remained without such careful editing as their historical importance demands. They were written by distinguished men, *i.e.*, John Cleveland, Samuel Butler, John Birkenhead, Alexander Brome, Samuel Sheppard, etc., but published anonymously. We cherish hope of returning to them. For the present we give a distinct 'Restoration Group,' hitherto unattainable; beginning with addresses to the General GEORGE MONCK (who was, in July, 1670, created Duke of Albemarle).

[Thomason Collection, King's Pamphlets Folio, vol. xvi, p. 19.]

ADVICE TO GENERAL MONCK,

By a Friend that wished his Happiness.

NOW *George* for *England*, that brave warrior bold,
 That would not be by *Lambert's* force controul'd,
 But did endeavour, for the good o' th' Nation,
 We hope, to work a blessed Reformation,
 And settle kingly Power in this Dominion;
 And then thou shalt be great in the opinion
 Of all good people that do fear the Lord:
 And then, no doubt, they will with thee accord,
 And say, Long live, brave *George*, in wealth and peace!
 Bless thee with Honours, Plenty, and Increase!
 And may thy Name for ever be enroll'd
 In characters of pure refined Gold.
 Which hath stood up still for thy countrie's good,
 Preserv'd the Laws, and saved the people's blood
 From being spilt: O happy sure art thee, [sic.
 And will be made a man of high degree:
 For by experience see what is become
 Of *Oliver* the great, *Richard* his son,
 Who held unjustly their True Prince's right,
 They'r now obscure, their day is turn'd to night.
 Whereas a conscience good, void of offence,
 At last is sure to have good recompence,
 To live in glory in the life to come,
 When other have a sad and fatal Doom:
 From which God bless *George Monck*, and his namesake,
 Who in his praise these Lines did undertake.

Finis.

[In MS., 'January 31, 1659' [1660].

We have already, in 1893, reprinted three ballads on George Monck in our vol. vii, pp. 670-677 (one being a variation of 'The Noble Progress,' Trunk Ballad No. 2); we also mentioned thirteen others on vii, p. 669 (where is the misprint of 'see p. 611' in the briefer list, sixth item, *erratum* for 'p. 671'). We see no reason to change our estimate of the king-maker George Monck; hence it forms our best introduction to the present ballads, which were not then included in the list. Self-quotation of it is therefore excusable:—

Great were the services rendered by George Monck, and at the right time, to ensure a Restoration of the Monarchy, visibly and potentially. To those who held wisely the doctrine of hereditary succession—'*Le Roi est mort: Vive le Roi!*'—Prince Charles had already become King Charles II at the instant of his father's death, although neither proclaimed nor crowned until a later year. The nation became utterly weary of the anarchy which had followed the oppressive tyranny of the Commonwealth. It was merely a question of time, more than of men, to fix the date of the required change. Charles was '*Gustavus*,' the long desired and awaited. The enthusiasm of his welcome home on Royal Oak Day, 1660, his birthday moreover, showed that the joy was national and unprecedented.—*Roxb. Ballads*, vol. vii, 669.

Contrasted with the restless, vehement, and shallow conspirators who, after the retrocession of Richard Cromwell, were selfishly attempting to exalt themselves, without ability to compass their ends or courage to fall with dignity, George Monck presents a strangely reticent and resolute personality. He had searched and studied to the depths every man with whom he came in contact, and taken the measure of each one accurately. He was wise enough to know his own deficiencies, and this insight held him back from personal ambition to be king. "Not Lancelot, but Another." Cynicism may have affected his judgment of the competing claimants, but there was really no choice, and he finally decided that the crown should be worn by King Charles the Second.

Great tribulation and searching of heart had been felt before 'the Lord General' Monck came to London, while men feared that he might support Lambert or Fleetwood. Closely was he watched, each faction desiring to bribe and to cajole him. For a few days Monck had seemed to waver; but he was playing his own game with a grave countenance, secretly detecting the conspirators, who thought themselves capable of hoodwinking him by making him their tool. He held the winning cards, and could afford to dally with their hopes and fears. It is not possible that so astute a politician as he, warrior and arbiter, had meant to coerce the City at the bidding of 'the Rump,' except to enhance the value of his protection and alliance, whensoever he might choose to drop the mask and show them his loyalty. The supreme moment came on the eleventh of February. By nightfall the joyful news had spread, and the mob was jubilant. Such a shout arose as dismayed those who had hitherto hoped that retribution might be averted. Then rose the bonfires in public streets and the roasting of Rumps of beef, of mutton, of everything available, to designate contemptuously the rotten remnants of the 'Long Parliament.' It fell dead amid universal execrations. It had selfishly misused its opportunities, after arrogating to itself the power to destroy murderously every rival. It had controlled the Army, but found it rebellious and no less self-assertive. It had lost all claim to reverence and affection, if it ever once possessed it; which is doubtful. Loathed and despised, it sank under the load of shame. To this day the disloyal upholders of the 'Good Old Cause,' with all their specious fallacies, cannot disguise the degradation of 'The Commons,' in its latest exhibition of abortive spite and sordid meanness, fanatical and fraudulent,—THE RUMP.

"*Monck*, like the Oracle, plays fast and loose;
We know not yet whether he 's a Fox or a Goose:
He had best look about him, for his neck 's in a noose,

Which no body can deny." [Cf. p. c*.

Sung in 'The Rump Carbonadoed,' to the tune of *The Brewer*.

Monck's 'Royal Progress' (Trunk Ballad No. 2), '*Iter Boreale*,' told of the dismay in London at Monck's onslaught, Feb. 9, 1660.

"They sent him then, with all his hosts, to break our Posts, and raise our ghosts,
Which was their intent,
To cut our Gates and Chains all down, unto the ground, this trick they found,
To make him be shent; [shent = abashed.
This plot the *Rump* did so accord, to cast an *odium* on my Lord,
But in this task he was hard put unto 't, 't was enough to infect both his horse
and foot.

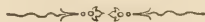
"So when my Lord perceiv'd, that night, what was their spight, he brought to
light

Their knaveries all.

The Parliament of 'Forty-eight, which long did wait, came to him straight,
To give them a Fall.

And some Phanatical people knew that *George* would give them their fatal due ;
For indeed he did requite them agen ; for he pull'd the Monster out of his den."

—Vol. vii, p. 670, T. H.'s '*Iter Boreale*' = '*Royal Progress*.'



When the first terror had passed away, after Monck had commanded the posts and chains to be torn down, the City soon recovered confidence, and the loyal language became hopeful. There was no longer any need for the trumpet to give an uncertain sound.

ANAGRAM of His Excellency the Lord Generall

GEORGE MONCK,

KING COME ORE.

Written by Will. Drummond, 25 July, 1660 (son of Hawthornden Drummond : but it is ill done and imperfect, having an I too much, a G too little).

Many of our unique ballads were 'Printed for Francis Grove on *Snow-hill*.' One of them, beginning, "The Prince he will come soon : *Gallant news, gallant news !*" to the tune of *Royal News*, *Royal News*, is entitled 'Gallant News.'

"Gallant News of late I bring, tidings of chusing now a King,
Whereby true Subjects may rejoyce in chusing them so sweet a choyce :
That Love and Peace may so agree to end the days of misery."

Other ballads were printed for John Andrews, at the White Lion. Pie-Corner. Another ballad of the same theme is entitled '*England's Honour and London's Glory*, with the manner of proclaiming *Charles the Second King of England* this eighth of *May*, 1660, by the honourable the two houses of Parliament, Lord General *Monck*, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Counsell of the City. The tune is, *Vive le Roy*.' It was printed for Willm. Gilbertson, and begins, "Come hither, friends, and listen unto me, and hear what shall now related be." The burden is, *Then let us sing, boyes, God save the King, boyes ! Drink a good health and sing Vive le Roy !* Probably it is the same tune as *Sing for joy, sing for joy !*—see vol. vii, p. 664.

There are innumerable allusions in panegyrics, after Feb. 11, to Monck as St. George ; but no genuine first Part found of a political 'St. George for England' that was sung to the same old tune of *Drive the cold Winter away*. The tune (see *Popular Music*, p. 194) takes its name from the burden of Martin Parker's Christmas song, beginning, "All hail to the days that merit more praise than all other days in the year !" (reprinted in *Roxb. Bds.*, vol. i, p. 84).

[Bagford Collection, III, 54 ; Thomason, 669, f. 25, vol. xviii, 4.]

The Second Part of St. George for England.

To the Tune of, *To drive the cold Winter away.* [See vol. i, p. 84.]

Now the *Rump* is confounded, there's an end of the *Round-head*,
 Who hath been such a bane to our Nation ;
 He hath now plai'd his part, and 's gone out like a fa.t,
 Together with his '*Reformation.*'
 For by his good favour, he hath left an ill savour,
 But 's no matter, we'll trust him no more ;
Kings and *Queens* may appear, once again, in our sphere,
 Now the *Knaves* are turn'd out of door :
And drive the cold Winter away.

Scot, Nevil, and Vane, with the rest of that train,
 Are into '*Oceana*' fled ;
 Sir *Arthur* the brave, that's as arrant a Knave, [Hasterigg.
 Has *Harrington's* '*Rota*' in 's head.
 But he's now full of cares, for his foals and his mares,
 As when he was routed before,
 But I think he despairs, by his arms or his prayers,
 To set up the *Rump* any more,
And drive the cold Winter away.

I should never have thought that a *Monk* could have wrought
 Such a *reformation* so soon :
 That House, which of late was the jakes of the State, [t. 'Jacques.'
 Will ere long be a House of Renown.
 How good wits did jump, in abusing the *Rump*,
 Whilst the House was press'd by the Rabble ;
 But our *Hercules Monk*, though it grievously stunk,
 Now hath cleansed that *Augean-stable*,
And drive' the cold Winter away.

And now Mr. *Prynne* with the rest may come in,
 And take their places again ;
 For the House is made sweet, for those Members to meet,
 Though part of the *Rump* yet remain ;
 Nor need they to fear though his Breeches be there,
 Which were wrong'd both behind and before,
 For he saith "'t was a chance," and "forgive him this once !"
 And he swears he will do so no more :
And drive the cold Winter away.

'T is true, there are some who are still for the Bum
 (Such tares will grow up with the wheat ;
 And there they will [hum] till a *Parliament* come [text 'be.'
 That can give them a total defeat.
 But yet, I am told, that the *Rumpers* do hold
 "That the Saints may swim with the tyde ;
 Nor can it be treason, but Scripture and Reason,
 Still to close with the stronger side,
And drive the cold Winter away."

Those Lawyers o' th' House, as Baron *Wild-goose*, [*Joc. Wilde, Serg.*
 With Treason *Hill, Whitlock*, and *Say*, [*Roger Hill, B. W.,*
 Were the bane of Laws, and our 'Good Old Cause,' [*W. Fiennes.*
 And 't were well if such were away.
 Some more there are to blame, whom I care not to name,
 That are Men of the very same ranks ;
 'Mongst whom there is one, that to-devil *Barebone*, [*Praise-God*
 For his ugly Petition gave thanks : [*Barbon, 9 Feb.*
And drive the cold Winter away.

But I hope, by this time, hee'l confess 't was a crime
 To abet such a damnable crew,
 Whose Petition was drawn by *Alcoran Vane*, [*Yg. Sir Hy. V.*
 Or else by *Corbet* the Jew. [*Miles C.*
 By it you may know what the *Rump* meant to do,
 And what a Religion to frame ;
 So 't was time for St. *George* that *Rump* to disgorge, [*Gen. Geo. Monck.*
 And to send it from whence it first came :
Then drive the cold Winter away.

Finis for the *Rump's Finis.*

[White-letter. No cut. G. Thomason dates it in MS. 'March 7, 1659' = 1658½.]

Civic hospitality provided numerous banquets in the Halls of the chief Companies, to regale George Monck, commingled with flattery that needed not elaborate disguise to make it equally acceptable.

"Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
 And the puff of a Dunce he mistook it for Fame ;
 Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
 Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please."

Monck, being more of a warrior than of a politician, was preparing to become a courtier. He wisely resolved to abandon the fanatic zealots ; they being as incapable of gratitude to him as of unity among themselves. There was 'A Speech made to the Lord General *MONCK*, at Cloth-workers Hall in London, the 13 of *March*, 1659 [1658½], at which time he was there entertained by that worthie Companie.' It was 'Written by Thomas Jordan.'

“**N**AY, then, let me come too with my Addresse.
 Why mayn't a Rustick promise or professe
 His good affection to you? Why not declare
 His wants, how many and how great they are?
 And how you may supply them? since you may
 See our hearts mourn, although our clothes be gray?” [90 lines.
 [Thomason Coll., vol. xvii, p. 8; Lindes., No. 806.]

Later (on March 24, 1659–60), Sir William D'Avenant addressed
 ‘A PANEGYRICK to His Excellency the Lord Generall MONCK’:
 Printed for Henry Herringman, 1659.

“**O**ur fiery Sects scorn'd your triumphant night,
 When only Bonfires lent the City light.
 More proudly, they, like *Nero*, did designe
 The City's flamie should make the Country shine:
 And all those Bells which rung in your applause
 They would have melted to maintain 'the Cause.'
 Alas! How little you in Action seem,
 When by their great intent we measure them!
 You the Fanatick party would correct;
 They rifle all rich Christians, as a Sect.
 To Bonfires you their rousing Pulpits turn: [i.e. the Tub.
 But they, instead of Tubs, would Churches burn.” Etc.

Walter Yolkney (p. xx*) wrote and delivered ‘A Speech made
 to his Excellency the Lord General MONCK, and the Councell of
 State, at Drapers' Hall in *London*, the 28th of *March*, 1660: at
 which time they were entertained by that honourable Company.’

“**M**ost honoured Sir, if a poore Schollar may
 (Amongst the rest) his duteous offering pay,
 Accept my might unto your merit, you
 That have given life to us, and learning too.
 How had the Church's glory laine in th' dust,
 A sacrifice to the Phanatiques' lust,
 The virgin had been rifled, and our lawes
 Become a prey unto the moustrous jaws
 Of wolves and vermin, had not you stept in
 Unto their rescue; nay, the City bin
 A Shambles made: you have redeem'd our states,
 As though you had sat in Councell with the Fates:” etc.
 —‘March 30, 1660’ [Thomason, xvii, 47; Lind., 807].

At the same date and feast was delivered the ‘*DIALOGUE betwixt
 Tom and Dick*,’ as a Countryman and a Citizen, beginning, “Now
 would I give my life to see this wondrous Man of might.” Written
 by Thomas Jordan. (We reprinted it in vol. vii, p. 672.)

The Dialogue teems with dramatic humour, and became popular. Many of
 Jordan's songs are reprinted in *Roxburghe Ballads* (vols. iii, 484; iv, 210, 213;
 v, 177; and vi, 490, viz. ‘The Noble Prodigal’). Among *Bayford Ballads*, p. 720,
 is ‘The Careless Gallant.’ Jordan's *Royal Arbor of Loyal Poisie*, 1664, was
 reprinted privately, with a memoir, by the excellent J. Payne Collier, in his *Old
 English Literature*, No. 23; who in his *Bibliographical Catalogue*, i, 44, quoted
 Jordan's *Poeticall Varieties*, 1637; the original 4to. is in our Trowbesh Collection.

'A SPEECH to the Lord-General MONCK at Skinners'-Hall, April the Fourth, 1660,' after some preliminary matter ("Che tell thee, Che will come in!"), begins thus: "My Lord, I have receiv'd command from those I this day do attend upon, to close," etc. The City loyally makes apology for having given countenance earlier to the rebellious and treacherous Commons. They are shown to have

"Thirsted and hunted after Royal blood :
The People's faith abus'd, who only lent
Their aid to *joy'n* the King and Parliament ;
Instead of which, the miscreants' subtilty
Laid violent hands on Sacred Majesty ;
Even when it came to the concluding point,*
They did our hope and happiness disjoynt. [^{*} Treaty at the Isle of Wight.
'We find our Fundamentals then begin
To stagger when King-killing's thought no sin.'
Nor was their monstrous malice satisfyed
When as the People's Martyr great *Charles* dyed : {*Cf.* p. cv*.
From whence (unto their horror) this truth springs,
'The worst of Subjects kill'd the best of Kings.'

Thus were we drawn near to destruction,
By that White Devil, feign'd Devotion ;
That Loyalty was held Malignity,
And pure Religion counted Heresie ;
And *Parliaments*—we did so highly prize—
Made but the subject for their mockeries.
So that this forlorn hapless continent
Hath been the Sepulchre of Government :
Since *Charles* he suffer'd, no man durst complain,
But held it mercy that he might be slain.
It was a riddance from that Slavery
Attended on a Tyrant's cruelty ;

[*Id est*, himself.

Whose Usurpations left us with the wind,
Though (like the Snail) he's left a slime behind.

Kings were held *Nursing Fathers*: Great Sir, then
Grant us to see those Blessings once agen.
Next unto God, the Power is in your hand
To make this Fertile, or a Barren Land,
The Old *Arcadians*, that did mourn all night
At the Sun's-setting, and despair'd of Light,
Were next day comforted, when in his sphere
He on his splendid Chariot did appear.
So Our great Loss admits of a repair,
In the succeeding hopes of *Charles* his Heir ;
That all men cry, and all cries meet in one,
For th' Pious Father's God-like Patient Son."

Spoken by Mr. W. Bard.

London, Printed for John Towers. [*'April 5'*] 1660.

Still closer to the Royal Oak Day of Restoration, on the 22nd of May, 1660, 'General Monck' was addressed in a Panegyric written by one Richard Farrar; wherein came the customary implication of Monck being the new St. George who was fated to slay the rebellious Parliament Dragon, 'the Rump.' To each man the allusion was "familiar in his mouth as household words." (*Cf.* pp. xxi*, xxii*.)

[British Museum 'Trunk Ballad,' p.m. 835, m. 10, No. 3. Unique.]

The Case is Altered;

Or,

Sir Reberence, the Rump's last Farewel.

To the Tune of, *Robin Hood and the Stranger*. [See pp. 512, 516.]



[Two portraits: *Oliver Cromwell*, and his wife *Elizabeth*.]

[B]oth Commons and Peers, come prick up your ears,
 [I would sing of] *Bellona* and [Ma]rs.
 [I hope I shall fit ye] with a pleasant new dittie,
of a rampant Nose and Ars.

[*Oliver's* red nose.]

The politick Snout, that hath a clear rout,
 stood i' th' midst of old *Oliver's* face;
 And when that Nose dropt, the[re] presently popt
a pittiful Rump in the place.

[*Cf.* vii, 687, n.]

Lord *Richard* and *Harry* did quickly mis[carry],
 and could not be [staunch] to their Daddy;
 And old Beldam *Joan* was left to make mone,
that she was not 'so good as My Lady.'

[*O. C.'s* sons.]

[*Elizab. Cromw.*
 ['in the dark.']]

If *Fleetwood* the Fool had ne'er gone to school [Gen. Chas. F.
his head-piece could not have been weaker;
In *Archie's* void place, let him carry the Mace [A. Armstrong,
before the Logger-headed Speaker. [James I's Jester.
[W. Say, temp. Sp.
Clown *Desborough's* high shoon will not hold the long run, [p. xx*.
except blind *Hewson* translate 'um. [i.e. cobble 'em.
He may supple his toes with the matter in his nose,
or with the sick Rump's *Bummatum*.
Squire *Lambert* and 's pride are both hang'd aside, [vii, 668, Note*.
like an old rotten case and an Ink-horn;
He 's left i' th' lurch, that lookt o're the Church,
as the Devil lookt over *Lincoln*.
Aspiring Sir *Vane* is now i' th[e wa]ne, [Sir H. Vane, jun.
for Presbyte[r *Ge*]orge hath trapan'd him; [Geo. Monck.
Though when ague was i' th' head, he strook it all dead,
if any could understand him.
If the State do him spue, from Old *England* to New,
I think I am no mistaker,
That Church that can see somewhat farther than we
would hang him up for a Quaker.

The Second Part. TO THE SAME TUNE.

Prince *Arthur* the bold hath late taken cold, [Sir A. Haslerigg,
in playing at Cards with the *Rump*; [against Lambert.
'Cause he would not save, *Monck* dealt him the Knave,
and turn'd up the King for Trump. [11 Feb.
[The Disci]ples nine, that [litter] of a suine, ['The Gang,' p. lv*.
like apostles of *John* [o'] *Leyden*, [Bocold of Münster.
Have lost all their hopes, and are worthy of ropes,
for 'the Case is alter'd' like *Pleydon's*. [Note †, Sir T. P.
But take the whole *Rump*, all the Members in lump,
the whole house was clothed so thin,
That a cloud like one fist grew to a *Scotch* mist,
and wet them all to the skin. [Proverbial.
The *Rump* made us quail, with a sting in the taile,
whiles it did its venome disgorge;
But that Dragon's confounded, lies bleeding and wounded,
with the Sword of our *England's St. George*. [pp. xxi*, xxii*,
xxxix*.
The Council of State is quite out of date,
the Sun is gone off their Diall;
Oh! horrible thing! they murder'd the King:
let them have as fair a Tryall. [Oct., p. xlix*.

If *Lenthal* be dumb, in serving the bum, [*W. L.*, former Speaker.
and cannot speak worth a f . . . ,
Let gallant bold *Prin* by vote be brought in, [*Wm. Prynn*e, excluded.
and he 'l set a spoke in their Cart.

Hugh Peters, the Antick, that was so long frantic, [pp. 1*, 1v*.
stands now by him self like a [c]ypher ;
But I 'l give him a wipec, because he loves tripe,
since he plow'd with the Butcher's heifer. [Cf. vii, 649.

And yet, e're he pass, let him take t' other glass,
and drink it up all at a draft ;
Wee 'l bequeath, as most due, the bones of *St. Hugh*, [Cobbler's tools.
unto *Hewson*, the man of our craft. [see p. liv'.

Let *England* now ring, to cry up a King,
as our Parliament's principal head ;
Till then you nor we can be full nor free,
but our carcasses gasping for dead.

And now let me venter this Caveat to-enter,
that neither for fear nor affection
So much as a stump of that reprobate *Rump*
[*be*] ever had more in *Election*.

London, Printed for *John Andrews* at the White-Lyon near *Pye-corner*.

[Black-letter. Four cuts : 1st, *Oliver Cromwell*, in feathered hat ; 2nd, his wife,
" *Elizabeth Cromwell*, known as *Joan*," as in ' *The Case is Altered ; or, Dread-
full News from Hell*,' 4to. (p.m. E. 1869/2, ' Aug. 6, 1660 ') ; 3rd, Charles I,
armed, on horseback ; 4th, on p. xvii*, but reversed. Date, early April, 1660.]

* *Note*.—Lambert's ambition to displace Fleetwood was known. See the
' Second Death of the Rump ' (" Come, buy my fine dittie ") :

" Then *Lambert's* Wife chid him, and (like *Cromwell*) bid him
' Confound it, and mount the Throne royal !
Your weapon 's as long,' quoth she, ' and as strong :
Myself of 'em both have made tryal.'

" He finds th' *Anabaptist* for his purpose aptist,
And treads the steps of *Nipper Dolin* ; [*B. Knipperdollin*,
He fasts and he prays i' th' new canting phrase, [ob. 1555.
As if Heav'n were taken with drolling.

" Bold *Lambert* advanced, he friequier'd and pranced,
And 's partie with speeches did urge on,
But though he and *Murley* did snarl and look surly, [Col. *John M.*
They cheated the De'il and the Cheirurgion."

† *Note*.—Sir *Thomas Plydon* was entangled in Miles Sindercomb's plot, to
destroy Cromwell (8 Dec., 1656 : *T. Burton's Parliamentary Diary*, i, 355).



In April, 1660, came 'The Downfall of *Mercurius Britannicus*, *alias Pragmaticus, vel Politicus*, that Three-Headed *Cerberus*.' M. N., the turncoat messenger, is sent to Pluto, to learn how recent news from earth affects the Infernal Regions. ("That proverb," etc.)

"But first let *Oliver* thy patron know
Our revolutions here, and how things go.
How *Dick* and *Harry* both have lost their station, [R. and H. *Cromwell*.
Wanting his courage and dissimulation.
How his son *Fleetwood*, and the Clown his brother, [b.-in-law, *Desborough*.
Betray'd them both, and so betray'd each other.
And how at present we are govern'd all
By a wise Council, and honest General.
How all the Lords and Knights which he hath made, [Geo. Monck.
Are now returning each man to his trade. ['He' = *Oliver*.
That *Corbet*, *Vane*, and *Scot* are out of favour,
And now stand bound unto their good behaviour.
That *Haslerigg*, his old antagonist,
Of being Knight in *Leicestershire* hath miss'd;
And [with] his friend, the *Surry*[e]y Knight and Squire, ['*Ainslo*.
Have lost the day for being Knights o' th' Shire.
And that young *Turquin* (oft so-call'd by thee)
Must now of *England* CHARLES the Second be.
And when thou 'ast told him this, tell him withall
The money's owing still for 's Funeral. [Strictly true.
What news there's from below let's hear, and thus
Farewell, *Mercurius Acharontichus*!"

Finis, The Rump.

Printed in the year that the Saints are disappointed, [April 9,] 1660.

'The Speech spoken to the Lord-General *Monck* at Goldsmith's-Hall, April the tenth, 1660,' fifty lines, begins thus:—

"MY LORD.

WE have layn under Hatches many years,
Enthrall'd at first with jealousies and fears;
Since then, th' Indulgence of Pope *Oliver* [Oliver *Cromwell*.
Pardon'd all sins did to his Rise refer.
The dapper *Dicky* did succeed his Sire, [Richard *Cromwell*.
A very gentle, proper, simple Squire,
A Man of Wax, that each Fool work'd upon:
Fleetonian, or a *Lambertonian*. [= *Fleetwoodian*.
They then prevailing did prepare a Pack
Of 'all-together, Knaves, walk!'—"What d' ye lack?"
This was the Rumpin, Thumpin, Rumpin RUMP,
To rhyme to which my wits I'm fore'd to pump.
The Rump had not sate long but it began
To stink i' th' nostrils of th' Soulderian: [In *Westminster*.
Wallingford-House gave light to *Hewson*'s Eye, [H. was *Monoculus*.
To finde the ready way to Butchery.
The Sultan *Lambert*'s Pride, with paces even, ['*Don Juan Lamberto*.
Trac'd NOLL in Mr. *Sterry*'s way to Heaven . . . [Peter *Sterry*.
That since (My Lord) you have appear'd, the Elf
Is à la mort, and may go *Hoyle* himself. . . . [Alderm. H., suicide.
Then blame Us not, if that our Joyes abound:
Whate're Our Reasons are, You are the ground." Walter *Yolkney*.

London, Printed for John Towers, [April 11,] 1660.

So far back as 25 April, 1660, the new Parliament had met, free from the trammels and corruption of the heartily detested 'Rump.' The Presbyterians had regained power, and their bitterest enemies, the Independant sectaries, had reached the end of their tether. After his Petition on 9 February, 'Praise-God Barebones' could no longer declaim against holding any intercourse with the Stuarts. The King's letter from Breda was brought by Sir John Grenville, and read on May Day, and the House voted for Restoration. Charles embarked on the 22nd, landed at Dover on the 26th, after a rough passage, and was welcomed joyfully, as told in the ballad. Before 1661, Geo. Thomason must have lost his zeal, for a large number of Restoration ballads failed to enrich his collection, even of those preserved elsewhere: many others perished, such as 'General Monck hath advanced himself since he came from the Tower' (see vol. vii, p. 669).

Praise-God Barbon was usually nicknamed 'Barebones'; thus mentioned, March 23, 16⁶⁰/₆₀, in the ballad of 'Arsy Versy; or, The Second Martyrdom of the Rump' (see vol. vii, 664; quoted, but not reprinted):—

"Next 'Praise-God,' although of the 'Rump' he was none,
Was for his Petition burnt to the *Bare-bone* :
So 'Praise-God' and 'Rump,' like true *Josephs* together,
Did suffer; but 'Praise-God' lost the more leather."

An original note adds: "Courteous Reader, he is a Leather-seller."

Among our chief rarities in this 'Restoration Group' are the celebrated 'TRUNK BALLADS,' six in number: five bearing date 1660. Two of the six (Nos. 3 and 4) have remained inaccessible in any reprint. Cf. pp. xiv***, xli***.

These 'Trunk Ballads' are so called because they had formed the lining of a leathern portmanteau, made in April or May, 1661. They still bear the stains and ornamental embossments on the broadsides, with actual mutilations to fit the lock; one ballad being devoid of title, tune-name, large woodcut, and several stanzas. *All the six unique 'Trunk Ballads' are reprinted here,* Nos. 1, 3, 4, 5, and 6. No. 2, 'The Royal Progress of General Monck,' was virtually reprinted in our vol. vii, pp. 670-1 (being the only 'Trunk Ballad' that has an analogue), beginning, "Good people all, heark to my call." Now given are: (1) 'The Loyal Subject's hearty Wishes'; (3) 'The Case is Altered'; (4) title lost: probably 'The Pageants in London,' at the Coronation of King Charles the Second, on St. George's Day, 1661; (5) 'The Glory of these Nations'; (6) 'A Relation': see pp. xli*, xvii*, lvii*, xxxvii*, xlix*.

Until 'Royal Oak Day' brought King Charles "to his own again," his name was less spoken than held in heart. Hopes rose high.

Monck kept the balance, and saw what was inevitable as well as expedient. So early as 11 January, 16⁶⁰/₆₀, the ballad was publicly sung ('The Rump roughly but righteously Handed,' beginning, "More sacks to the Mill"), telling what was expected to be alike his duty and his ultimate choice:—

"Though now they tempt *Monck* with a *thousand per annum*,
In hopes that, to worship, his face he'll fall flat on,
Yet he's wise enough to resist and disdain 'um,
And cry, '*Get thee behind me, thou Bub-tail of Satan!*'"
"Right pat with *St. George's* this story will jump:
Poor *England's* the Damsel appointed for slaughter,
And *Monck* the *St. George* to kill *Dragon Rump*,
And safely restore to the King his fair Daughter."

Richard Farrar's 'Panegyric' to Monck (see p. xvi*) follows.

A Panegyrick to his Excellency
The Lord General Monck,

By Richard Farrar, Esq^{re}.

ENGLAND'S St. George, who did the Virgin free
From Dragon's Jaws, was but a type of thee.
Thou (noble *George*) that Saint surpasses farr
(*Monck's* name alone hath quench'd our flaming Warr).
Hee but one Dragon slew, one Virgin freed,
But Thou three kingdoms hast redeem'd: blest deed!
(Redeem'd from numerous Dragons' tearing paws,
Who kill'd our King, and trampled on our Laws.
Monsters of monsters! O most strange Defeat!)
And yet thou did'st not either fight or treat.
All this so calmly, with such silence too,
And so much speed, thou did'st thy self out-do.
The King is so oblig'd, Himself doth owne
'T is by thy conduct Hee ascends the Throne.
And our three Nations all, all jointly do
Court thee by statues and adore Heaven too.
Three kingdoms th' hast United, a new way!
The king Hee thanks thee, and the People pay
To thee a second duty. Happy thou,
To whom three Nations unconstrained Bow:
What powerfull charms in sweetest harmony
Surround thy soul, *Virtue's great prodigy!*
Thy valour hath been try'd by Sea and Land,
And thou best know'st on either to command.
So worthily thou hast thy self behav'd,
Love in the hearts of Both Sides is ingrav'd.
Well may our Island boast to have brought forth
A man so modest, of such mighty worth.
Succeeding times shall wonder at the Fame
Wee justly give, and celebrate thy name.
Thy glorious Statue of *Corinthian Brass*
Shall stand, whil'st Time is Time (the Looking-Glass
Of thy great Acts), and stiled Thou shall be
The Guardian ANGEL of our Monarchie.

[Finis.]

London, Printed by John Maccock. [True date, March 13, 1660.]

'England's Joy' was written by Alexander Brome for the entertainment to General Monck, on 13th March, at Clothworkers' Hall, London. Two of the stanzas (our first and fourth) are reprinted among Brome's *Songs and Poems*, p. 113, ed. 3, 1668. He died 3rd June, 1666. Differences betwixt song and broadside version are great. In our longer 'England's Joy,' the language is so bold that it might not have been safe to sing it complete in presence of George Monck, 13 March, 1660; broadside omits any reference to the Feast at Clothmakers' Hall. Samuel Pepys tells of sundry other civic feasts given to Monck: but the Clothworkers was Pepys' favourite Company, whereunto he was a benefactor. We on p. xxv* note the divergences of text.

In *Songs and other Poems* by Alexander Brome, gent., published (like the broadside) by Henry Brome, but at the Star, in Little-Britain, 3rd edition, 1668, this Song xlii is entitled, "*For General Monck, his Entertainment at Cloath-workers'-Hall.*" [To its own Tune of, *How joyful shall we be!*]

[Thomason Coll. Broad-sides, p.m. 669, f. 2, vol. xvii, 20.]

ENGLAND'S JOY,
For the Coming in of our Gracious Sovereign King
CHARLES the II.

RING Bells, and let bone-fires out-blaze the Sun,
Let ecchoes contribute their voice!

For now a happy settlement's begun,

To shew how we do all rejoyce:

If we by this can have the bliss

To re-injoy a Unity,

We'll do no more as heretofore,

But will in mutual love increase:

If we can once agen have peace,

How joyful shall we be!

The King shall his Prerogative enjoy,

The State their Privilege shall have:

He will not Theirs, nor will they His annoy,

But both each other's strive to save.

The people shall turn loyal all,

And strive t' obey his Majesty,

And Truth and Peace shall both increase;

They'll be obedient to the Lawes,

And hate that subtle name of 'Cause.'

Then joyful shall we be.

The Parliament will rise no more in armes,

To fight against their lawfull King,

Nor be deluded by their factious charms

That all the Realm to treason bring:

They'll learn to vote no more by rote,

Nor pass their Bills *ex tempore*,

But study peace, and trade's increase;

Since now we finde it is not good

To write the Kingdome's Peace in blood:

But joyfull shall we be.

The Coblers shall not edifie their Tubbs,

Nor in Divinity set stitches;

Wee'l not b' instructed by Mechanick scrubs,

Women shan't preach with men for breeches.

The prick-ear'd Tribe that won't subscribe

Unto our Church's Hierarchie,

Must *England* leave, and to *Geneve*,

New England, or to *Amsterdam*,

With all whom Church and State can't tame;

Then joyfull shall we be.

Wee'l toyl no more to maintain Patentees,
 That feed upon poor people's trade;
Star-Chamber sha'n't vex guiltless men for fees,
 Nor Law to Vice for bribes be Baud.
 The Bishops each will learn to preach,
 Rich Clergy will not silent be;
 And Judges all, impartial:
 When Lawe's alike to all degrees,
 No sleeping Judges gape for fees.
How joyfull shall we be!

Wee'l fight no more for jealousies and fears,
 Nor spend our blood, we know not why;
 The *Roundheads* shall shake hands with *Cavaliers*,
 And both for King and Country die;
 The Sword shall not maintain a Plot,
 For fear of plots which ne'er shall be;
 Nor will we still each other kill,
 To fight for those that are as far
 From peace as they will be from war:
But joyfull shall we be.

The broken Citts no more shall lick their chops,
 Nor wealth recruit with Country's store,
 But lay down armes, and keep within their shops,
 And cry "*What lack you?*" as before.
 They'll turn agen, Blew-apron'd men,
 And leave their titles of degree;
 Nor will they prate 'gainst Church and State,
 But change their feathers, flags, and drums,
 For *Items* and the *total sums*.
How joyfull shall we be!

We will not Garrisons of Lubbers feed,
 To plunder, drink, and gather pay;
 While they lye lazing, and are both agreed
 To fetch our goods and us away.
 And though they swear, we will not care,
 Nor to such Skoundrells servile be;
 We will not stand, with cap in hand,
 Beseeching them to let alone
 The goods which justly are our own:
But joyfull shall we be.

Fanatick Troupers must go home agen,
 And humbly walk a-foot to plow;
 Nor domineer thus over honest men,
 But work to get their livings now

Or if their mind be not inclin'd
 To leave their former knavery,
 A halter shall dispatch them all,
 And then the Gallows shall be made
 The high'st preferment of their trade :
A joyfull sight to see.

Let *Roundheads* shake their circumsized ears,
 Wee'll ride about as well as they ;
 Nor will we stand in fear of Cavaliers,
 That sleep all night and drink all day :
 When we can find both sides enclin'd
 To change their War for Unity ;
 O't will be brave, if we can have
 The Freedom granted by our Charter,
 And 'scape from plunder, pay, and quarter :
How joyfull shall we be !

[Written by **Alexander Brome.**]

London, Printed for *H. Brome*, at the *Gun* in *Ivy-lane*, 1660.

[Marked in MS. 'May 14.' True date, March 13, 16⁵⁹/₆₀.]

Notes : Variorum readings in 'Songs by A. Brome.' Same publisher and year.

1.—"Ring Bells ! and let bone-fires." "Since now a happy settlement's begun,
 Let all things tell how all good men rejoyce. If these sad Lands by this | Can but
 obtain the bliss | Of their desired, though abused peace ; We'll never never more |
 Run mad, as we have heretofore, To buy our ruine ; but all strife shall cease."

2.—"The *Cobler* shall edifie us no more, Nor shall in *divinity* set any stitches.
 The women we will no more hear and adore, that preach with their husbands for
 the breeches. The *Phanatical* tribe that will not subscribe | To the orders of
 Church and of State, | Shall be smother'd with the zeal | Of their new Common-
 weal, And no man will mind what they prate."

CHORUS.—"We'll eat and we'll drink, we'll dance, and we'll sing,
 The Roundheads and Caveys no more shall be named ; [Cavaliers.
 But all joyn together, to make up the ring ;
 And rejoyce that the many-headed Dragon is tam'd.
 'Tis friendship and love that can save us and arm us ;
 And while we all agree, there is nothing can harm us."

ALEXANDER BROME.

Alexander Brome, in his SONG XL, 'On the King's Return,' a few weeks later,
 "Long have we waited for a happy End of all our miseries and strife," thus
 hailed the arrival of Charles II :—

"But now we are redeem'd from all, by our indulgent King,
 Whose coming does prevent our fall ;
 With loyal and with joyful hearts we'll sing :

CHORUS.—*Welcome, welcome, Royal May ! welcome long desired Spring !*

*Many Springs and Mays we've seen,
 Have brought forth what's gay and green ;
 But none is like this glorious day, which brings forth our Gracious King."*

[Geo. Thomason's Coll. folio broadsides, 669, f. 25, vol. xx.]

A Country Song, intituled the Restoration.

[NOT THE TUNE OF, *When the King enjoys his Own again.* See p. xl*.]

Come, come away to the Temple, and pray,
And sing with a pleasant strain ;
The *Schismatick's* dead, the *Liturgy's* read,
And the King enjoys his Own again.

The Vicar is glad, the Clerk is not sad,
And the Parish can not refrain
To leap and rejoyce, and lift up their voyce,
That the King enjoys his Own again.

The Countrey doth bow to old Justices now,
That long aside have been lain ;
The Bishop's restor'd, God is rightly ador'd,
And the King enjoys his Own again.

Committee-men fall, and Majors-Generall, [Lambert, Fleetwood.
Noe more doe these Tyrants reign ;
There's no Sequestration, nor new Decimation :
For the King enjoys the Sword again.

The Scholar doth look with joy on his Book ;
Tom whistles and plows amain ; [Tom Plowman.
Soldiers plunder no more, as they did heretofore :
For the King enjoys the Sword again.

The Citizens trade, the Merchants do lade,
And send their Ships into *Spain* ;
No Pirates at sea to make them a prey,
For the King enjoys the Sword again.

The Old Man and Boy, the Clergy and Lay,
Their joyes cannot contain ;
'T is better than of late, with the Church and the State,
Now the King enjoys the Sword again.

Let's render our praise for these happy dayes,
To God and our Sovereign ;
Your Drinking give o're, Swear not as before : [Cf. p. 106.
For the King bears not the Sword in vain.

Fanaticks, be quiet, and keep a good diet,
To cure your crazy brain ;
Throw off your disguise, go to *Church* and be wise !
For the King bears not the Sword in vain.

Let Faction and Pride be now laid aside,
That Truth and Peace may reign ;
Let every one mend, and there is an end,
For the King bears not the Sword in vain.

Finis.

[Black-letter. Date, *early* in May, 1660.]

[Trowbesh Transcripts : Euing, No. xcviij, B.-L. Probably unique.]

England's Joy in a Lawful Triumph.

Bold Phanaticks, now make room !

Charles the Second's coming home,

AS IT WAS VOTED IN THE HOUSE ON *May-day* LAST.

To the Tune of, *Packington's Pound*. [*Popular Music*, p. 124.]

HOld up thy head, *England*, and now shew thy face,
That eighteen years hath held it down with disgrace.
Thy comforts are coming, then cheer up thy looks !
Thy hopes, like thy gates, are quite off the hooks.
Thy blessings draw near, thy joy doth appear,
With much expedition thy King will be here.
May all the rich pleasures that ever were reckon'd
Attend on the Person of King CHARLES the second !

The Bride and the Bridegroom did never so greet,
As the King and his People together will meet.
Though some are against it, 't is very well known
That those that bee for it are twenty to one : [i. ' for one.]

Who with them will bring Allegiance, and sing
With voices of Loyalty " God save the King ! "
May all the rich pleasures that ever were reckon'd
Attend on the Person of King Charles the second !

There's none are against it, but what are partakers
With Jesuits, Jews, Anabaptists, and Quakers ;
But hee (like a Lion that's rous'd from his den)
Will pull down the pride of ' Fifth-Monarchy-men.'
The Preaching-House-haunters, with all their Inchanters,
The proud Independents, the Brownists, and Ranters,
With all the vile Sectaries that can be reckon'd,
Wee hope will bee routed by King Charles the Second.

The benefits which will accrew to this Land
Are more than wee suddenly can understand :
There's no man of merit, in arts or in trade,
But if he endeavour, may quickly bee made.
Our Trade will increase, and so will our peace,
And this will give many poor prisoners release.
May all the rich pleasures that ever were reckon'd
Attend on the Person of King Charles the second !

Then, aged *Paul's Steeple*, still hold up thy head !
 For under thy roof shall God's Service be read ;
 And there shall be set up the Communion-Table :
 Then they shall be hang'd-up that made it a stable,
 And have no reprieves, for good men it grieves
 That God's house of prayer should be a den of thieves.
May all the rich pleasures [that ever were reckon'd], etc.

The Law and the Gospel shall freely be taught,
 Which lately unto the *Barebone* hath been brought ; [Cf. p. xxi*.
 Our Doctrine and Worship shall flourish again,
 In spite of the pride of Schismatical men.
 Good learning and wee shall alwaies agree ;
 The two Universities cherished shall be.
*Then may all the blessings that ever were reckon'd
 Bee attributed unto King Charles the second !*

Our mirth and good company shall not be checkt
 By such as do nickname themselves 'the Elect' !
 But wee will be merry, and spend an odd teaster, [= 6d.
 At *Christmas*, at *Whitsuntide*, *Shrovetide*, and *Easter*.
 Wee 'l play our old pranks, rejoyce and give thanks ;
 And those that oppose, wee will cripple their shanks.
May all the rich pleasures that ever were reckon'd, etc.

Our *Exchange* shall be filled with Merchants from far,
 'Tis better to deal in good Traffick than War ;
 With all neighbour Nations we 'll shake hands in peace,
 By that means our treasure and trade will increase.
 With *France* and with *Spain* we 'll make leagues again,
 Wee thank them for succouring our Sovereign.
May all the rich blessings that ever were reckon'd, etc.

Our Shipping in safety shall rule on the Seas,
 In *Italy*, *Naples*, or what Port they please ;
 Then riches from every Country they 'l bring,
 To profit the People and pleasure the King :
 Much good wee shall reap, and treasure up-heap ;
 Good White-wine and Clarret and Sack will be cheap.
*Then we will drink healths, till they cannot be reckon'd,
 To Glo'ster,* to York, and to King Charles the second.*

* *Note.*—Prince Henry, Duke of Gloucester, youngest son of Charles I, left behind him the remembrance of good qualities and no vices. He died of small-pox, aged twenty-one, within ten weeks after the Restoration, on the 3rd September, 1660 ; to the grief of his elder brothers, Charles and James.

Our p[ulpit] and organ shall then be divided ; [text, 'pot, pipe.'
And into the holy Cathedrals be guided
Our choristers small, and our tall singing-men
Shall joyfully chant to the Organ again.

The surplice, so torn, shall newly be worn,
And all the fair Rites that the Church do adorn ;
Twice twenty times more than can rightly be reckon'd,
To the honour of God, and for King Charles the second.

The banished Nobility then shall return,
Who long time in disconsolation did mourn ;
And when they 'r well settled, like right noble men,
Good house-keeping will bee in fashion again.
The poor that will wait, without at the gate,
Shall have their benevolence at a good rate.
May all [the rich blessings that ever were reckon'd], etc.

Our Taxes will grow less and less, I suppose,
For wee have been very much troubled with those ;
Excise-men (I hope, too) in time will go down,
'T is they are the torment of Country and Town.
The Magistrates then shall bee honest men,
The Parson shall challenge his tythe-pig again.
May all [the rich blessings that ever were reckon'd], etc.

Wee shall bee the joyfullest Nation on earth,
When once the King comes home to compleat our mirth ;
Wee shall bee the envy of Nations unknown,
When King *Charles* the second is fixt in his Throne.
The Triumphs that then shall bee among men,
Will prove a good subject for every good pen.
May all [the rich blessings that ever were reckon'd], etc.

Now God send him with expedition, I pray !
For every good Subject doth long for the day ;
The Bells shall ring out, and the Conduits run wine,
The bonfires shall blaze, till our faces do shine.
And as the sparks fly, like stars in the sky,
" Lord, succour, preserve him, and guide him ! " wee'l cry.
"*May all the rich blessings that ever were reckon'd*
Attend on the presence of King CHARLES the Second ! "

Finis.

London, Printed for F[rancis] G[rove], on Snow-hill. Entred according to Order.

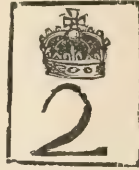
[Black-letter. " One large woodcut, holding portraits of King Charles, James Duke of York, Henry Duke of Gloucester, with the Ladies Mary, Elizabeth, and Anne " : Anne Clarges, Monck's wife. Date, near the end of May, 1660.]

[Trowbesh Transcripts : unique Black-letter : Euing, No. c.]

England's pleasant May-Flower ; Or,

*Charles the Second, as we say,
Came home the twenty-ninth of May.
Let Loyal hearts rejoyce and sing,
For joy they have got a Gracious KING.*

The Tune is, *Upon Saint David's day.* [Bagford Ballads, p. 877.]



J. W. E.

WHy should we speak of *Cæsar's* acts, or *Shimei's* treacheries,
Or of the grand notorious Facts of *Cromwel's* tyrannies ?
But what we might as gladly sing, and bravely chant and say,
That *Charles* the second did come in, *the twenty-ninth of May.*

Since that his Royal person went from us beyond the Seas,
Much blood and treasure have been spent, but ne're obtained Peace,
Until the Lord with-held his hand, as we might cheerful say,
And did a healing balsome send, *the twenty-ninth of May.*

This healing balsome Sovereign is, and a very cordial thing,
Which many evils can suppress, by vertue of a King,
And poisoned blisters overcome which in three Kingdomes lay ;
'T was God that sent this balsome home, *the twenty-ninth of May.*

Surely he is determined, a mighty King on Earth,
That God hath so rememb'ed, and kept him from his birth ;
As *David*, from the Lyon's paws, whose beard he bore away :
So *Charles* the second made good Laws, *the twenty-ninth of May.*

The King of *Africa* subdu'd by fire and by sword ;
But *Charles* the second was indu'd with power from the Lord,
Who trained was in *David's* field with prayers night and day,
That he three stately Kingdoms held, *the twenty-ninth of May.*

King *David* had a General strong, and *Joab* was cal'd by name,
But he, thro' spleen, with envy'd quarrels *David* did betray ;
He made him Lord of *Babylon*, and rul'd wher ere he came ; [*May.*
But our Saint *George* brought home King *Charles*, *the twenty-ninth of*

[The Second Part, to the same Tune.]

Now give me leave to speak so far as truth might justifie,
Of that most glorious blazing star at his Nativity. [p. lvi*.
The grandest Planet of the moon shin'd glorious at noon-day :
Which was the time King *Charles* was born, *the twenty-ninth of May.*

I think I could myself ingage in deep Astrologie,
To speak what this same Star presaged of Glorious Majesty :
A mighty Monarch he shall Reign, which makes me chant and say,
“ Now brave King *Charles* is come again, *the twenty-ninth of May.*”

'T would blunt the pen of any Poet to write what may be said,
But to the Order ‘ *Honi soyt* ’ just tribute shall be paid.
For such a prudent Gracious King let's never cease to pray :
He heal'd the Sick when he came in, *the twenty-ninth of May.*

God's holy hand doth him protect, his Angels doth him guard,
Likewise the Elements doth direct, which makes his foes affraid.
On *David's* musick we will sing, and bravely chant and say,
The glory of the world came in *the twentie-ninth of May.*

He always weareth *Joshua's* hands, and beareth *David's* praise,
And like to upright *Job* he stands to wear out *Abraham's* dayes.
He has the wit of *Solomon*, and upright in his way,
So like to *Joseph* he came home, *the twenty-ninth of May.*

Like *Daniel* he was so devout, his Star did follow him
In all his tragedyes throughout, like that of *Bethleem*.
Twelve years he travers'd Christendom, that makes me chant and say
'T was marked out, just for his own, *the twenty-ninth of May.*

Now let all people celebrate this day which is so pure,
And to be kept by Church and State, for ever to endure,
That Generations all might see the honour of the day,
Which everlasting it shall be, *the twenty-ninth of May.*

So God preserve our Gracious King, the Duke of *Yorke* also,
Defend them from the Dragon's sting, and every Christian Foe.
Then let true Loyal Subjects sing, and bravely chant and say,
The like in *England* nere came in—*the twenty-ninth of May.* Finis.

[Original 1st cut, a crowned king, enthroned, holding Orb and sceptre; for it a substitute is on p. xxx*; 2nd, man hurrying (vol. iii, p. 616); 3rd, 'The Figure of Two,' i.e. Charles II, on p. xxx*. Date, 'Royal-Oak Day,' 29 May, 1660.]

The *Diary of John Evelyn* reads thus (vol. ii, p. 113, edition 1879):—

"29th [May, 1660].—This day, his Majestie *Charles* the Second came to *London* after a sad and long exile and calamitous suffering, both of the King and Church, being 17 yeares. This was also his birth-day, and with a triumph of about 20,000 horse and foote, brandishing their swords and shouting with inexpressible joy, the wayes strewed with flowers, the bells ringing, the streetes hung with tapissry, fountaines running with wine, the Maior, Aldermen, and all the Companies in their liveries, chaines of gold, and banners; Lords and Nobles clad in cloth of silver, gold, and velvet; the windowes and balconies all set with ladies; trumpets, music, and myriads of people flocking, even so far as from *Rochester*, so as they were seven houres in passing the citty, even from 2 in ye afternoone till nine at night.

"I stood in the *Strand* and beheld it, and bless'd God. And all this was don without one drop of blood shed, and by that very army which rebell'd against him; but it was ye Lord's doing, for such a restauration was never mentioned in any history antient or modern, since the returne of the *Jews* from the *Babylonish* captivity; nor so joyful a day and so bright ever seene in this nation, this hapning when to expect or effect it was past all human policy."—*Diary*.

* * The original Anglo-Scotch song of 'The Scottish Lady,' or 'Scottish Girl's Complaint,' furnished the tune for the ensuing 'Trunk Ballad' on p. xxxiii*. (The song reads, "When my Lord Monck came to England," not "went." Monck crossed the Tweed at Coldstream on 1st January, 1666.)

The Scottish Girl's Complaint,

For an *Englishman's* going away, when my Lord Monck came to
England.

ILl tide this cruel Peace, that hath gain'd a war on me!

I never fancied laddy till I saw mine Enemy.

O methought he was the blithest man

That ever I set eyes upon:

Well might have fool'd a wiser one,

As he did me.

He lookt so pretty, and talk'd so witty, none could deny,

But needs must yield the Fort up, Gude faith! and so did I.

Tantara went the trumpets, and strait we were in arms;

We dreaded no Invasions, embraces were our charms.

As we close to one another sit,

Did according to our mother wit,

But hardly now can smother it.

It will be known!

Alack and welly! sick back and belly, never was Maid;

A soldier is a coming, though young, makes me afraid.

To *England* back this sonnet, direct it unto none

But to the brave *Monck*-heroes, both sigh and singing moan.

Some there are, perhaps, will take my part:

At his bosom *Cupid* shake his dart,

That from me he ne'er may part,

That is mine own.

O maist thou never wear bow nor quiver till I may see

Once more the happy feature of my loved Enemy.

Finis.

[Trowbesh Transcripts, from unique Black-letter; Euing, cxlvi.]

The King and Kingdom's joyful Day of Triumph.

The King's most Excellent Majestie's Royal and Triumphant
 coming to *London* accompanied by the ever Renowned, his
 Excellency the Lord General *Monek*, and a numerous company
 of his Royal Peers, Lords, Knights, Citizens, and Gentry,
 who conducted his Royal Majesty in Honour and Triumph
 from *Dover* to *London*.

To the Tune of, *The Scottish Lady*, or, 'Ill tide that cruel peace that
 gain'd a War on me.' [See p. xxxii*.]

KING *Charles* he now is Landed, to ease his subjects' moan,
 Those that are faithful handed he takes them for his own.
 Oh, he is our Royal Sovereign King, and is of the Royallest offspring,
 Peace and Plenty with him he'll bring, and will set us free
 From all vexations, and great taxations,
 Woe and misery :
 And govern all these Nations, with great tranquility.

Lord General of fair *England* marcht forth to meet the King,
 To entertain him when he did Land, and to *London* him did bring.
 He is the worthy Man of Might, that doth both King and Countrey
 right,
 In whom God and man taketh delight; for surely he
 Well doth understand what he doth take in hand ;
 And most discreetly [Rhymed here,
 'Posterety!']
 He doth his warlike Troops command, renown'd to Posterity.

The Trumpets bravely sounded, the King's Return again ;
 With joy their hearts abounded, the King to entertain :
 Aloud they sounded forth his praise, *England's* Glory for to raise,
 For God is just in his wayes, assuredly.
 Most hearts then were glad, no more seeming sad,
 The bravest day that ever came,
 We happy by our King are made, to his eternal fame.

The Citizens of *London*, with a most pompous Train,
 For evermore hath praise won, his favour for to gain,
 Gallantly marcht out of the Town, to King *Charles'* Royal Renown,
 In peace to bring him to the Crown, richly attired :
 By the Lord's persuasion, after the richest fashion,
 Greatly admired ;
 The chiefest in this Nation : whose hearts with joy were fired.

The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

Then many brave Noblemen, all most gallant and brave,
 Marched out of the Town then, both valiant, wise, and brave :
 Counting it a most delightful thing
 For to honour *Charles* our Royal King ;
 And to the Crown him in peace to bring ; [Cf. p. lviii*.
 Desiring he | now might be Crowned,
 And still Renowned | to posterity,
 On whom Fortune had frowned | for his sincerity.

Many thousands of Horsemen then march'd o're the Plain,
 For to defend King *Charles* then, and him to entertain :
 Their Horses went prancing along
 When they were the rest among,
 And seem'd to dance amidst the throng,
 So merrily ; seeming to be glad
 They that journey had ; they marcht on most [free],
 They were neither heavy nor sad, but went delightfully.

Their Riders richly 'tired in costly Cloth of Gold,
 Their journey so required, most rich for to behold.
 Oh, it was the most glorious sight
 And did my heart so much delight,
 That I could not forbear but write.
 They were such gallant Blades, and so richly drest,
 As cannot be exprest, they were most bonny Lads.
 All malice they did detest, they were such brave Comrades.

Each Regiment from other known by their sev'ral notes,
 As plainly it did appear, and was all in Buff Coats,
 And in silken scarfs all of green, [Cf. p. lviii*.
 With Hats and Feathers to be seen ;
 Most rich, as well I ween,
 Were these brave men ; *England* did never
 See the like ever, but may again.
 They marched most courageous, the King to entertain.

And this doth these Lands rejoyce, and all that in them live,
 Even both with hearts and voice, and thanks to God do give,
 Which restored unto us our King,
 And Usurpers down did fling :
 Freedom unto us to bring.

 We shall be free from all exilements,
 And ill revilements : we and our posterity
 Shall have our full enjoyments, and happy dayes shall see.

Finis. J. W. [probably John Wade].

[Black-letter. Three woodcuts: 1st, Charles II, crowned; 2nd, the young man with long curling hair, either Charles or Richard Cromwell; 3rd, Charles I, in black hat, p. lviii*. Date, soon after 29 May, 1660.]

The identity of four stanzas in this signed Second Part to '*Day of Triumph*' with the remains of four similar stanzas in the mutilated account of the Four Pageants (perhaps no less signed, but the corner torn off), is noteworthy. The tunes are different, but if J. W. wrote both ballads, eleven months had intervened, and in April, 1661, he copied his own earlier work. See p. lviii*.

The Restoration was a spontaneous outburst of joy, and needed no stimulus. Had it not been meant for a national welcome, in vain would have been all the caballing and underplotting, such as had marked abortive efforts of brave unpractical men, each one loyally sacrificing his life for the rightful heir's just cause; while every day matters grew worse. Oliver Cromwell himself became weary of the vain struggle with unworkable materials, in the main his own miscreations. "I would have been glad to have lived under my woodside, to have kept a flock of sheep, rather than undertake such a government as this! Let God be judge between you and me!" Thus he spoke to the House, 4 Feb., 1658. A few months later, during his last June, news came of the victory at Dunkirk. The protest against '*The Dominion of the Sword*,' telling how "*Law lies a bleeding*" (p. xxxvi*), was then sung to the tune of the original '*Love lies a bleeding*.' (Compare pp. 729-732.)

We next continue our reprint of the unique '*TRUNK BALLADS*,' six in number, that, until 1841, had formed the lining of an old leathern portmanteau (p. xxi*), made in London, at the time of the Coronation; one year after that glorious '*Royal-Oak Day*,' the twenty-ninth of May, the birthday of the welcomed King.

Thus it was: a frugal Cheapside trunk-maker counted the cost of holidays, with loss of private cash for purchase of the half-dozen Black-letter Ballads, of date May 29, 1660, to April 23, 1661. Groaning the immortal words, "*Bang goes saxpence!*" he atoned for his prodigality, by turning the broadsides into profit. *He lined the trunk with them*—at that same date, April 23, 1661. Of course, he charged their cost extra on the Loyal Cavalier who was then returning to his own home, at Wallington, in Northumberland; bearing a limp purse indeed, but with pleasant memories of the '*Little Village on Thames*.' (To it none is equal, not even Vienna the hospitable, or *Lutetia*, the city of delights, whereunto "all good Americans go when they die," but earlier if possible.) So he went back to his happy home, taking a wife with him, a recollection of the King's gracious smile, the beauty of Barbara Palmer, and the satisfaction of having seen ten Regicides executed *coram populo*.

Thus the '*TRUNK BALLADS*' became heirlooms for posterity.

The Power of the Sword.

To the Tune of, *Love lies a bleeding*. [Earlier name, *The Cyclops*: p. 730.]

Lay by your Pleading, Law lies a-bleeding;
Burn all your studies down, and throw away your reading;
Small power the word has, and can afford us
Not half so many privileges as the Sword has.

It fosters your Pastors, it plaisters disasters,
And makes your servants quickly greater than their masters.

It venter, it enters, it circles, it centers,
And makes a Prentice free in spite of his Indentures.

This takes off tall things, and sets up small things;
This masters Money, though Money masters all things.
'T is not in season to talk of Reason,

[al. 'talks of']

Or call it Legal, when the Sword will have it Treason.

It conquers the Crown too, the Cloak and the Gown too;
This set up a Presbyter, and this pull'd him down too;

[al. 'Fur,'
not Crown.]

This subtile Deceiver turn'd Bonnet to Beaver:
Down drops a Bishop, and up starts a Weaver.

This fits a Layman to preach and pray man,
'T is this can make a Lord of him that was a Dray-man;

Forth from the dull pit or *Saxbey's* full pit
This brought an *Hebrew* Iron-monger to the Pulpit:
Such pitiful things be more happier than Kings be.

[al. *Follie's*.
Ed. S., Anab.]

This got the Herauldry of *Thimblebee* and *Slingsbee*.

[Sir Hy. S.]

No Gospel can guide it, no Law can decide it
In Church or State, untill the Sword hath sanctify'd it.

Down go the Law-trix, for from that Matrix
Sprung holy *Hewson's* power, and tumbled down St. *Patrick's*.
The Sword prevails so highly in *Wales* too,
Shinkin ap Powel cryes, and swears *Cots-plutter-hur-nails* too.

In *Scotland* this waster did make such disaster,
They sent their Money back, for which they sold their Master.

[1646.
Don John.
1658.]

It batter'd so their Gun-Kirk, and did so the *Don* firke,
That he is fled, and swears 'the Devil is in *Dunkirke*.'

He that can tower o'er him that is lower
Would be but thought a Fool to put away his Power.

Take Books and rent 'um, who would invent 'um,
When as the Sword replies, '*Negatur argumentum*'?

[= rend.]

Your grand Colledge Butlers must stoop to their Sutlers,
There is not a Library like to the Cutlers';

The blood that is spilt, sir, hath gain'd all the guilt, sir:
Thus have you seen me run the Sword up to the hilt, sir.

[Black-letter. Date, before Sept., 1658: compare p. 729.]

¶ Variations in copies printed after the Restoration. The allusions to Sir *Henry Slingsby*, June '58, and *Dunkirk*, mark the date in 1658: if they were not added. One version holds, misplaced (at end of fourth stanza), the lines here omitted: "This frightened the *Flemming*, and made him so beseeching, that he doth never think of his lost lands redeeming." No early broadside known: our text is in the *Rump Collection*, 1660, 1662; and in *Merry Drollery*, i, 118, 1661; p. 125, 1670, 1690; in *Pills*, vi, 191, 1720; and in *Loyal Songs*, 1731. A corrupt version was given in *The Loyal Garland*, 5th edition, 1686, as "Song xxxviii, The Dominion of the Sword: a song made in the Rebellion, etc." The tune was used in 1681, and named '*Ignoramus*': in contempt of the Shaftesbury jury.

[British Museum Trunk Ballad, No. 5, press-mark 835, m. 10.]

The Glory of these Nations;

Or, King and People's Happiness.

Being a brief Relation of King CHARLES's Royall Progresse from
Dover to London; How the Lord Generall and the Lord Mayor,
with all the Nobility and Sentry of the Land, brought him
thorow the famous City of *London* to his Pallace at *Westminster*
the 29 of *May* last, being His Majestie's Birth-day, to the great
Comfort of his Logall Subjects.

The Tune is, *When the King enjoys his own again.* [See vol. vii, p. 633.]

WHere's those that did prognosticte, and did envy fair *England's* state;
And said King *Charles* no more should Reigu? Their predictions were but
For the King is now return'd, for whom fair *England* mourn'd; [in vain.
His Nobles royally him entertain.
Now "blessed be the day!" thus do his Subjects say,
"That God hath brought him home again."

The Twenty-s[ixth] of lovely *May* [he] at *Dover* arrived, Fame doth say, [t. 22nd.
Where our most noble Generall did on his knees before him fall, [G. Monk.
Craving to kiss his hand, so soon as he did land.

Royally they did him entertain,
With all their power and might, to bring him to his right,
And place him in his own again.

Then the King, I understand, did kindly take him by the hand,
And lovingly did him embrace, rejoycing for to see his face.
He lift him from the ground, with joy that did abound,
And graciously did him entertain,
Rejoycing that once more he was o' the *English* shore,
To enjoy his own in peace again.

From *Dover* to *Canterbury* they past, and so to *Cobham-Hall* at last;
From thence to *London* march amain, with a triumphant and glorious Train,
Where he was receiv'd with joy, his sorrow to destroy,
In *England* once more for to raign.
Now all men do sing "God save *Charles* our King,
That now enjoys his own again!"

At *Deptford* the maidens they stood all in white by the high-way;
Their loyalty to *Charles* to shew, they with sweet flowers his way to strew:
Each wore a Ribbon blew, they were of comely hue,
With joy they did him entertain,
With acclamations to the skye, as the King passed by,
For joy that he receives his own again.

In *Wallworth-Fields* a gallant band of *London*' Prentices did stand,
All in white D[oublets] very gay, to entertain King *Charles* that day,
With muskets, swords, and pike: I never saw the like,
Nor a more youthfull gallant train
They up their hats did fling, and cry "God save the King!
Now he enjoys his own again."

At *Newington-Butts* the Lord Mayor willed a famous Booth for to be builded,
Where King *Charles* did make a stand, and received the Sword into his hand ;
Which his Majestie did take, and then returned back

Unto the Mayor with love again :
A Banquet they him make, he doth thereof partake,
Then marched his Triumphant Train.

The King with all his Noblemen through *Southwark* they marched then ;
First marched Major-Generall *Browne*, then *Norwich* Earle of great renowne,
With many a valiant Knight, and gallant men of might,
Richly attired, marching amain :
These Lords *Mordin*, *Gerard*, and the good Earle of *Cleavland*, [Note, p. xxxix*.
To bring the King to his own again.

Near sixty flags and streamers then was borne before a thousand men,
In Plush Coats and chaines of gold, these were most rich for to behold ;
With every man his Page the glory of his age ;
With courage bold they marcht amain :
Then with gladnesse they brought the King on his way,
For to enjoy his own again.

Then *Liechfield's* and *Darley's* Earles, two of fair *England's* royall pearles ;
Major-Generall *Massey* then commanded the Life-guard of men,
The King for to defend, if any should contend,
Or seem his comming to restrain :
But all so joyfull were, that no such durst appear, [p. lxii*.
Now the King enjoyes his own again.

Four rich Maces before them went, and many Heralds well content ;
The Lord Mayor and the Geuerall did march before the King with-all.
His Brothers on each side along by him did ride.
The *Southwark*-Waits did play amain,
Which made them all to smile, and to stand still awhile,
And then they marched on again.

Then with drawn swords all men did side, and flourishing the same, they cryed :
“ *Charles* the Second now God save ! that he his lawfull right may have !
And we all on him attend, from dangers him to defend ;
And all that with him doth remain.
Blessed be God that we did live these days to see
That the King enjoyes his own again !”

The Bells likewise did loudly ring, Bonefires did burn, and people sing ;
London Conduits did run with wine ; and all men do to *Charles* incline,
Hoping now that all unto their trades may fall
Their families for to maintain,
And from wrong be free, 'cause we have liv'd to see
The King enjoy his own again.

Finis.

London, Printed for Charles Tyus on London-Bridge.

[Part of a long woodcut—complete at Bodleian—K. Charles crowned and robed on horseback, preceded by sword-bearer and mace-bearer, also on horseback ; 2nd, Royal Arms, Lion and Unicorn. Black-letter. Date, circa June 1, 1660.]

Notes.—Stanza 7.—The Lord Mayor was Sir Thomas Alleyne, who followed Sir John Iret-on. His Sheriffs were William Bolton and Richard Peake. Alleyne (*vel* Allen, see p. xxxix*) preceded in the Mayoralty Sir Richard Browne, Alderman, the suppressor of Anabaptist Venner's insurrection in January, 1661.

Thomas Allen is closely associated with Monck by Jo. Rowland, M.A., of Christ-Church Coll., Oxford, in a poem, 'In Honor of the Lord General *Monck* and *Thomas Allen*, Lord Mayor of *London*, for their great Valour, Loyalty, and Prudence. EPICIA' (George Thomason's Coll., folio broadsides, vol. xviii, p. 28 : date, 22 May, 1660). Fifty-four lines in all, including this commencement :—

"**T**HUS mounts the Rising Sun that guilds the day,
The Morning Star his Harbinger appears,
Dispelling mists, chasing all fogs away,
Chearing men's hearts, dispelling nightly fears :
The lesser stars all vanish out of sight,
That made such twinkling in the dark of night.
What Histories relate, if that be true,
Saint *George* for *England*, as men us'd to sing,
Was but a type ; that *George* one Dragon slew,
This kill'd a *HYDRA*, and brings in the *KING*,
Raiseth the Church and State that quite were sunk ;
Then say, '*God save the King, and God bless Monck !*'

"So *Walworth*, that one Rebel kill'd, was not
More honor'd than Lord *Allen* hath his seat,
Whose Loyalty shall never be forgot,
And prudence, when the danger was so great.

For he by wisely managing his Place
Preserves the Citie's *Charter*, Sword and Mace.
When that so many Traytors here did swarm
Within this Land, that put most men in doubt,
Such Vipers which no art of man could charm,
Lord *Monck* and *Allen* nobly cast them out.
Let them recorded be to endless date,
Preservers of our King, the Church, and State.
Let them be like Parhelions to the Sun :
When other stars will be combust too nigh,
These by reflexion, as they have begun,
Shall shine like Suns with beams of Majesty.
Let both live *Nestor's* years, and when they dye
In Heaven live with God eternally.

"The King and People's favorites : that 's strange !
And seems for to import the Golden Age,
For hardly have we heard of such a change,
That any man could both at once engage :
For whom the King delights in, commonly,
The People hate, and know no reason why." Etc.

London. Printed by J. H., [or, John How, May 22,] 1660.

Stanza 8.—Sir Richard Browne had been a member for London and Major-General under Cromwell, but was imprisoned five years by 'the Rump.' In Richard Cromwell's protectorate he declared how cruelly he had been used, "worse than a Cavalier." In October, 1660, he became Lord Mayor, and in the January following suppressed the insurrection of Venner and the "Fifth Monarchy" men. George, Lord Goring, was Earl of Norwich (created 1644). John Mordaunt, 'Mordin,' Baron Mordaunt, son of the Earl of Peterborough. Charles, Lord Gerard, afterwards Earl of Macclesfield ; Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Cleveland, who headed a company of 300 noblemen and gentry in the Restoration procession. They are referred to on pp. xxxiv*, xxxviii*.

Stanza 10.—Charles Stuart, Earl of Litchfield, afterwards Duke of Richmond. Charles Stanley, Earl of Derby, son of the murdered James Stanley, 7th Earl, and the heroine of Lathom House in 1644, Charlotte de la Trémonille, our English Joan of Arc. Major-General Massey, according to Pepys, was "a very ingenious man, and among other things a great master in the secrecys of powder and fireworks" (*Diary*, 25 Nov., 1661). [The Trunk Ballad reads '*Darby*.']

We gave in vol. vii, pp. 680 and 682, two other Restoration sequels or imitations of Martin Parker's original "What *Booker* can prognosticate . . . *When the King enjoys his own again*" (reprinted, vol. vii, p. 633); they respectively bearing the burden of '*Now King Charles enjoys his own again*' and '*When the King comes home in peace again*.' Another variation, later in date, marking 23 April, 1661, is entitled '*The Loyal Subjects' Exultation for the Coronation of King Charles the Second. To the tune of, When the King comes home in peace again*.' Printed for F. Grove, on Snow-hill, and beginning, "What writers could prognosticate, concerning *England's* happy fate?"

'A Country Song' on p. xxvi* adopts the popular burden of *When the King enjoys his own again*! but follows neither the rhythm nor tune of Parker's ballad.

Yet another, with the burden *When the King enjoys*, etc., but beginning, "Brave news there is, I understand, brought by one that late did land." The title is 'A Worthy King's Description': "Both Country and Citty give ear to this dittie, Whilst that I the praises sing, And Fame his honour out doth ring."

Within a week after Thursday, fourth of *July*, 1660, John Andrews published J. P.'s ballad, 'The Loyal Subject's hearty Wishes to King Charles II.'

Therein, the Stuart practice of 'touching for the Evil' (as formerly used by Edward the Confessor in 1058) is adverted to, specially. John Evelyn, in his *Diary*, records that on 6 July, 1660, "His Majesty began first to Touch for the Evil." This would prove that the ensuing 'Trunk Ballad' is not of earlier date: if we could depend on the accuracy of Evelyn; but we cannot. He did not enter his notes punctually, day by day, without procrastination. Moreover, he was formal, not a gossip or methodical listener to all news, such as was the greater diarist, Samuel Pepys (see p. 879); the most delightful of quidnuncs and *flâneurs* (let this be said reverently). Pepys mentions under date "23rd June, 1660:—To my Lord's lodgings, where *Tom Guy* came to me and there staid to see the King touch people for the King's-Evil. But he did not come at all, it rayned so; the poor people were forced to stand all the morning in the rain in the garden. Afterwards he touched them in the Banqueting-House."—*Diary of Sam. Pepys*, vol. i, p. 147, 1875, Mynors Bright edition. Pepys was not an eye-witness of the King's 'touching for the evil' until 13 April, 1661. To him we owe best thanks, although he meant not his private records to be deciphered.

"Moi, je flâne:
Qu'on m'approuve ou me condamne!
Moi, je flâne:
Je vois tout,
Je suis partout."—*Casimer Ménétrier*.

PEPYS held his double-life distinctly separated. In public he was grave, staid, faithful, and untiring, the rigid man of business. In private he was no less absorbed by social pleasures. Inquisitive, credulous, and gossiping, with twinges of contrition for peccadilloes, and spasms of economy after indulgence in luxuries, he seldom failed to enjoy any pageant, play, or popular sport. He beheld both sides of the shield. Amid his duties at the Admiralty and apart from them, he was a shrewd man of the world; a Looker-on, who saw most of the game.



[British Museum Trunk Ballads, No. 1, press-m. 835, m. 10 ; unique]

The Loyal Subject's hearty Wishes to King CHARLES II.

He that did write these verses certainly
Did serve his Royal Father faithfully ;
Likewise himself he served at *Worcester* Fight,
And for his Loyalty was put to flight.
But had he a head of hair like *Absalom*,
And every hair as strong as was *Samson*,
I 'd venture all for *Charles* the Second's sake,
And for his Majesty my life forsake.

TO THE TUNE, *When cannons are roaring*, etc. [See *Note*, p. xlii*.]

TRUE Subjects, all rejoice, after long sadness,
And now with heart and voice show forth your gladness ;
That to King *Charles* were true, and rebels hated,
This song only to you is dedicated.
For *Charles*, our sovereign dear, is safe returned,
True subjects' hearts to cheer, that long have mourned.
Then let us give God praise, that doth defend him,
And pray, with heart and voice, ' Angels, attend him ! '

The dangers he hath past, from vile Usurpers,
Now bring him joy at last ; although some lurkers
Did seek his blood to spill by actions evil ;
But God we see is still above the Devil :
Though many Serpents hiss him to devour,
God his defender is, by His strong power.
Then let us give Him praise, that doth defend him,
And sing, with heart and voice, ' Angels, attend him ! '

The joy that he doth bring, if true confessed,
The tongues of mortal men cannot express it ;
He cures our drooping fears, being long tormented ;
And his true Cavaliers are well contented ;
For now the Protestant again shall flourish,
The King, our nursing father, he will us cherish.
Then let us give God praise, that did defend him,
And sing, with heart and voice, ' Angels, attend him ! '

Like *Moses* he is meek and tender-hearted,
And by all means doth seek to have foes converted ;
But, like the *Israelites*, there are a number
That for his love to them 'gainst him doth murmur.
Read *Exodus*—'t is true, the *Israelites* rather
Yield to the *Egyptian* crew than *Moses* their father ;
So many Phanaticks, with hearts disloyal,
Their thoughts and minds do fix 'gainst our King Royal.

Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

[*Note*.—The tune, *When cannons are roaring*, is distinct from the tune of two Viennese-Victory ballads, 1683, *Hark ! I hear the cannons roar*; and *I'm glad*. The sequel-ballad is in this '*Supplementary Note*,' p. xcvi***.]

Like holy *David* he past many troubles,
 And by his constancy his Joies redoubles;
 For now he doth bear sway, by God appointed,
 For Holy Writ doth say, '*Touch not mine Anointed.*'
 He is God's Anointed sure, Who still doth guide him;
 In all his wayes most pure, though some deride him.
Then let us give God praise, that doth defend him,
And sing, with heart and voice, 'Angels, attend him !'

Many there are, we know, within this Nation,
 Lip-love to him do show in dissimulation;
 Of such vile Hereticks there are a number,
 Whose hearts and tongues, we know, are far asunder.
 Some do pray for the King, being constrained,
 Who lately against him greatly complained;
 They turn both seat and seam, to cheat poor Taylors,
 But the fit place for them is under strong Jaylors.

Let the King's foes admire, who do reject him,
 Seeing God doth him inspire, and still direct him,
 To heal those evil sores, and them to cure,
 By his most gracious hand and prayers pure. [King's Evil: p. xl*.
Introd, p. xx***.]
 Though simple people say, '*Doctors do as much,*'
 None but our lawful King can cure with a Touch:
 As plainly hath been seen since he returned,
 Many have cured been, which long have mourned.

The poorest wretch that hath this Evil, sure
 May have ease from the King and perfect cure:
 His Grace is meek and wise, loving and civil,
 And to his enemies doth Good for Evil;
 For some that were his Foes were by him healed:
 His liberal hand to those is not concealed;
 He heals both poor and rich, by God's great power,
 And his most gracious Touch doth them all cure.

Then blush, you Infidels, that late did scorn him;
 And you that did Rebel, crave pardon of him.
 With speed turn a new leaf for your transgresses:
 Hear what the Preacher sayes, in *Ecclesiastes*:
 The Scripture's true, and shall for ever be taught:
 '*Curse not the King at all, no, not in thy thought !*'
 And holy *Peter* two commandements doth bring—
 Is first for to '*Fear God*,' and then '*Honour the King.*'

When that we had no King to guide this nation,
Opinions up did spring by Toleration ;
And many heresies were then advanted,
And cruel liberties by Old *Noll* granted.
Some able Ministers were not esteemed ;
Many False-Prophets good preachers were deemed.

The Church some hated : a Barn House or Stable
Would serve the Quakers, with their wicked rabble.

And now for to conclude : The God of power
Preserve and guide our King, both day and hour ;
That he may rule and reign our hearts to cherish,
And on his head, good Lord, let his Crown flourish.
Let his true Subjects sing, with hearts most loyal,
“ God bless and prosper still *Charles* our King Royal ! ”
So now let's give God praise, that doth defend him,
And sing, with heart and voice, ‘ Angels, attend him ! ’

Finis. J. P.

London, Printed for *John Andrews*, at the White Lyon near *Pye-corner*.

[Black-letter. Four woodcuts : 1st, Charles II, crowned (head only, large) ; 2nd, Charles I, crowned also ; 3rd, a gentle young man, either Prince Charles or Richard Cromwell, as in No. 4 of these ‘Trunk Ballads’ ; 4th, pretty girl’s face, ridiculously patched with stars, crescents, etc. Date, July, 1660. See *Note* on p. xl* with extracts from John Evelyn and Sam. Pepys.]



[*Woodcut of next ballad : ‘The Royal Entertainment.’ Also for p. lxviii*.*]

[Trowbesh Transcripts, Unique Black-letter broadsides, M.F.L., i, 7.]

The Royal Entertainment.

Presented by the Loyalty of the City to the Royalty of the Sovereign, on *Thursday* the fourth of *July*, 1660. When the City of *London* invited his Majesty, the Duke of *York*, the Duke of *Gloucester*, and their Royal Retinue, to a Feast in the *Guild-hall, London*; to which the King was conducted by the chiefest of the City Companies on Horse-back, entertained by the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common-Councill, guarded from *Whitehall* to *Guildhall* by the Artillery men, led by the Illustrious *James* Duke of *York*; met by diverse Pageants, with sundry devices, and the Livery attending in their Order. The Hall was richly appointed with costly Hangings, the Floores raised, Organs erected, [wi]th all sorts of Musick, performed by the Ablest Masters in *England*, with all Varieties that Art, Plenty, and Curiosity can present.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Packington's Pound.*

MY pen and my fancy shall never give o're,
to write of the triumphs which Providence brings;
Such glory and gladnesse was ne'r known before
from *William* quite thorow the reign of the Kings.
Our sorrow and grief is turned to relief,
And Comfort is now a Commander-in-Chief:
As manifestly will appear in this ditty,
When London invited the King to the City.

Which was so performed with honour and glory,
with order and gallantry, freedom and mirth,
The like, I presume, hath been scarce seen in story,
or ever was known since the oldest man's birth.
Such pleasures divine in all eyes did shine,
Our God hath converted our water to wine.
All things that were excellent, pleasant, and witty,
Were shown to the King when he came to the City.

Guild-hall was prepared with costly expence,
and alter'd to entertain this kingly guest,
Where with all variety every sense
was courted with plenty at this Royal Feast.
Invention and State upon him did wait,
The City and Suburbs with people were fraught:
And no kind of joy that was worthy or witty
Was wanting to welcome the King to the City.

With habits compleat, and with hearts light as cork,
Lord *Lucas* conducted th' Artillery men
To *White-hall* to wait upon *James* Duke of *York*,
who led them all into the City again.

They guarded our King from every thing,
Of dangers that might from conspiracy spring.
With loud acclamations both pleasant and pretty
The King was conducted with joy to the City.

The chiefs of the Companies, gallantly mounted,
with lackeys in Liveries attending in State,
Did shew very famous, and so were accounted,
who did to *Guild-hall* on his Majesty wait.
The Livery in order did stand like a border :
The Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, and the Recorder,
With all the magnificence fancy can fit yee,
Did Royally welcome the King to the City.

The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

[*Woodcut of three Cavaliers, as on p. xliii*.*]

THE King was contented, and very well pleas'd;
as by his most gracious respects did appear ; [? aspects.
To see his good people his heart was well eas'd,
for surely he holdeth the City most dear :
Not like the Rump-States, which threw down the Gates,
Or like to *Jack Hewson* the Cobler and 's mates ; [p. liv*.
Or any false Powers that were lowzie and nitty
Who aim'd to demolish the Charter o' th' City.

With fingers and voices the chiefest that were
with loud and soft Musick did make the Hall ring ;
That Science did in its best glory appear,
and was only fit for to welcome a King ;
With voices renown'd the Banquets were crown'd,
In Cathedral manner the organs did sound.
All sorts of Invention, both wondrous and witty,
Were fitted to welcome the King to the City.

Pageants did there in their glory appear,
the figures did seem all alive, as it were ;
In silver and gold they did shine, very near
as bright as the Sun when the day doth shine clear ;
The Conduits did shine with liquor divine,
The people did bear away hats full of wine.
To run down the streets it was very great pity,
And thus was the King entertain'd in the City.

The rooms with rich hangings were brightly attir'd,
 the air smelt of nothing but costly perfumes,
 As if the whole world at that time had conspir'd
 to throw all varieties into the rooms.

The King sate in State, the City did wait,
 The Hall did abound in all manner of Plate,
 As if they would tell him, "Great *Cæsar*, we'l fit yee
With all the choice treasures belongs to the City."

The plenty of food which was there at the Feast,
 with flesh, fish, and fowl, and rare kick-shawes among,
 In such a small ditty can ne're be exprest,
 they cannot be marshall'd all up in a song.

The Cooks' art was great, and pallat was neat,
 The Pastry appear'd in its order compleat.
 What ever was curious, novelty, or witty,
Attended the King in the love of the City.

The Earth and the Air and the Water conspir'd
 to shew all the plenty the Kingdome could yield ;
 It can't be exprest, but may well be admir'd,
 the dishes stood thicker than flowers in the field.

A friend of mine vow'd, that stood in the crowd,
 Hee saw a large Banquet let down in a cloud :
 Which needs must appear very pleasant and pretty
Unto the beholders, the King, and the City.

With freedome and honour, and safety and love,
 the King spent the day, then to *White-hall* he went.
 May all the choice blessings which God hath above,
 fall on his head daily to crown his content !

May plenty and peace and union increase,
 May Amity live, and may enmity cease !
 May God, in his mercy, love, favour, and pity,
And never divide the good King and the City !

Finis.

London: Printed for *Francis Grove*, on *Snow-hill*. Entred according to Order.

[Black-letter. Two woodcuts: 1st, a King (half Roman, half Stuart), presenting another King to wife and daughter ; 2nd is on p. xliii*. Date, July, 1660.]

¶ Thus far everything had passed well. Loyalty and joy were openly proclaimed. A few irreconcilable fanatics held back, lurking in dark corners, impotently planning insurrection.

The rottenness and imbecility of the Rump Parliament in its last days, when 'crying out for the earth,' alienated all sound-minded men who were still left in the land. The Rebellion thus collapsed. Miserable had been the results of the 'dominion of the Sword.'

When Cromwell had by force expelled the already degraded Commons in 1653, he resisted any compunctitious visitings of remorse concerning the former outrages of "Privilege, privilege!" from himself and others against the impatient but vacillating King Charles I, for his having attempted to personally arrest 'The Five Members.' It is more in accordance with Oliver's character to believe that whatever he himself chose to perform was thereby certified to be right, although other men were disqualified and disfranchised.* What mockeries of all the clamour for individual and national rights were the Parliamentary and military encroachments on Liberty, unredressed and unrepented! While foreign enemies were kept in awe, true Englishmen were sold into slavery, doomed to an early death at the Plantations, and those who still dwelt in the land were impoverished to the last degree, scarred with old wounds, and burdened with mournful regrets for kindred whom they had lost on battlefield or scaffold. Was there to be no requital of these foul wrongs? Insensate and brutal, no doubt, were the insults wreaked at Tyburn on the dead bodies of Cromwell, Bradshaw, and Ireton. But the funeral pageantry of the Protector's obsequies, displayed with more than regal ostentation; his burial among Kings and Queens in Westminster Abbey (the cost being left undefrayed by Parliament, to fall blighting on his son Richard), seemed to challenge inevitably a reversal of the pomp. Men remembered with what maimed rites the martyred king had been laid low. They marked the contrast in September, 1658.

* *Note*.—As to the expulsion of the Parliament, when Cromwell sent away the 'bauble' on 20 April, 1653, an account of it was given by Sam. Sheppard, who wrote other political ballads (see also *Introduction*, p. civ***): viz., one entitled 'Parliament Routed; or, Here's a House to be Let.' Begins, "Cheare up, kind country-men, be not dismay'd! True newes I can tell you concerning the nation."

It is not reprinted in the 'Rump' Collections, or among later '*Loyal Songs*.' We give the ninth and tenth of Sheppard's twelve stanzas, sung to the tune of *Lucina* (vol. iii, 47, 323), or, *Merrily and Cherrily* (*Dancing-Master*, 1651).

"The Generall—perceiving their lustful desire
to covet more treasure, being puffed with ambition,
By their *Acts* and their *Orders* to set all on fire,
pretending Religion to rout Superstition—
He bravely commanded the Souldiers to goe
in the Parliament-house in defiance of any,
To which they consented, and now you do know
that twelve Parliament-men may be sold for a penny.

[*Ol. Cromwell.*

"The Souldiers undaunted laid hold on the Mace,
and out of the Chaire they rebuked the Speaker.
The great ones were then in a pittifull case,
and Taffy cry'd out, '*All hur Cold must forsake hur!*' [= *Gold*.
Thus they were routed, pluckt out by the eares,
the House was soone empty, and rid of a many
Usurpers that sate there these thirteen long yeares:
twelve Parliament-men may be sold for a penny."

The Long Parliament's pretentious 'Self-denying Ordinance' had never restrained the greed of individual members. See the revelations of plunder in '*The Mystery of the Good Old Cause briefly unfolded, in a Catalogue of such Members of the late Long Parliament, that held Places, both Civil and Military, contrary to the Self-denying Ordinance of April 3, 1645.* Together with, The Sums of Money and Lands which they divided among themselves during their sitting (at least, such as were disposed of by them publicly). 1660.' Compare the valuable '*Index of the Names of the Royalists whose Estates were Consecrated during the Commonwealth.*' Compiled by Mabel G. W. Peacock (Index Society, 1879). Among the factious Commons, in their private lives as also in their public acts, hypocrisy and cunning kept pace with cruel tyranny and extortion. Cromwell flung reproaches on them in their arrogance and double disaffection, long after "the House had been purged" of the scrupulous Presbyterians. As to the Independants and Fifth-Monarchists, Oliver, who knew them best, thus reviled them: "Some of you are whoremasters. Others are drunkards, some corrupt and unjust men, scandalous to the profession of the Gospel. It is not fit that you should sit as a Parliament any longer!" He was looking fixedly at Henry Marten and Sir Peter Wentworth. They had been unworthy to sit at all. None dared resist Cromwell, with soldiers at his back. None courted martyrdom.

The character of the Puritans had been epitomized by John Birkenhead in 1647 as '*Little Jack Horner.*' (Wycherley used the name, as inuendo against an adulterer, in 1675.) He showed not only their stealthy greediness, gloating on forbidden dainties (although prone to "quarrel with mince-pies, and disparage their best and dearest friend plum-porridge," as *Hudibras* admitted), but their arrogant antinomianism also—"Stand back! for I am holier than thou!"

"**L**ittle *Jack Horner* slunk into a corner,

Eating our *Christenmass-Pye*:

With finger and thumb he firkt out a plum,

Saying, 'What a Good Boy am I!'"

[*He has been saying it ever since.*]

Amid the cruelties and oppressions wrought by the revolted Parliament and their rebel Army, English Cavalier-maidens shunned the Puritans who traduced and impoverished them. John Birkenhead in epigrams immortalized a type of each. They have survived to this day, among Nursery-Rhymes.

"**L**ittle *Miss Muffet* she sate on a tuffet,

Eating of curds-and-why;

There came a big Spider, that sat down beside her,

And frighten'd *Miss Muffet* away."

[*'Food for Infants.'*]

The black 'Spider' with a red nose was evidently Oliver Cromwell, whose own "fall from a coach—his next will be from a cart"—was celebrated in '*A Jolt on Michaelmas Day,*' 1654 (see p. 732), written by the same clever satirist. John Birkenhead had been formerly amanuensis to Archbishop Laud, and Fellow of All Souls, Oxford; then became founder and sole editor of *Mercurius Aulicus*, from 1642 to 1645. He followed Charles II in exile, was knighted by him in 1649. The degree of D.C.L. was conferred on him by Oxford, soon after the Restoration. Also he was elected Member of Parliament for Wilton, and a Fellow of the Royal Society. To Birkenhead we owe many smart ballads in the '*Rump Collection*' of 1660-62. It includes his '*Four-legged Quaker*' at Horsley (one Ralph Green), to the tune of, *Mad Tom of Bedlam*, and beginning, "All in the Land of *Essex*, near *Colchester*, the zealous." (It is a companion piece to Denham's '*The Four-Legg'd Elder*': "All Christians and Lay Elders too, for shame amend your lives! I'll tell you of a dog-trick now, which much concerns your wives." 'To the tune of, *The Ladie's Fall*; or, *Gather your Rosebuds*; or fifty other tunes.') It was also reprinted, in sheer ignorance, among '*The Poems of John Cleveland, Reviv'd,*' 1662.

[British Museum Trunk Ballads, No. 6, press-mark 835, m. 10. Unique.]

A Relation

Of the ten grand infamous Traytors, who for their horrid Murder and detestable Villany against our late Soberaigne Lord King CHARLES the First, that ever blessed Martyr, were arraigned, tryed, and executed in the moneth of *October*, 1660. Which in perpetuity will be had in remembrance unto the world's end.

Octob. 13, 1660. *Sat.* *Harrison.* *Mund.* *Carew.* *Tuesd.* *Peters* and *Cooke.* [*Wed.*] *Greg.* *Clement*, [*J.*] *Jones*, [*T.*] *Scot*, and [*Adrian*] *Scroope.* [*Fri.*] *Hacker*, *Axtel.*

The Tune is, *Come, let us Drink, the time invites.* [See pp. L*, xciv*.]

Hee that can impose a thing, and shew forth a reason,
For what was done against the King, from the Palace to the
Let him here with me recite, for my pen is bent to write [Prison,
The horrid facts of Treason.

Since there is no learned Scribe, nor Arithmatician,
Ever able to decide the usurped base Ambition,
Which, in truth I shall declare, Traytors here wh[o] lately were,
Who wanted a Phisician.

For the grand Disease that bred, Nature could not weane it;
From the foot unto the head, was putrifacted treason in it:
Doctors could no cure give, which made the *Squire* then believe
That he must first begin it. [Squire = Hangman.]

And the Physick did compose, within a pound of reason;
First to take away the Cause, then to purge away the Treason;
With a dosse of Hemp made up, wrought as thick[ly as a] rope,
And given them in [due season.]

The Doctors did prescribe at last to give 'm this potation,
A vomit or a single cast, well deserv'd, in Purgation;
After that to lay them downe, and bleed a veine in every one,
As Traytors of the Nation.

So when first the Phisicke wrought, the 13th of *October*,
The patient on a Sledge was brought, like a Rebelle and a Rover,
To the execution Tree, where [he] with much dexterity
Was gently turned over. [On *Harrison.*

The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

Munday was the 15th day, as *Carew* then did follow, [wallow;
Of whom all men, I thinke, might say, in tyranny did deeply
Traytor proved unto the King, which made him on the Gallowesswing,
And all the people hollow!

Tuesday after, *Peters, Cocke*, two notorious Traytors,
That brought our Sovereigne to the blocke, for which [they] were
hang'd and cut in quarters; [John Cocke.
'T was *Cocke* which wrought the bloody thing, to draw the Charge
against our King,

That ever blessed Martyr.

Next, on *Wednesday*, foure came, for Murther all imputed,
There to answer for the same which in Judgement were confuted;
Gregorie Clement, Jones, and Scot, and Scroop together, for a Plot,
Likewise were executed.

Thursday past, and *Friday* then, to end the full conclusion,
And make the Traytors just up ten, that day were brought to
execution;

Hacker and proud *Axtell* [t]he[y], at *Tyburn* for their treachery
Receiv'd their absolution.

Being against the King and States, the Commons all condemn'd 'm,
And their quarters on the Gates hangeth for a Memorandum,
'Twixt the heavens and the earth: Traytors are so little worth,
To dust and smoake wee'l send 'm.

Let now *October* warning make to bloody minded Traytors,
That never Phisicke more they take, for in this moneth they lost
their quarters;

Being so against the King, which to murther they did bring,
The ever blessed Martyr. [Finis.

London, Printed for *Fr. Coles, T. Vere, M. Wright, and W. Gilbertson.*

[Black-letter. Three cuts: 1st, Young Squire, vol. vii, p. 279, left; 2nd, Cavalier, reverse of p. 542, *post*; 3rd, a beheading on a scaffold, one man kneels at a high block, spectators in front. Date, October, 1660.]

* * *Note on the Tune mentioned.*—Four editions of '*The Loyal Garland*' perished, before the fifth edition, 1686 (one reprinted for the Percy Society, No. LXXXIX, in Sept., 1850, by the late J. O. Halliwell, F.S.A., afterwards Halliwell-Phillipps); but it contains '*The New Droli*,' Song xxvii. This in *Pepys Coll.*, IV, 243; *Rawlinson*, 84; *Douce*, II, 143, vo. (*cf.* vii, 641), is '*The Loyal Subject*; or, *Praise of Sack*.' It became popular before October, 1660. Printed by E. C. for Francis Coles, Vere, and Wright; Douce's exemplar was printed for Wright, Clarke, Thackeray, and Passenger. Eight stanzas. It begins:

"Come let us drink, the time invites, winter and cold weather,
For to pass away long nights, and to keep good Wits together;
Better far than Cards or Dice, *Isaac's* ball—that quaint device,
Made up with fan and feather.

"We that drink have no such thoughts, black and void of reason;
We take care to fill our vaults with good Wine for every season;
And, with many a chirping cup, we blow one another up,
And that's our only treason."

(Given complete on p. xciv*, from a Cavalier manuscript circa 1656.)

In the ballad, printed on p. xxvii*, "Hold up thy head, *England*" (of date soon after May Day, probably on May 9), amid the joyous anticipations of King Charles coming home speedily, there were ominous hints that reprisal was desired; long before the fanatical 'Fifth-Monarchy' men of Thomas Venner attempted a fresh revolt.

"The Preaching-house haunTERS, with all their InchanTERS,
The proud Independents, the Brownists, and Ranters,
With all the vile Sectaries that can be reckon'd,
We hope will be routed by King Charles the Second."

Zealous Churchmen remembered their own sufferings under the so-called Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell. They looked forward to having their losses repaid. They no less looked for punishment of their late oppressors, the desecrators of cathedrals, with wanton destruction and sacrilege. The rebel Parliament's soldiers had embittered life, and caused actual starvation. Each parish church bore testimony against the 'Dowsing' spoliators; and men hoped that

"Then they should be hanged up that made it a Stable."

When Cromwell gained supreme authority, he dared not be called king. In his final years he sought to rule peacefully, beyond fears of mutiny or assassination, instead of being perpetually harassed by his insubordinates. The discordant 'Rump' Parliament, having always feared the Army, had used him as a tool, but lacked the power to crush him. They were the worst foes of liberty. When Oliver passed away, sick and weary, the anarchy among the surviving plotters excited universal disgust. The citizens welcomed Monk, the Dragon Slayer, to the tune of *Sir Eglamore and the Dragon* (see *Roxb. Ballads*, vol. iii, 607):

"General George, that valiant wight,
He took his sword and he would go fight;
And as he rode through *London* town,
Men, women, posts, and gates fell down. [Feb. 9, 1660.]

"But turning about, towards *Westminster*,
He saw it must come to *Fight Dog, Fight Bear*;
For there an Old Dragon sate in its den,
Had devour'd (God knows how many) brave men." Etc.

—How Gen. George Monk slew a Cruel Dragon.

Another unique ballad, to the old tune of *Packington's Pound*, and from the same publisher, Francis Grove, issued later in the autumn, had for its title, 'The High Court of Justice of *Westminster* [of January, 1648] arraigned at the Bar in the *Old-Bayley* at the Sessions-House, where those that adjudged and murdered the Royal Person and Sacred Majesty of King *Charles* the First are for that horrid Fact brought to their Legal Tryal, according to the known Laws of the Land.' It begins, "The manifold changes that have passed of late." With 'England's Black Tribunal; or, King Charles's Martyrdom' ("True Churchmen"), it forms a memorable prelude to the 'Trunk Ballad' here given, a 'Relation of the ten infamous Traitors,' executed in the month of October, 1660. Sir Henry Vane was not beheaded until 14 June, 1662: this tardy punishment might be deemed cold-blooded and unnecessary. Yet, all things considered, the legitimate reprisals exacted from the regicides were scanty. Had each one been punished who deserved forfeiture of life, there would have been wholesale butchery instead of a compromise. Crimes and outrages had followed in the wake of sedition. Vane deserved his fate (see p. lv*); nothing could absolve his treachery against Strafford in 1640.

Two other distinct ballads on the Execution of King Charles the First have been already reprinted in vol. vii, pp. 622 and 625: both of them were formerly in Thomas Pearson's Collection, II, 570 and 571, but lost from it when it became 'The Roxburghe': recovered, and reprinted by us in these volumes, *as have been the whole of the lost Twelve*. Let us here now mention another: 'King Charles, His Speech, and last Farewell to the World, made upon the Scaffold at White-hall-gate, on Tuesday, January 30, 1648 [i.e. 1648⁸].' It begins, "Faire England's joy is fled." (This opening line resembled that of 'Essex's Death' = "Sweet England's pride is gone: *Weladay! Weladay!*") All that remains of it is reprinted on p. xc*** of our *General Introduction* to vol. viii. It lacks the Second Part, and there is no other exemplar known.

The late Thomas Wright, M.A., F.S.A. (*ob.* Dec. 1877), dropped the mask of impartiality, when writing his few notes to the Percy Society '*Political Ballads published in England during the Commonwealth*.' He minimized the crimes of the Long Parliament sectaries, their mutual jealousies and recriminations; the servility of the Army while dependent on them for pay, afterwards to become defiant; the duplicity and cruelty of Oliver Cromwell and his abettors (even 'Black Tom' Fairfax consenting to the cold-blooded murder of Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle, after the surrender of Colchester in 1648).

Numerous and indefensible were the butcheries of conquered or betrayed Royalists on a public scaffold, without counting the worst and most stupid blunder, the beheading King Charles I, after a mock trial, in an illegally constituted 'High Court of Justice.' Preparations had been made with ropes and pulleys to drag him down, like a bullock in the shambles, in the event of his refusal to kneel down at the block. This was Oliver's device, or Marten's: they had in horseplay inked each other's face while signing the death-warrant of the 'royal martyr.' (See *State Trials*, vol. v, 1,128, 1,200; and S. R. Gardiner's *Great Civil War*, iii, 598.) The Great Rebellion was played for the self-aggrandizement of rebels. When it was lost, solicitations being made to Charles II to return to his kingdom and expectant people, in May, 1660, it was fitting that the gambling plotters and regicides who had survived from 1649 should pay the forfeit. It was not exacted by the restored king, but by the now dominant party of loyalists, who had for nearly eighteen years "*suffered persecution, but had not learned mercy*." Nevertheless, Thomas Wright, a Quaker by birth and training, in his disloyalty wrote thus in 1841:—

"No measure threw more disgrace on the Restoration than *the prosecution of the regicides*, and the heartless and sanguinary manner in which it was conducted tended more than any other circumstance to open the eyes of the people to the real character of the Government to which they had been betrayed. Pepys observes on the 20th Oct., 'a bloody week, this and the last have been; there being ten hanged, drawn, and quartered.'"—Vol. iii, p. 230 (*Percy Society*).

Wright's statement is utterly false. It misrepresents the national temper. "Betrayed," forsooth! There were earlier and worse betrayals. Brutal butchery excited disgust. But such had always been customary, and would continue to be so under James II, William III, and the two early Georges. The barbarities wrought against the Jacobites in 1746 can never be forgiven.

It ought to be noted that those who clamoured loudly for the execution of the regicides were, for the most part, Presbyterians who had suffered spoliation and insult at their hands: not the Cavaliers (worst plundered, imprisoned, and murdered of them all). If any blame be needed, let it fall on the sectaries: not on the Restoration, which was scarcely "thorough" enough.

A ballad, 'The Traytors' Downfal; or, A brief relation of the Downfal of that Phanatick crew, who Trayterously Murdered the late King's Majesty of blessed memory,' is on p. liii*. It has a curious history, having had a threefold issue.

[Trowbesh Transcript of Manchester F. Lib. Ballads, I, 21 ; Euing, 350.]

The Traytors' Downfal ; Or,

A brief relation of the Downfal of that Phanatick crew, who Trayterously Murdered the late King's Majesty of blessed memory.

The Tune is, *Fa la la*, etc. [See pp. 317, li* ; and vol. vii, p. 660.]

[Woodcut of King Charles I, in an ermined robe : compare p. xxx*.]

Come hither to me, and I will declare, *with a fa la la la lalero*,
How cruel-hearted Tyrants are, *with [a fa la la, etc.]* [*passim*.]
Or those that did presume so high, to murder our good King's Majesty,
Now may these Rebbels howl and cry : *With a fa la la lalero*.

He was a Prince of courage stout : although his glass was soon run out :
But behind him he hath left a noble stock, may give a Traytor a handsome knock,
For [ma]king a King to submit to the block : *With a fa*, etc.

The blood [that he] lost, as I suppose, caus[ed fire to ri]se in *Oliver's* nose ;
His rousing Nose did bear such a sway, it cast such a heat, in shining ray,
That *England* scarce knew the night from day : *With a fa*, etc.

Oliver was of *Huntington* : born he was a Brewer's son, [pp. 729, 732.
He soon forsook his dray and sling, and counted a Brewer's horse a pittiful thing ;
Then he came to the stately throne of a King : *With a fa la la*, etc.

Oliver had a heart of gall, for to murder his Prince at *White-hall*.
He swore whoever was over the main, whether a *French* King or of *Spain*,
Yet in *England* no King should remain : *With a fa la la*, etc.

[The Second Part. To THE SAME TUNE.]

Duke *Humphrey* was the first Protector : *with a fa la la la lalero*.
Henry the Sixt [had] the next Protector : *With a fa la la*, etc.
Then thirdly *Oliver* he took place, but *Lucifer* soon removed his Grace,
Then he set up young *Dick*, the fool of his race : *With a fa*, etc.

No sooner was *Dick* got up to the throne, but he considered 't was none of his own,
And staring this way and that about, desiring to be resolved of a doubt,
Then in came *Lambert*, and turned him out : *With a fa la la*, etc.

Fleetwood, desirous of the place, sent forth *Lambert* the *Scots* to face,
And being in the strength of his desire, when he did think poor *Jockey* to brier,
His men forsook him, and left him in the mire : *With a fa*, etc.

Thus you may see how some do rise, with an intent to surmount the skies, [all,
But when they are up, they shall have a fall, witness *Fleetwood*, blind *Hewson* and
The ragged rout of a Cobler's stall : *With a fa la la*, etc.

We'll clear *White-hall* of Lobsters and Geese, turn *Rumps* and *Kidnies* out
of the house ; [i.e. 'devil's fees.'

We'll bring in *Charles* from over the main, make wars with *France* and peace
Then we shall have money and Trading again : *With a fa*, etc. [with *Spain* ;

Citizens, look to yourselves, I say, let no Coblers preach and pray : [together :
Tom Cobler is flown, the Lord knows whither ; *Fleetwood* and he I hope are
Now we've brought in the King, and we'll have fair weather : *With a fa*, etc.

Blind *Hewson* was not of our kind: *With a fa la la la lalero*,
 To run away, and leave his men behind: *With a fa la la*, etc. [Parl'ament
 But I wish I could find him by the scent! there's neither the Law nor the Rump
 Should save him from death to give us content, [Good People, pity the Blind!]
With a fa la la la lalero.

A List of the names of those Traytors that w[ere] sentenced to be hang[ed],
 drawn, and quartered for murd[er]ing th[eir lawful so]veraign of blessed
 memory, Charles the Fi[rst, viz. these ten:] Thomas Harrison, John Carew,
 Tho. S[cott, along with Greg]ory Clement, John Jones, Adrian Scroo[pe,
 Hugh] Peters, John Cook, Col. [Daniel] Axtel, Col. Hac[ker. These were to be
 executed on October 13th, one; 15th, one; 16th, two; 17th, four; 19th, two.]
 Printed for *J. Andrews* and *J. Garraway*, and are to be sold at the White-
 Lyon, near *Py[e-corner]*.

[Black-letter. Two cuts: 1st, an enthroned King, with crown, etc.; 2nd, the
 Devil bearing a Roundhead to the mouth of Hell. Date, October, 1660.]



"*Would Hewson had both his eyes!*"

¶ This is a caricature portrait of 'Lord Hewson the cobbler' (holding a boot-last in one hand, a leather-cutter's knife in the other). It belonged to an earlier version of this same ballad (already reprinted, vol. vii, p. 662): possibly issued before the landing at Dover of King Charles on 25 May, 1660 (Luttrell Coll., II, 36, bearing the title 'King Charles his Glory, and the Rebels' Shame'). It held a different first stanza from our later Lancashire broadside (which was *certainly not issued before the mid-October following*); also a tenth stanza that does not reappear: moreover, each stanza held finally an extra half-line, rhyming with each first half-line. These differences, and some minor details, made it expedient to reprint this *third* issue here, intact. Noteworthy is it, also, that the Glasgow broadside (Euing Coll., No. 350; probably the second issue) bears identically the same title as the third issue, now given, viz. 'The Traytors' Downfal,' yet repeats the Luttrell first stanza: for which our opening stanza, "Come hither!" (p. liii*), was substituted later:

"**C**HARLES the First was a Noble King, *Fa la la la la la* :

His fame thorow all the world did ring, *Fa la*, etc.

But in this he was to blame, that after all his pomp and fame,

To lose himself at a *Scottish Game* (*Fa la*, etc.). "*T was but a foolish thing.*"

[The Luttrell tenth stanza (here given) failed to follow our ninth :—

"When Dame Fortune casteth a frown, these upstart Gallants fall headlong down :
I could wish they would view their own state, and Repent before 't is too late,
For fear lest a Gibbet will be their last fate, or whipping about the Town."]

The remodelling was clumsily done by another hand. Here are the foolishly cancelled half-lines, beginning with the second stanza, "He was a Prince," etc.:
Then Hewson's eye goes out.—Good Lord, preserve Charles his house!—It far surpass'd a Tun.—Lest Nol himself should fall.—Dick lov'd a cup of Nectar.—So Lambert's courage was shown.—Ay, and that was his disgrace!—Would Hewson had both his eyes! [Next stanza missing.]—*And then we care not a louse.—Whip Coblers-run-away!—Good People, pity the Blind!*

If it be objected that the tone of the triformed ballad is too mocking for such a subject as the Regicide and its consequences, we must remember how ridiculous had been the vagaries of 'the Clown' Desborough, Oliver's brother-in-law; of Fleetwood, who displaced Richard Cromwell; of his rival in ambition, John Lambert; of the debauched scoffer, Henry Marten (see pp. xlviii*, lii)*; and of the intolerant, dreary Sir Henry Vane the younger (who might have avoided a public execution if he had taken advice from "More Sacks to the Mill," 11 January, 1653, by following the example of his own father, 'Old Harry,' and Alderman John Hoyle, who hanged themselves). In 1653 Oliver Cromwell had prayed, "The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane! the Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!" It was thus that men sung of Vane:

"Methinks in his eyes the waters do gather,
As if the Lord *Strafford's* death troubled his sight;
Perhaps he repents and means (*like his Father*)
Ev'n in his own garter to do his ghost right."

Others of 'The Gang' (see vol. vii, p. 658) were to fulfil their destiny, some perishing on the scaffold at Charing Cross, some lingering in prison, like Haselrigge in the Tower, Lambert at Guernsey, and Marten at Chepstow Castle.

¶ "Lord Colonel" John Hewson escaped beyond seas, to avoid trial, and died at Amsterdam, in 1662; having been exempted from amnesty, he was condemned in *contumaciam*: his picture was hung on the gallows at Tyburn. His fate, with that of the regicides, Peters, Harrison, and Hacker, had been prefigured in a Dialogue: Tower-Hill scaffold consigning them to Tyburn—

"They are a sort of mongrels, which my lordly scaffold will disgrace;
I know *Hugh Peters* his fingers itch to make a pulpit of the place.

"But take him, *Tyburn!* he is thine own, divide his quarters with thy knife,
Who did pollute with flesh and bone the quarters of the Butcher's Wife. [p. xix*.

"There's *Hacker*, zealous *Tom Harrison* too, that boldly defends the bloody deed,
He practiseth what the Jesuites do, to murder his king as part of his Creed.

"There's single-eyed *Hewson* the Cocker of Fate, translated into Buff and Feather;

But bootless are all his Seams of State when the Soul is unript from the Upper-leather."—*A Quarrel betwixt Tower-Hill and Tyburn.*

This 'Group of Restoration Ballads' would end inappropriately with the 'Relation' of punishment having fallen on the ten less guilty regicides. The greater criminals had escaped by private deathbeds, generally, like John Bradshaw, without repentance. No reaction had set in, and certainly the restoration of monarchy was not felt to be a disappointment, except to extravagant hopes.

The King's faults of wanton prodigality were judged leniently by sensible men; allowance being made for his past impoverishment in exile. They knew that he was no seducer of virgin innocence: at worst, he had been a willing victim of rapacious women, Court-mistresses, avowedly of 'easy virtue.' Twenty years later, some Parliamentary demagogues, themselves by no means immaculate, railed at him for having "taken bribes from France." It was an idle taunt, and came ill from men who were privately suborned and pensioned, to work confusion. Having, when in exile, accepted support from Louis XIV, Charles would count such dependence a tribute, without disgrace. He was no hypocrite. "Even his failings leaned to virtue's side." In his imperturbability, in his good-humoured command of temper, his tolerance of other people's errors, in his worldly wisdom, his capacity for business, his merriment among his spaniels, his waterfowl, and his fickle boon companions (chosen with undeniable taste for their wit or beauty), and in his accessibility to all petitioners, he took life easily. The common people saw their sovereign mingle with them, simply clad, and free of pride or ostentation. Their undiminished gladness was shewn, in 1661, at his Coronation.

First Pageant-arch shewed *Rebellion's Confusion*; Second, *Monarchy Restored*. In the Third Pageant, *Temple of Concord*, is a 'Song of Welcome':—

“ COMES not here the King of Peace,
Whom the Stars so long foretold,
From all woes shall us release,
Converting Iron times to Gold?
Behold! behold!
Our Prince, confirm'd by heavenly signs,
Brings healing balm;
Brings healing balm and anodynes,
To close our wounds and pain assuage.
He comes with conqu'ring bays and palm,
Where swelling billows us'd to rage,
Gliding on a silver calm;
Proud interests now no more engage.”

CHORUS.—“ *Let these arched roofs re-sound,
Joining instruments and voice;
Fright pale spirits underground,
But let heaven and earth rejoice.
We our Happiness have found:
He thus marching to be Crown'd,
Attended with this glorious train,
From civil broils shall free these Isles,
Whilst he and his posterity shall reign.*”

[Mat. Locke's
music.]

In Fourth Pageant, Plenty mentions the blazing star seen at his birth:

“ Great Sir, the Star which at your happy birth [29 May, 1630.
Joy'd with his beames at noon the wond'ring earth,
Did with auspicious lustre then presage
The glitt'ring Plenty of this Golden Age.”

[British Museum 'Trunk Ballad,' No. 4, press-mark 835, m. 10. Unique.]

[The Pageants in LONDON at the Coronation
of King CHARLES the Second.]

[To the Tune afterwards known as *Gaudeamus Igitur*.]



[Chief woodcut lost, with title and tune-name: this is third cut.]

Come, you Poets, drink a round, [make] a true libation,
That our Gracious King [hath fou]nd such a glorious Celebration:
Which great Potentates shall read, for wee'l make his Glory spread
throughout all Generations.

Call the wise Phylosophers to render here a reason, [season.
For they Predicted from the Stars this great day, the time and
Lilly would not do so much, for he knew his Fact was such
he should be hanged for treason. [Cf. p. lvi*.

Therefore Traytors we'l discard, and make them to remember
How their Plots can be compar'd to the fifth day of *November*; [1605.
For they did invent a way, Church and State for to destroy,
our King, and Faith's Defender.

Off *London's* grand Festivity, when you hear the story] [Conjectural.
[How we receiv'd his Majesty,] it shall tend unto his glory. [Col. 2 mutilated.
For the King rejoyc'd to hear every Worthy Noble Peer,
saying, "Good my Liege, w' are for ye." [p. lxii*.

Solomon was crowned King, so was great *Jehoram*,
But *Solomon* did Wisdom bring, which made Princes to adore him.
But to speak the truth of it, for a wise and prudent Wit
King Charles will go before him.

Charles, our mighty Potentate, a Learned Bishop told him, [him :
When he came to his Throne of State, in God's *Book* he had inrol'd
[Holding Sceptre, Ring, and] Globe : [wearing Royal purple Robe :]
[*All glad were*] to behold him.

The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

Then many brave Noblemen, all most gallant and brave,
March'd out of the Town then, both valiant, wise, and grave :
Count[ing it] a most delightful thing, for to [hon]our *Charles* our
And to the Crown him in Peace to bring. [Royal King,

[And] yet [was] he [the King, with tears we wish'd to have :]
Dyed [our fathers in past years, gladly to support him :]

. . . . Lords and Earls in order all
most Royally did court him.

[*Sorely mutilated here.*]

To prayers went our Gracious King, with all this train about him,
Where the Clergy there did sing, "King, we can't live without him !
For he's vertuous, and we shall have Justice when to him we call :
you need not for [to d]oubt him."

They were such gallant Blades, and so richly drest, [Cf. p. xxxiv*.
As cannot be exprest, they were most bonny Lads,
All malice they did detest, they were such brave Comrades.

[*Confused here.*]

Each Regiment from other known by their sev'ral no[t'es,]

A[s plainly did appear, and was all drest in Buff Coats,
And in silken scarves all of green,]

W[ith hats and feathers] to [be seen, most rich as well, I ween,]

W[ere those brave men]

An[d this doth these Lands rejoyce, and all that] . [live,]

W[hich restored unto us our] King . . [And happy days shall see.]

} *Lost except
Initials.
Compare
p. xxxiv*.*

**The Description of the several Pageants and [Shows to greet the King]
proceeding from the Tower unto his P[alace at Whitehall.]**

At Leaden-Hall, a sumptuous Pageant built in [an Arch] [Cf. p. lvi*.
highest houses, which represented Ruine; and in Corn[hill, near the Ex]
change was another Pageant of more state, which represe[nted Monarchy]
middle of Cheap-side a third Pageant form[ed an Arch, at Wood Street : as a]
Frontispiece the figure of Diana, in which [Concord, Love, and Truth were]
singing by divers voices, and playing on all [musick instruments of nati-]
ons in Christendom : the fourth Pageant [an Arch and Garden] [p. lvi.*
represented Plenty, with all lively expression [suitable un] .

. o its title. With a new Maypole in [wreathed] . . .

[Right half
torn away.]

. d, and above a hundred foot in height

. his Majestie's Armes on the vane

[P J. W.]

Printed for *F. C[oles], T. Vere, M. Wright, W. Gilbertson.*

[1st cut lost; 2nd, same as 3rd of No. 1; 3rd, on p. lvii*. Date, April, 1661.]

[Trowbesh Transcripts: B.-L., Euing, cxlvii.]

Joyfull News to the Nation;

Or,

The Crowning of King CHARL[E]S the II on the 23 of *April*, being on *St. George's* day; of his going from the *Tower of London* to *Whitehall* on *Monday*, being the 22 day; with his passing by *Water* from *Whitehall* to *Westminster-Hall*, and from thence to the *Abbey*, where he was Crowned; From thence quite back again with his Noble train: with the rare fire-works upon *London Thames*.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Packington's Pound* [pp. xxvii*, xlv*].

OF all the rich pleasures that ever was seen,
The like unto this, I think, never has been.
All people are glad and rejoyce in our Nation,
To think they should live for to see th' Coronation.

Let's give God the praise, to see the brave days,
And let us repent us of our evill wayes,
And then God will bless us in every relation,
And happy will be this our King's Coronation.

On[e Monday in] *April*, being the twenty-two day,
The King from the *Tower* did then take his way,
And as for his pleasure he marched along
Thousands of people did after him throng.

His Majesty then, with his Noble-men,
The people still cry'd out, and never would len, [i.e. stop.
With " God bless your Majesty, in [every] relation, [i.e. all.
And send you long Reign, and a happy Coronation !"

The glass in the windows they then did take down,
And they on their Chambers made many a pound,
For the sight of the Gentlemen that there did stand,
They had what they pleased on them to demand.

And all this was why, "the King's coming by!"
They on the tops of the houses did lye.
The like ne'er was heard of, not in any nation,
As there was prepared for our King's Coronation.

Four Pageants prepared for the King to pass in, [Cf. p. lvi*.
Like Castles and Towers, the like was not seen;
The one imitating Pleasure and Peace,
The which from our borders should never decrease.

About it a Vine, showing plenty of twine;
The conduits did run down with brave claret wine.
The like never heard of, not in any Nation,
As there was prepared for our King's Coronation.

The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

THE twenty-third, being on St. George's day,
 The King then by water did he take his way,
 Where he did go unto *Westminster-hall*;
 There the Nobility, Gentry, and all
 Did meet and did stand, with caps in their hand,
 Ready to be at our good King's command.
The like ne're was heard of, not in any Nation,
As there was prepared for our King's Coronation.

From thence to the *Ab[be]y* he went with 's train,
 Where the two Bishops did him entertain;
 And under his feet there was cloths on the ground,
 For to walk on, as he went to be crown'd.
 The people did still, their voices most shrill,
 Cry, "God bless your Majesty ever more still!"
The like ne're was heard of, not in any Nation, etc.

The King then was crowned, and quite went back again
 To *Westminster-hall*, with his brave noble train,
 With Knights and with Lords, and Barons and Earls,
 And all for to beautifie Noble King *Charl[es]*s.
 To see people throng, as they passed along,
 It would be too tedious to put in my song.
The like never heard of, not in any Nation, etc.

The guns in the ships, and the cannons on shore,
 The bells and the trumpets most loudly did rore;
 The bonfires did burn in every street,
 And all people made up their joy compleat.
 They feared no dismay, but thus they did say,
 "Happy are we for the Coronation day!"
The like never heard of, not in any Nation, etc.

A Castle or Tower, that seemed very good,
 Made by an Artist, which on a barge stood:
 It stood on the river of *Thames* there all night,
 With fire-works about it, most full of delight.
 These fire-works there, which I doe declare
 Was to the beholders most wondrous rare.
The like never heard of, not in any Nation, etc.

And by it a bowling-green there did stand,
 As seemed as handsome as any on land,
 'T was framed by one man, who thought it no charges:
 A most rare green, and it stood on two barges.
 His Majesty then, with his Noble-men,
 Might when he pleased go to that green.
The like never heard of, not in any Nation, etc.

The Knights and the Nobles were brave in attire,
Which made the beholders much to admire :
The Duke went before him, and the way led ;
The King followed after, with the Crown on his head.

The people did shout, that was round about,
Onely the Phanaticks that stood very mute :
*It grieved them to see such a turn in the Nation,
And troubled their conscience to see the Coronation.*

Then strait came a Champion unto the hall-dore,
And out came two Earls, and did put him before.
The King call'd him to him and drank in a Cup,
And bad[e] that the Champion should then put it up :

The Cup it was gold, most rare to behold !
Myself I did see it, and by others was told.
*The like never heard of, not in any Nation,
As there was prepared for our King's Coronation.*

Let all men on earth now but think on this thing,
To see how our God have preserved our King !
And let all rejoyce, and not any be sorry,
And give God the praise, where belongs all the glory,
And honour your King, in everything,
For he unto us glad tidings doth bring.

*The like never heard of, not in any Nation,
As there was prepared for our King's Coronation.*

Now God bless the King, and send him a long reign,
That Truth and Peace may with us still remain.

Let all hearts joyn one in love and unity,
And let us pray all for the King's Progeny.

With Lords and with Earls, that loveth King *Charles*,
He is worth more to us than thousands of Pearls.
*And let any one pray, in any Relation,
And then God will send us plenty in our Nation.*

Finis.

Peter Fancy.

London, Printed for Richard Burton, at the Horse-shoe in Smithfield.

[Black-letter. One woodcut. Date, last week of April, 1661.]

These unique black-letter ballads on the Coronation, like John Ogilby's 'Relation,' 1661, describe the Procession and the 'Four Pageants.' A 'Royal Oak-Day' ballad of the previous year, written by J. W., had anticipated four of the stanzas used in the mutilated Trunk Ballad No. 4, on the 'Coronation,' 1661, and thus we recover the lost text. Compare p. xxxiv*. John Wade's second 'Royal Oak' ballad, with the 'Escape from Worcester,' follow, on pp. lxxv*, lxxvii*.

In vindication of King Charles II, we must remember the hereditary burdens of his race and temperament. He was surrounded by flatterers and sycophants, both in his days of poverty and after the Restoration. It was an ill-training for reigning over an unruly people—his vagabond life abroad, a pensioner of foreign despots, who treated him with scant courtesy, they being overawed by Cromwell.

With fortitude Charles had borne misfortune, with cheerfulness awaiting better days. Success at last arrived, sudden and complete. Not won by plots, invasion, or battles. Neither was it bought with bribes, for which he was too poor, nor with cajoleries, that enemies would have resisted: they themselves being false and treacherous, suspicious of one another. To many it appeared miraculous, the swiftness with which every obstacle melted away, in one little month of the *Annus Mirabilis*. From hopeless winter of anarchy, the nation awakened to summer sunshine: "Long live King Charles!"

"In a word, the joy was so inexpressible and so universal, that his Majesty said, smiling to some about him, that he doubted it had been his own fault that he had been absent so long, for he saw nobody that did not protest he had ever wished for his return."—*Clarendon: Hist. Rebellion*, Bk. xvi, par. 246.

His merit and rightful claim were accepted because all the rival factions had disgraced themselves. He was regarded with personal affection, heedless of his occasional weakness and misconduct, hurtful to himself more than to others. He was easily made content, a man of the world, willing to 'live and let live,' of a better balance than his father, inclined to be honest, careless of consequences, with a habit of sauntering through frivolities, yet not infatuated; yielding to paltry temptations of known libertines and saucy wantons, in contemptuous good-humour. He knew them to be mercenary and shameless, but admitted them to intimacy. Charles made no pretence of being a saint or a precisian. Religion did not greatly trouble him. He was tolerant, neither bigoted nor profane. He stood faithful to his brother, York, when such constancy imperilled his own safety. He refused to countenance Shaftesbury's vile scheme of a divorce from Queen Catherine and marriage with one who might yield a lawful heir to the throne, to the exclusion of James. Perhaps his worst fault was the sacrifice of Algernon Sydney. He was never vindictive or miserly, but allowed himself to be wronged, mocked, and plundered by those on whom he lavished wealth or affection. Taller in stature than most men, 'the son of Kish,' he also stood higher in his manhood than his enemies could have guessed.

There were many kings worse, who better are reckon'd,
Than 'the joy of all hearts,' whom we hail'd 'Charles the Second.'

THIS GROUP OF RESTORATION BALLADS is a 'Prefatory Note' to the 'Second Division' of the Final Volume of *Roxburghe Ballads*; an instalment of 'The Civil-War Ballads,' that begin with 'the Bishops' War' of 1637. To relinquish them at present is necessary.

Independently the Editor will endeavour to publish this his prepared great work, but for the present "It is time for us to go!"

Throughout the SECOND SERIES, commencing with the Anti-Papal Group in Vol. IV, Part 1st, 1881, the present Editor has brought into coherent groups the various historical and social ballads that had been confusingly scattered throughout the Collection; known successively as the Harleian, the West, the Thomas Pearson, the Roxburghe, and lastly, as Benjamin Ham Bright's; before the accumulation passed into the British Museum Library, where it now abides in ever-increasing peril from idle curiosity of the 'rank outsiders.' They are a constant source of danger: they finger the best of everything (*éditions de luxe* included), and damage it recklessly, because they call it 'public property.'

To the robust and truly appreciative Student the *Roxburghe Ballads* now offer themselves boldly. From the 'Sempill Ballates' on "Mary Queen of Scots," 1565 to 1583 (pp. 337-99), unto the 'No Popery' Riots of 1780 (p. 726 of the present volume), the Panorama of the Stuart reigns has been unrolled. From the destruction of the Spanish Armada in 1588 (vol. vii), to the fall of James II, a century later, 1688; thence onward with William III, Anne, and three Georges, another century; until 1788, the year of Prince Charles Edward's death at Rome, the political struggles of that ill-fated family are shown. Not in a mighty cataract, but in dwindling rivulets escaping from a morass, such as Culloden-moor, their end was reached. Yet ours is no lamentation: although we are avowedly, on principle, *laudatores temporis acti*.

"Earth is alive, and gentle or ungentle
Motions within her signify but growth;
The ground swells greenest o'er the labouring moles:
Howe'er th' uneasy world is vexed and wroth,
Young children, lifted high on parent souls,
Look round them, with a smile upon the mouth,
And take for music every bell that tolls."

In the whole range of English History the one Civil War that attracts attention, and that best rewards continuous study, is '*the Great Rebellion*.' The Stuart race never had been taught by their experience how to correct recurring errors, or how to regain any wavering allegiance by timely acts of justice. They trusted to the granting of favours as royal bounty. They knew no higher relations that unite man with men, or monarch with people. By their misfortunes, from 1567 to 1746, they secured remembrance.

Amid the alternate oppression and resistance, concessions were gradually extorted, not surrendered willingly. Every evil weed left its roots implanted in the soil, and "the End is not yet." Popular leaders, when emerging from the dregs of the people, become selfish timeservers; they soon contrive to sell their dupes for any sordid advantage. The true aristocracy, possessing chivalry and courage, guided by high principles, if faithful to their motto of *Noblesse m'oblige*, are the best friends of Liberty; but are few in number, fewer as time wears on. The temptation to flatter the democracy increases the danger. We who linger at the close of this busy century need not claim to discern prophetically what trials *le Vingtième Siècle* is ready to bring forth. Perhaps we are not sorry to have finished our task, before the act-drop rises on a change of scene. That it must be very different from the last, is all that we can foresee and foretell. That it will be less wise and honest than the Past generation, would be a sad forecast. We do not fear defeat, although evil is now threatened. Many a crisis has been averted, and may be again, so long as unitedly "England to herself be true," and "Britannia rules the waves."

In 1859 Charles A. Ward wrote, '*England subsists by miracle*': she reigns by Power greater than her own. A purer knowledge of true religion, cleansed from superstition, mummery, and priestcraft, is evidently now about to dawn. A National acceptance of the noble federation which alone can secure prosperity and happiness to the Empire, is one rudimentary lesson, already learned. Our great and good Queen has seen the growth of much that deserves thankfulness. None but the grossly ignorant can deny that the complex responsibilities of her time utterly dwarf the difficulties of old Stuart days: those were parochial squabbles in comparison. Such teaching as these ballads yield ought to be profitable to the future race. "Revolutions were not made with rose-water," and we have not sought to disguise the wickedness or folly of our ancestors, during our twenty years of labour on *Roxburghe Ballads* "*Illustrating the Last Years of the Stuarts*."

¶ Here we might close the 'Prefatory Note to Volume Nine,' with our woodcut of a country revel at the Restoration; were it not expedient to add two extra ballads on the 'Escape of King Charles II after the defeat at Worcester, 1651'; also a goodly number of long-lost Cavalier ditties, in a 'Supplementary Note,' pp. xci*-cxixvi*.



[Trowbesh Coll., John C. Francis's Type-written Transe.; Euing, No. cccviii.]

**The Royall Oak ; or, The Wonderfull Travells,
miraculous Escapes, strange Accidents of his sacred Majesty
King CHARLES the Second.**

How from *Worcester* fight, by a good hap, our royall King made an escape,
How he disrob'd himself of things that precious were,
And with a knife cut off his curled hair :
How a hollow Oak as his palace was th[e]n ;
And how King *Charles* became a Serving-man.

To the Tune of, '*In my Freedom is all my Joy.*' [See vol. vii, p. 144.]



Come, Friends, and unto me draw near, a sorrowfull ditty you shall hear :
You that deny your lawfull Prince, let conscience now your faults convince,
And now in love, and not in fear, now let his presence be your joy,
Whom God in mercy would not destroy. [Passim.]

The Relation that here I bring, concerning *Charles* our royall King ;
Through what dangers he hath past, and is proclaimed King at last :
The Prince's sorrows we will sing, which the Fates sorely did annoy ; *Whom, etc.*

After *Worcester* most fatall fight, when that King *Charles* was put to flight,
Then many men their lives laid down, to bring their sovereign to the Crown :
The which was a most glorious sight : great was his Majestie's convoy ; *etc.*

In *Worcester* battle, fierce and hot, his horse twice under him was shot,
And, by a wise and prudent thrift, to save his life was forced to shift.
Without difficulty it was not : Providence did him safely convoy ; *etc.*

And, being full of discontents, stript off his princely ornaments ;
Thus, full of troubles and of cares, a knife cut off his curled hairs,
Whereby the hunters he prevents ; God in his mercy him convoy,
So that they could not him destroy.

A chain of gold he gave away, worth three hundred [pound]s, they say ;
In this disguise by honest thrift, command all for themselves to shift :
With one friend both night and day, poor Prince alone to God's convoy,
His foes they could not him destroy.

These two wand'ring into a wood, where a hollow Oak there stood,
And for his precious life's dear sake did of that Oak his palace make;
His friend towards night provided food, so their precious lives they did enjoy; *etc.*

Lord *Willmot* most valiant and stout, he was pursued by the rout : [Rochester.
Was hid in a fiery kiln of mault, and so escaped the souldiers' assault,
Which searched all the house about, not dreaming the kiln was his convoy;
Which God in mercy would not destroy.

The Second Part. TO THE SAME TUNE.

HE relates King *Charles* his miseries, which forced tears from tender eyes.
Mistress *Lane* entreats him earnestly for to find out his Majesty.
And him to save she would devise; unto her house they him convoy,
Whom God in mercy would not destroy.

King *Charles* a livery cloak wore then, and became a Serving-man,
And westward rode towards the sea, intended [for to] transported be;
And Mistress *Lane* now please he can, which was the King's safest convoy; *etc.*

In accident of great renown as they were for to ride throw a town,
A troop of horse stood crosse the street, then jealousy the King did greet,
And Fortune seem'd on him to frown; he thought the Fates would him annoy; *etc.*

The Captain commanded his men to the right and left to open then,
For harmless travellers he did them take, and an interest for them did make;
And so they passed on again, unto King *Charles's* no small joy; *etc.*

His Mistress to her coming in, left *William* her man in the kitchen;
The Cook-maid askt where he was born, and what trade that he did learn.
To frame his excuse he did begin; thus his sorrow was turned to joy; *etc.*

To answer mild he thus begun, "At *Brumigam*, a nailer's son."
Then said the maid, "The jack stands still, pray wind it up, if that you will."
Which he did, suspicion to shun, and somewhat did the same annoy,
Yet did not the same quite destroy.

As those that were [standing] by do say, he went about it the wrong way,
Which ang'ring the maid the same to see, she called him a clownish boobie,
"In all my life that ever I saw"; her railing caus'd him laugh for joy;
Whom God in mercy would not destroy.

After many weeks in jeopardy, he was wafted into *Normandy*;
The God of heaven for his person car'd, the ship-master had a great reward.
Thus the good Prince from hence did flye, to suffer hardship he was not coy,
Which now will be this nation's joy.

J. W. [probably John Wade].

Finis.

London, Printed for *Charles Tyus*, on *London-Bridge*. [B.-L., 1660.]

Note.—In vol. vii, pp. 633–41, are two other ballads on the Escape from Worcester, one being unique by Henry Jones, of Oxford. It is 'The Royal Patient Traveller; or, The Wonderful Escapes,' *etc.*; i.e., "God hath preserved our Royal King." Tune of, *Cherry Chase*. Preceding it is 'The Last News from France'; viz., "All you that do desire to know what is become of the King of Scots?" sung to Martin Parker's tune of, *When the King enjoys his own again* (also given on pp. 633, 634 of vol. vii). Another ballad on the same subject now follows, on p. lxvii*—"Come, you learned Poets, let's call our Fathers and our Mothers." [*Woodcut*: two men standing; a man and a woman behind.]

[Anthony à Wood's Collection, 401, fol. 173. Apparently unique.]

The

Wonderfull and Miraculous Escape of our gracious King

from that dismal, black, and gloomie defeat at *Wor'ster* :
Together with a pattern to all true and faithfull Subjects, by
the five Loyall and faithfull Brothers, with their care and
diligence, obserbance and obedience, 8 dayes in the time of his
Majestic's obscurity.

THE TUNE IS, *Come, let's drink, the time invites.* [See p. xciv*, post.]

C Ome, you learned Poets, let's call our Fathers and our Mothers,
For wee'l write Historicall, of five Loyall faithfull Brothers,
Richard, Humphry, John and George, William, once who had the charge
of brave King *Charles* and others :

After *Wor'ster's* dismall day : here's a true Relation
How our King escapt away, and who was the preservation
Of his Sacred Majesty, in his great necessity,
beyond all admiration.

He great Kingly acts did doe, with a brave intention,
Vent' red Crown and Kingdoms too, in one day for our Redemption :
But in this I'le not insist, the books doth make it manifest,
beyond my wit's invention.

For when he perceiv'd in fight the un-even ground did rout him,
Five and twenty miles that night he rid with all his Lords about him ;
But it would have griev'd your heart, for to have seen them all depart,
what sorrow was throughout them.

Though with grief and double feare, they yet did hold together,
On the confines of *Staffordshire*, but to goe they knew not whither.
The conclusion in the end, Earle *Derby* said he had a friend
hard by, and they'd goe thither.

Then to the place they all did goe, where the Earle intended,
But the people did not know from what blood they were descended ;
But they set them Bread and Cheese, and the King did highly please,
his sorrow much amended.

The Earle of *Derby*, in the end, all his mind disbursed,
Askt if there was any friend that wherein he might be trusted ?
William Pendrall then came in, who said " he would be true to him,
else let him be accursed."

And further said, " if 't was the King, nothing should be lacking
In any part that lay in him, for the escape which he was making."
And like unto the Turtle-Dove, this honest *William* still did prove,
in all his undertakings.

The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE. [Woodcut on p. xliii*.]

And *George*, the youngest brother, he made hast' and fet' his clothing
For his Sacred Majestie, 'cause the country should not know him ;
Richard he did round his haire : for true Loyallists they were,
all five were faithfull to him.

Humphry fetcht him hat and Band, of the Country Fashion,
Sheepskin gloves for his white hand ; likewise *John* had great compassion,
Fetcht him shirt and shooes the while : then the King began to smile,
at his accommodation.

Richard fetcht his Coat by stealth, and his best arrayment,
Then the King depriv'd him selfe of his rich and Princely Garment.
Humbly he did put them on, and a Wood Bill in his hand :
this was our King's Preferment.

William then went with the King, *Richard* he did leave them,
'Cause Intelligence hee'd bring, least the Wood it should deceive them.
George and *Humphry* scouting were, seeing if the coasts were cleare,
none might come aneere them.

The tydings *Humphry* had in Town put his vaines a quaking, [reins.
Hearing 't was a thousand pound bid for any one to take him.
The King was something then dismaid, to think what baits the
and horrid Plots were making. [Jews had laid,

All the day they wand'red then, in great consultation,
Like forlorne distressed men, that ne'r were in such condition.

William to the King bespoke, and he knew a hollow Oake,
might be his preservation. [p. lxx*.

Then through bushes they did rouze, the trees were so berounded
With brakes & bryers, leaves & bows, that in number they abounded.
It was the Castle of our King, and his Royall Court within
for ever is renowned.

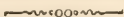
William he did bring him food, like he were a ranger,
While he staid within the Wood, tho' good King he was a stranger :
Hollow Oaks his dwelling place, where he staid for five days' space,
in sorrow and in danger.

At last he came to the Lady *Lane*, being all disguised,
And to her exprest his name ; she, good Lady, then advised,
And appointed out a day, when they both might come away,
and never be surprised. [*Jane Lane*.

Then *Humphry*, *Richard*, *John*, and *George* safely did surrender
The King which they had in their charge, on the eighth day of *September*.
The King he leave then took o' them, and said if e'er he came agen,
their loves he would remember.

Printed for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, and *W. Gilbertson*. [B.-L., '1660.']

* * This, now first reprinted, is the best and most important of the many 'Restoration Ballads' of the 'Royal Oak' which we have had the privilege of bringing back to the notice of loyal Cavaliers. The later incidents of that 'Royal Escape after Worcester' are continued on p. lxi* ; also in vol. vii. This interesting romance of real life was paralleled by the long-continued and no less dangerous adventures associated with the Escape of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, the so-called 'Young Pretender,' in 1746, after the defeat at Drummossie Moor, or Culloden. He also, like King Charles II, found stainless loyalty and courage among the faithful men and women into whose hands he fearlessly committed himself. In each case, it was the memorably heroic part of their own adventurous lives. Their subsequent errors should be forgiven. Of the Stuarts we say, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*.



Fair Susan of Ashford: a Wooring-Song.

AMONG the ditties gathered within the two vols. 8vo. of *The Kentish Garland* (edited by Miss Julia H. L. de Vaynes, of Updown, Thanet; printed by Messrs. Austin, of Hertford; ranging with the *Bagford Ballads* and *Roxburghe Ballads*) is a 'Wooring Song of a Yeoman of Kent's Son.' It begins, "I have house and land in Kent, and if you'll loue me loue me now. Two pence halfe-peny is my rent—I cannot come euery day to woo." Chorus: "Two-pence halfe-peny is his rent, And he cannot come euery day to woo." Seven stanzas in *Melismata* = *Musical Phancies*, 1611, No. xxii.

An earlier 'Clown's Courtship' was sung to King Henry VIII at Windsor:

"**Q**uoth John to Joan: 'Wilt thou have me?
I prythee now wilt? and I'se marry with thee.
My cow, my calf, my house, my rents,
And all my land and tenements;
Oh say, my Joan, will not that do?
I cannot come euery day to woo!' " Etc. [Cf. vol. iii, 590.

Brooksby, Deacon, Blare, and Back held a monopoly of ballads to the tune—'Ring of Gold,' 'Unconstant Maiden,' and 'Farewell, my dearest Dear.' We reprinted (in vol. vi, pp. 638, 639) their "Young William met his Love," and gave a list of eight other ballads sung to the same tune; the number is now swelled to thirteen; and the original 'Ring of Gold' is recovered. 'The Ring of Gold' was not the *Prelude* to 'The Bleeding Lover's Lamentation,' wherein Strephon is mourned by Clorinda (vol. iii, p. 456): it begins, "Ranging the silent shades, seeking for pleasure." A separate story is the 'Lady's Tragedy; or, The Languishing Lamentation of a London Merchant's Daughter, who dyed for Love of a Linnen-Draper.' Same tune. Begins, "Why is my Love unkind? Why does he leave me?" The sequel to it begins, "All joy I bid adieu!" entitled 'An Answer to the Lady's Tragedy; or, The Young Linnen-Draper's Languishing Lamentation for the Merchant's Daughter, who lately dyed for Love.' Same tune and publishers. Both are mentioned, as No. 12 and No. 2, in our *Introduction* to vol. viii, *First Division* (p. lxxix**). Ten are reprinted.

According to the transcript, now at 'Proud Ashford' in Kent, another "Sweet Susan" was living there circa 1616, equally famed in song. She was the heroine of 'An excellent new ballad of a Young-man in Prayse of his Beloued': see p. 851, *post*. It begins:

"In this towne Fayre Susan dwelleth: I loue her and she loues me."

Cited by F. D. in 1620, as "Within our town fair Susan dwells."

Of 'Fair Susan of Ashford' an imitation is in '*Beautiful Faunty's Garland*': "A worthy Widow's Son courted fair Susan, he thought in his own mind," etc.

[Pepys Collection, III, 284. Unique.]

The Kentish Yeoman:

Containing, The Honest Plain Wooing between a Young-Man
of Maidstone and Fair Susan of Ashford.

TUNE IS, *The Ring of Gold*. [See p. lxxvi*; and Introduction, p. lxxix***.]

A Wealthy Yeoman's Son fancy'd fair *Susan*;
Thoughts in his mind did run, which he did muse on:
Cupid (that crafty Lad) taught him his duty,
Tho' she no portion had, but youthful Beauty.

Often he, sighing, said: "My dearest Jewel,
You have a Conquest made: O be not cruel!
But grant what I will crave, to ease my anguish,
A bleeding Lover save. Why should I languish?"

The Damsel then reply'd: "Sir, talk your pleasure. [sic, take?
You may enjoy a Bride endow'd with Treasure;
Gold, likewise Land good store, for your promotion;
But I, alas! am poor, and have no Portion."

"Thou art not poor, my Dear, Nature's perfection!
Ten thousand charms appear in thy complexion;
The which I prize above the Gold of *Cresus*: [sic.
I wed purely for love, that *Jove* may bless us.

"I love thee as my life, Dearest, believe me,
And thou shalt be my wife, if thou'lt receive me
Into thy favour, Love: do not deny me;
I will most constant prove; sweet Creature, try me."

Said she: "Shall I believe your protestations?
Then hand and heart receive, but your Relations
I fear will frown on me, when I come near them."

"My dearest Love" (said he), "thou need'st not fear them.

"If that my Parents e'er scornfully slight thee
I'll take the greater care, Love, to delight thee.
E'er thou shalt suffer wrong, or grief attend thee,
I'll rush into the throng, still to defend thee.

"Come, let us plight our troth, why should we tarry?
Fear not my Parents' wrath, but let us marry: [Cf. lxxii*.
They'll soon be reconcil'd, tho' they may chide me,
Having no other child alive beside me.

"Love, likewise understand, not far from *Dover*
I have as good free land as Crow flew over.
A Farm and Flock of sheep, Cows six and twenty,
There thou shalt pleasures reap, in peace and plenty.

"Servants shall tend on thee, whom I admire."

"My dearest Love" (said she), "what you desire,
I yield it as your right: at our next meeting,
In wedlock we'll unite without more greeting."

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.

[Man's speeches in Black-letter. Two cuts, and Border. Date, c. 1690.]

This ballad of 'The Kentish Yeoman of *Maidstone* and Fair *Susan* of *Ashford*' is worthy of being recovered from the unique original, and now included in the wealthy corporation of the Ballad Society's *Roxburghe Ballads*. She shines in contrast with sundry 'Kentish Maidens,' and other sorts, in the same volume. It affords to us a pretty glimpse of an 'Honest Plain Wooing.'

"The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of Love,
Like the Old Age."

The Ring of Gold involved a mystery, that never troubled good William Chappell when he was reprinting no less than four other ballads bearing this tune-name, in his final volume of the *Roxburghe Ballads*, iii, pp. 421, 456, 463, 616.

We reprint one of these, 'The Covetous-minded Parents,' because it had been hitherto imperfect, lacking its sequel. *The Ring of Gold* masqueraded at first under the title of 'Farewell, my dearest Dear !' alias 'The Unconstant Maiden.' The history of it deserves to be enrolled here.

No. 3 of our *Ring of Gold* List on p. lxxix*** is entitled 'The Unconstant Maiden; or, The Forsaken Young-Man: Shewing how a *Devonshire* Damsel marry'd another, while her Lover was come to *London*, to his great grief.' To a pleasant New Tune (two lines of music given). Licensed according to Order. Same publishers, *P. Brooksby, Deacon, Blare, and Back*. Begins, "Farewell, my dearest Dear, now I must leave thee." (Given on p. lxxvi*.)

Their rival publisher, one Thomas Moore, sent out in 1691 a short sequel, entitled, 'The Young Ladie's Answer to the Forsaken Lover: In Vindication of her self for marrying another. To an excellent New Tune.' [Same tune, *Unconstant Maiden*, i.e. *Ring of Gold*.] No license named. Printed and sold by *T. Moore*, 1691. Begins, "Before you went to Town." p. lxxvii*.

To this followed 'An Answer to the Unconstant Maiden: containing, The Sorrowful Bride's bitter tears and passion for her Disloyalty to her first Love, whom she left, and married another, after they were sure together [i.e. plighted in troth], while he came to *London*.' To the Tune of, *The Unconstant Maiden*. Licensed according to Order. Two lines of music. It begins, "I am a mournfull Bride." Same publishers, *Brooksby* and three partners. See p. lxxvii*.

These three ballads follow consecutively in Pepys Coll., V, 163, 164, 165, and tell a distinct story from the 'Covetous-minded Parents,' as though in avowed contrast to the maiden's constancy. They are reprinted on p. lxxvi* *et seq.*

Also distinct from all these, but to the same tune, licensed and sent out by the same publishers, *Brooksby, Deacon, Blare, and Back*, at same date, is a ballad entitled, 'The Courageous Coronet [*sic*]; containing A Letter from a Valiant Trooper of *Flanders* to *Susan* his Loyal Love near *Linus* [= *Lincolnhouse*] in *England*.' It begins, "*Susan*, my heart's delight." We should not commingle her with her namesake of *Ashford*, on p. lxx*, although sung to the same tune; or with another namesake "of *London*" who is addressed in 'A Letter from a Young-Man on board of an *English Privateer*,' of the same date, *circa* 1690: beginning, "*Susan*, I this Letter send thee" (reprinted in vol. vii, p. 497). It has the tune of *Tender hearts of London City* (vol. vi, p. 80).

All three 'Susan' ballads are from Brooksby. Possibly our 'Kentish Yeoman,' having served at Maidstone in the local yeomanry, became a Cornet, volunteered for active service in Flanders, and, either later or sooner, found himself acting on board an English privateer, but continuing to write unto pretty Susan, being "Soldier and Sailor too" as in *The Seven Seas*.

It was not a bad story, if combined. It brought the stern parents to reason, ending in a happy marriage, after they found that "he was always true to Poll." Perhaps the reason why she dwelt awhile at Limehouse was solely to escape persecution at home, from the knagging of her future mother-in-law. Fair Susan had foreseen the old wife's spite, and her lover could not deny it, but was forced to "rush into the throng, still to defend thee." Truth and courage prevail at last. Question: 'Why change the tune, and drop the *Ring of Gold*?' Answer: 'People who pay for the music have a right to call the tune.'

Nevertheless, in our own mind, we believe that 'Fair Susan of Ashford' had no sequel written to her song; perhaps nothing untoward delayed her marriage, that mother-in-law not being allowed to rule both houses adversely. It is discourteous to denounce as "Nature's great mistake and man's worst enemy, his Mother-in-Law." She was undoubtedly a product of the Fall; and looks the part. She was never found inside the Garden of Eden. This by the way, according to Dervaux, who avoided matrimony to escape the *Belle-mère*.

NOTA BENE.—No less than five Pepysian ballads begin identically with the same half-line, "Farewell, my dearest Dear!" Three of these are to the tune of *Philander* (= "Ah, cruel bloody Fate!" vol. iv, p. 38): one continuing the line "for needs I must away"; this is 'The Constant Seaman and his faithful Love.' A second, licensed by R. Pocock, is 'The Faithful Mariner'; it agrees with the third, 'The Mariner's Delight,' and continues thus—"for thee [*sic*] and I must part." The fourth, entitled 'The Seamen and Soldiers' Last Farewell to their dearest Jewels,' takes the same second half-line as our 'Unconstant Maiden,' and is in black-letter (so are all the other three in Pepys Coll., Vol. IV, pp. 189, 171, 165, 216): beginning thus:—

"Farewell, my dearest Dear! now I must leave Thee,
Thy sight I must forbear although it grieve me:
From thy embraces, Love, I shall be parted,
Yet I will constant prove, and be true-hearted."

The argument is 'He must be gone, the Fates have so decreed, to serve his king and country at their need.' The burden is, '*But we will be married when I come again.*' The assigned tune is, '*I am so deep in love, I cannot hide it*' (vol. vi, p. 253), or, *Cupid's Courtesye* (= "As on a day *Sabina* fell asleep": see vol. iii, p. 645). The 'Answer' ('Maiden's Lamentation') begins, "Alas! my dearest joy! why wilt thou leave me?"

We are glad, at this late date (since it was not done in 1880), to complete the story of 'The Covetous-minded Parents' who tried to force their daughter to be forsworn to her lover and marry the rich miser 'Old Gray.' It may be merely a chance coincidence, that he is four times mentioned by that name, but a century later the identical surname became proverbial for the aged wooer and enforced husband of a young maiden, who had been already betrothed to another. Some remembrance of this earliest English ballad may have been in the mind of Lady Anne Lindsay (afterwards Barnard), who in 1771 wrote her own pathetic ballad of 'Auld Robin Gray,' similar in *la moralité*. (See p. lxxv*.)

"De cette histoire, le moral' la voici:
À jeune femme il faut jeune mari."

—*Le Sire de Framboisy.*

[Roxb. Coll., II, 84 ; Pepys, V, 294 (music); Euing, 46; Jersey, I, 34; Huth, I, 50.]

**The Covetous-minded Parents ; or,
The Languishing young Gentlewoman, whose Friends would have
her Marry an old Miser for the sake of his Gold, which she
utterly refused to do, resolving to be true to the First.**

TUNE IS, *Farewell, my dearest Dear* [p. lxxvi*]. Licensed according to Order.

I Am a Damosel fair, of blooming Beauty,
Therefore I do declare it is my duty
My Parents to obey—father and mother ;
They'd have me marry *Gray* : I love another.

Gray hath Five thousand pound in ready money,
There riches doth abound ; but yet, my Honey,
Whom I shall still adore, brings Love and Pleasure :
The which I value more than gold and treasure.

Good God ! what shall I do ? whom shall I marry ?
Father and Mother too constantly weary
Their child to entertain this wretched Miser,
For which they are to blame : would they were wiser !

What are those baggs of Gold without a blessing ?
My dearest Love, behold, he is possessing
My heart and all that's dear—how can I leave him ?
Heaven may prove severe if I deceive him.

Before my vow I'll break, Death shall destroy me ;
I will no other take, he must enjoy me :
Though friends continually scorn and deride me,
With him I'll live and dye, what e're betide me.

Though *Gray* hath riches store, my Dear's above him ;
Nay, had he ten times more, I could not love him.
His Gold I count but dross, dregs of confusion ;
Which often prove a cross in the conclusion.

Gold, pearl, and silver bright, I ne'er desire ;
Give me my heart's delight, whom I admire,
That treasure I'd enjoy, my sweetest jewel.
What grief will me destroy ! Parents are cruel.

Though tedious nights I spend in mournful weeping,
My heart, intire Friend, thou hast in keeping.
Bear up a cheerful mind, let nothing grieve thee ;
If I was not confin'd, I'd never leave thee.

When my free liberty once I recover
I'll quickly be with thee, my loyal Lover.
Though now with bitter moan grief does annoy [the]e, [t. me.
No man but th[ou] alone e'er shall enjoy me.

Printed for *P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.* [Four cuts, c. 1690.]



[*Note.*—A reproduction of both portions of the ballad is preferable to making readers turn back to the imperfect reprint of the Roxburghe First Part, twenty years ago ; since it lacked the unique continuation preserved by Samuel Pepys.]

[Pepys Collection, V, 323. Apparently unique.]

**An Answer to the Covetous-minded Parents ; Or,
The Young-Man's Resolution to free his Captured Love, at the
Hazard of his dearest Life.**

To the Tune of, *The Ring of Gold*. Licensed according to Order. [*Music added.*]

MY youthful charming Fair, and sweetest Jewel,
I solemnly declare (tho' Friends are cruel)
Thy wrongs I soon will right, could I come near thee,
And study day and night how I might clear thee.
Tho' they so close confine, my dear, and grieve thee,
Yet in these Arms of mine I'll soon receive thee.
Strong Locks and Bars I'll break, where soon I'll enter ;
For my sweet Creature's sake, my life I'll venture.

'Tis not thy Father's frown e'er shall affright me ;
Thy days with joy I'll crown, who ne'er did slight me.
What tho' vast bags of Gold I a' n't possessing,
True Love is still, behold ! a greater Blessing.

Parents we often find greedy for Treasure,
They love the Golden Mine here out of measure.
It bears so great a sway in e'ery action,
That Loyal Lovers they meet with distraction :

Being compell'd to wed, meerly for Riches,
The palsey Hoary-head : thus coyn bewitches
Some Parents who has now Treasure possessing ;
Children must break their vow, or lose their blessing.

Gray has more wealth than I, yet still, not waver !
But yet her Parents cry, *I shall not have her :*
This is as if, behold, my dearest Honey
Was to be bought and sold by price of Money.

Yet my sweet charming Saint never will leave me ;
Her sighs and sad complaint dayly doth grieve me.
She shall not languish long, I vow to see her,
Soon to redress her wrong : I'll dye to free her.

This wretched Miser's Bags are his best graces,
Mixt with diseased dregs of loath'd Embraces ;
Yet tho' her Friends contrive thus to annoy her,
While I remain alive He sha'n't enjoy her !

“ If Friends, with anger fraught, clearly forsake her,
So that she ha't a Groat, yet will I make her
My lawful Bride ” (said he), “ and ne'r refrain her :
By true industry [*sic*] I can maintain her.”

[*Finis.*]

Printed for *Philip Brooksby, Jonah Deacon, John Blare, John Back.*

To return from p. lxxii* to the ballad of 'Auld Robin Gray,' for 'The Covetous-minded Parents' suggested curious doubts.

Lady Anne Barnard (*née* Lindsay) wrote that her own '*Auld Robin Gray*' was 'born,' i.e. written, "soon after the close of 1771"; also that it was named after "the old herd at Balcarres." Had her memory partially failed her, when she wrote this to Sir Walter Scott in 1824? The Rev. William Leever, of Wrington, Somerset, composer of the later music (which displaced *The Bridegroom grat when the sun gaed down*: see pp. 196, 863), survived until 1828; and declared that he received a copy of the words in 1770. We believe that Lady Anne Lindsay adopted the name '*Gray*' from the century-old 'Covetous-minded Parents,' and also the subject; although the name 'Robin' had belonged to the old herd, and '*The bridegroom grat*' gave the first suggestion. She wrote, "I longed to sing old Sophy's air to different words, and give to its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it."

Its instantaneous popularity was well deserved. Not only is it the most supremely lovely of narrative ballads written at so late a date, but the purity and dignity of every verse are worthy of highest praise, lifting it far above all other ditties circling around 'The Miseries of Enforced Marriages.' None of the sequels are good (see p. 863), including Lady Anne's own suicidal two failures: "The Spring had passed over, 't was Summer nae mair"—with Auld Robin's deathbed confession, "In mercy forgive me!—'t was I stole the cow!" and the 'Second Continuation, sung by *Jenny*, softly, at her wheel,' beginning, "The wintry days grew lang, my tears they were a' shed": with the reiterated confession, degrading the character of Auld Robin Gray:

" 'I've wrong'd her sair,' he said, 'but kent the truth o'er late;
It's grief for that alone that hastens now my date. [!]
But a' is for the best, since death will shortly free
A young and faithful heart, that was ill match'd wi' me.

" 'I loo'd and sought to win her for mony a lang day, [*sic.*
I had her parents' favour, but still she said me nay:
I knew na *Jamie's* luv; and oh, it's sair to tell—
To force her to be mine, I steal'd her cow mysel'.

" 'Oh, what cared I for *Crummie*? I thought of nought but thee.
I thought it was the cow stood 'twixt my luv and me.
While she maintain'd ye a', was you not heard to say,
That you wad never marry wi' Auld Robin Gray?

" 'But sickness in the house, and hunger at the door,
My bairn gied me her hand, although her heart was sore.
I saw her heart was sore—why did I take her hand? [5 more stanzas:
That was a sinfu' deed! to blast a bonnie land.'" [12 in all.

It is difficult to conceive that the self-acknowledged authoress of such imbecile sequels could have previously written the introductory stanza, "When the sheep are in the fauld," with the ballad "Young *Jamie* lo'd me weel, and sought me for his bride." All three were printed for the Bannatyne Club in 1825. Lady Barnard died next year. One almost doubts her claim to the original. Her continuations are worse than a fraud. "The annoyance [of being interrogated] was amply repaid to me by the noble exhibition of the 'Ballad of Auld Robin Gray's Courtship' as performed by dancing dogs under my window. It proved its popularity from the highest to the lowest, and gave me pleasure while I hugged myself in my obscurity." Oh, the vanity of 'Women-writers' with their sequels!

Thackeray no less debased his Henry Esmond, by making him marry the mother of Beatrix, and thus become the father of the vixen Rachel Esmond. His own sequel, '*The Virginians*,' cannot be named in the same breath with '*Esmond*.'

[Pepys Collection, V, 163. Apparently unique.]

The Unconstant Maiden; or, The Forsaken Young-Man.

Shewing how a Devonshire-Damsel marry'd another while her
Lover was come to London, to his great grief.

To a pleasant new Tune [its own, *Ring of Gold*]. Licensed according to Order.

MAN.

Farewell, my dearest Dear! now I must leave thee,
Those bright and shineing Eyes cause me to love thee;
Those cherry Cheeks of thine, that need no blushes;
Those red and ruby Lips burns me to ashes.

Here is a *Ring of Gold*, my Dear; accept it;
'T is for your sake alone long have I kept it;
Read but the Posie on 't, '*Think on the Giver!*'
Madam, I dye for love, I dye for ever.

Bad news is come to Town, bad news is carry'd;
Bad news is come to Town, my Love is Marry'd.
Bad news is come to Town, I fell a weeping;
My Love was stole away, as I lay sleeping.

Since you so cruel be to make me wretched,
I'll no more think on thee, sighs I have fetched.
I'll no more doat on her, since she is cruel;
She shall be now my scorn: she was my Jewel.

[Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.] WOMAN.

Farewell, unconstant Swain! once did I love thee;
But since it was in vain, now I'm above thee.
When I told you I lov'd, and I would have you,
Then false to me you prov'd, and you did leave me.

"As for your *Ring of Gold*, I do abhor it;
You may, when you are old, get Money for it:
Since that you tell me plain, long you have kept it,
Keep it as long again! I'll ne'r accept it.

"If I did seem unkind 't was but to try you,
But now I know your mind I do defie you.
I once thought you to be not so false-hearted;
Had you prov'd true to me we ne'r had parted.

"Of all your promises you are forgetful;
Young-Men I find by this, they are deceitful.
They vow and swear they love, all to deceive us:
And when that kind we prove, then, then they leave us."

[Finis.]

[Pepys Collection, V, 165. Apparently unique.]

The

Young Ladie's Answer to the Forsaken Lover :

In Vindication of her self for Marrying another.

To an excellent new Tune [*The Ring of Gold* : see pp. lxx*, lxxvi*].

BEfore you went to Town, just at our parting,
Then your love you did own to be most lasting ;
And you declared too, I should hear from ye,
And have a line or two : But ne'er had any.

Then your Vows you did seal with pressing Kisses,
Which my heart soon did steal by those false blisses ;
But when you got to Town, I was not thought on :
A New Love you had found with bigger Fortune.

Some months did pass away, while I expected
To hear from you each day, but was neglected,
Which made me then to doubt, you did deceive me,
As since I've found it out, how you did leave me.

Here is your *Ring* you gave, when you departed ;
Nothing of yours I'll have, that's so false-hearted.
How many Vows you made, soft Kisses bound them :
I thought all true you said, but false I found them.

When I found you untrue, had you a Lordship,
I'd not be bound to you, in your false Courtship ;
But Fortune prov'd more kind, I met another,
And married, to my mind, a constant Lover.

Tho' you bid Maids beware, I needs must tell ye,
You'll draw Maids in a snare, if they'll believe ye.
Therefore young Women, then, mind not their wooing,
For such false-hearted Men are your undoing.

But if you marry him that's True and Loving,
Then you will ne'er repine, nor e'er be grieving :
For your whole life will be pleasant and easie,
Your Love will always be ready to please ye.

Printed and Sold by *T. Moore*, 1691. [White-letter. No cut or music.]

[Pepys Collection, V, 164. Apparently unique.]

An Answer to the Unconstant Maiden :

Containing the Sorrowful Bride's bitter tears and passion for her Disloyalty to her first Love, whom she left, and married another, after they were sure together [*i.e.* 'hand-fast,' or betrothed], while he came to *London*.

Tune of, *The Unconstant Maiden* [p. lxxvi*]. Licensed according to Order.

I Am a mournfull Bride, almost distracted ;
Kind Heavens be my Guide ! how have I acted
Unto my Loyal Love, who did adore me ?
I did false-hearted prove : who can restore me
That pleasant sweet Delight and double Blessing
The which, both day and night, I was possessing,
Before I broke my Vow, when my Love parted ?
Conscience, oh ! tells me now, I was false-hearted.

A sumptuous *Ring of Gold* my Jewel gave me,
On which, dear Friends, behold, he did engrave me:
This posie is on the same, "*Think on the Giver*;
Who will adore thy name, Lady, for ever."

This Ring I did receive, and Vows did make him,
Who did that day believe I'd ne'er forsake him.
Long he was not in Town e'er I was married:
Fortune on me doth frown, would I had tarried.
Since I have wrong'd my Dear, Fortune ordain'd me
No peace or quiet here; Conscience arraigns me
For this Unconstancy, sleeping or waking;
I ready am to dye, my Heart is breaking.

At first I did pretend my Love did leave me:

[*Nota bene.*]

In this I did offend, if you'll believe me.
The Fault was mine alone, for he did love me,
There was not any one he prized above me.

He that enjoys me now (here I assure him,
Since I have broke my Vow), I can't endure him.
Tempted I was to wed, True Love to sever,
But now I loath' his Bed, and shall for ever.

Down from my melting eyes the tears did trickle:
Why did a fond surprise make me thus fickle?
First, to oblige by Oath and Vow I'd tarry,
Yet straight did break them both, when I did marry.

You Loyal Lovers all, that hears this Story,
Pity my wofull Fall, my blasted Glory:
I'll languish in despair, robbed of all pleasure;
My Grief is, I declare, still out of measure.

[*Finis.*]

Printed for *P. Brookshy, T. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Buck.*

[White-letter. No cuts. Date, circa 1691. *This completes the story.*]

¶ *One single author may have written nearly all the ballads to his own tune, 'The Ring of Gold' (see pp. lxxix***; lxxi*).*

Thackeray's List, No. 183, 'Poor Robin's Propheisie.' (*Cf.* p. 470.)

[Pepys Coll., IV, 304; Jersey, 18¹/₃; Rawl., 18²/₃; Douce, II, 183; C. 22, ^{e. 2}/₀₉.]

Poor Robin's Propheisie; Or,

The Merry Conceited Fortune-teller.

Although the Poet makes no large Apology,
Some insight he may have into Ass-trology:
Then buy this Song, and give your Judgement of it,
And then perhaps you'll say he's a small Prophet;
For he can tell when things will come to pass,
That you will say is strange as ever was.

TUNE OF, *The Delights of the Bottle*, etc. [Vol. iv, p. 44.]

With Allowance, *Ro. L'Estrange.*

Al you that delight for to hear a New Song,
Or to see the World turn'd Topsie-turvie ere long,
Come, give good attention unto these my Rhimes,
And never complain of the hardness of times:
For all will be mended, by this you may find,
And Golden Days come—when the Devil is blind.

And first for the Shop-keeper, this I can tell,
That after long trusting, all things will be well,
The Gallant will pay him what ever's his due,
And make him rejoyce when he finds it is true.

False weights and false measures he then will not mind,
But honest will prove—when the Devil is blind.

The Country Client that comes up to Term, [*Bagford Bds.*, p. 401.

Likewise from this subject, good news he may learn,

A benefit which he shall never leese,

For Lawyers hereafter will plead without Fees :

You shall have Law freely, if you be inclin'd,

Without any charge—when the Devil is blind.

The Usurer open his Coffers will throw,

And break all his Locks both above and below,

He'll burn all his Parchments, and cancel his Bands, [= bonds.

And freely return all his Mortgaged Lands :

Young Heirs will be glad for to see them so kind,

But that will not be—till the Devil is blind.

The Learned Physitian, who valued his wealth,

Will now be more chary of all people's health,

And make it his business, howe're he doth thrive,

To puzzle his brains for to keep men alive :

[*t. 'pussle.'*

Nor Mountebank-Bills in the streets you shall find,

For they'll keep in their lies—when the Devil is blind.

Your Lady of Pleasure, that us'd for to rant,

[p. 711.

And coach it about with her lusty Gallant,

Will then become modest, and find a new way

To live like a Nun in a Cloyster all day :

Her pride and her painting she never will mind,

But seem like a Saint—when the Devil is blind.

Yea, the Bullies them selves, that did use for to rore,

And spent great estates in good Wine and a wh . . e,

Shall leave off their gameing, and fairly take up,

And scarcely will taste of the Grape half a Cup :

But leave good Canary and Claret behind,

Small Tipple to drink—when the Devil is blind.

The *Hecks* and the *Padders*, who used to prey,

[*= Hectors,*
highwaymen.

And venture abroad for 'no purchase, no pay,'

Shall work for their livings, and find a new trade,

And never more travel like Knights of the Blade :

Let *Newgate* stand empty. and then you will find

All this will prove true—when the Devil is blind.

All Trades-men will strive for to help one another,

And friendly will be, like to Brother and Brother,

And keep up their prices that Money may flow,

Their charge to maintain and to pay what they owe :

Then two of a trade shall agree, if you mind,

And all will be well—when the Devil is blind.

The Tapsters no more shall their Ticklers froth,

[*Nota bene,*
Coffee.

No Coffee-men blind us with their Ninny-broth;

Full-measures of Liquor shall pass through the land,

And men without Money the same shall command.

You'll say 't is a wonder, when this you do find,

And that you will, sure—when the Devil is blind.

Not onely the City shall find this welfare,
But throughout the Country the same they shall share ;
No cheating and couzening tricks shall be us'd,
For by such deceit we have all been abus'd.

Those men who of late with *Duke Humphrey* have dined, [Paul's Church.
With plenty shall flow—when the Devil is blind.

Then let us be merry, and frolick amain,
Since the Golden World is returning again ;
We shall be all Gallants, as sure as a Gun,
When this work is finisht that's hardly begun.

Then Poets in both pockets *Guineys* shall find, [Issued 1663.
And purchase estates—when the Devil is blind.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.*

[B.-L. Two cuts: the Cavalier and lady encircled with carnations, vol. vi, p. 181.]

Not previously mentioned was a white-letter ballad (Pepys Coll., V, 137) in 1690. It bore title, 'The Valiant Damsel: Giving an account of a Maid at *Westminster*, who put herself in Man's Apparel, and listed her self for a Soldier for the Wars of *Flanders*.' Tune of, *Let Mary live long* (p. 546).

“ Good People, attend, I bring a Relation of girls in this nation :
Who sought to defend this Kingdom and Crown ;
In this present Reign they fought on the Main, like Strangers to Fate :
And now here's another, and now here's another, was listed of late.”

Amorous girls who disguised themselves in male attire and fought as volunteers in the Army have been frequently sung (see *Bagford Ballads*, p. 323, etc., and *Roxburghe Bds.*, vol. vii, pp. 727-739). Others (p. cxxxviii*) sought maritime adventures, like the “Ladie fair and free,” who showed her valour, after the “four and twenty brisk young fellows, clad they were in blue array, came and press'd young *Billy Taylor*, and forthwith sent him to sea. Soon his true love followed after, under the name of Richard Carr, and her lily white hands she daubed all over with the nasty pitch and tar.” She disposed of her inconstant William by means of ‘sword and pistol,’ and thereby gained promotion summarily as Lieutenant of the gallant Thunderbomb. With remarkable unanimity, many of the Portsmouth maidens followed her example in the H.C.B. Gunboat, but their sex was discovered “after a fortnight's cruise” :

“ And then their hair came down (or off, as the case may be),
And lo ! the rest of the crew were simple girls, like me,
Who all had fled from their homes in a sailor's blue array,
To follow the shifting fate of kind Lieutenant Belaye.”

According to Shakespeare, not Saxo-Grammaticus, “The story is extant, and written in very choice Italian.” “I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.”

In general these riotous unsexed viragoes chose the Army sooner than the Navy. France always furnished the bravest and loveliest Vivandières. Our Irish and English suttlers, our Moll Flagons, were brutalized camp-followers of the lowest class, notoriously pilferers, slatterns, and tipplers, devoid of decency. They were worse than the long-shore thieves who lie ‘waiting for Jack’ at Wapping or Limehouse-Hole, or “at Fultah Fisher's Boarding-house, where sailor-men reside ; and there were men of all the ports from Miss-issip to Clyde : And regally they spat and smoked, and fearsomely they lied.” Their ‘Pleasant’ guide-philosopher-and-friend, Rogue Riderhood's daughter, knew that money could be won from them easily. “Then they ship again and get more. And the best thing for them, too ! to ship again as soon as ever they can be brought to it. They're never so well off as when they're afloat.”

We ourselves return to the sea, for early ballad, ‘Praise of Saylor's,’ p. lxxxi*.

[Pepys Collection, I, 418, and IV, 197; Rawlinson, 157; Euing, 267.]

The Praise of Saylor's

Here set forth, with the hard fortunes which do befall them on the
Seas, when the Landmen sleep safe in their Beds.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE.

AS I lay musing in my bed, full warme and well at ease,
I thought upon the lodging hard poore Saylor's have at Seas.
They bide it out with hunger and cold, and many a bitter blast,
And many a time constrain'd they are for to cut downe their Mast.
Their Victuals and their Ordinance, and ought else that they have,
They throw it over-board with speed, and seeke their lives to save.
When as the raging Seas doe fome, and loftie winds doe blow,
The Saylor's they goe to the Top, when Land-men stay below. [vi, 428.
Our Master's mate takes Helme in hand, his course he steeres full well,
When as the loftie winds doe blow, and raging Seas doe swell.
Our Master to his Compasse goes, so well he plies his charge:
He sends a youth to the *Top amaine*, for to unsling the Yeards.
The Boatswain hee's under the Deck, a man of courage bold:
"To th' top, to th' top, my lively Lads; hold fast, my hearts of gold!"
The Pilot he stands on the Chaine with Line and Lead to sound,
To see how farre and neere they are from any dangerous ground.
It is a testimoniall good, we are not farre from land, [Ibid.
There sits a Mermaid on the Rocke, with Combe and Glasse in hand.
Our Captaine he is on the Poope, a man of might and power,
And lookes when raging Seas do gape our bodies to devour.
Our royall Ships is runne to racke, that was so stout and trim,
And some are put unto their shifte, either to sinke or swim.

Second Part. TO THE SAME TUNE.

OUr Ship that was before so good, and she likewise so trim,
Is now with raging Seas growne leakt, and water fast comes in.
The Quarter-master is a man, so well his charge plies he,
He calls them to the *Pumpe amaine*, to keepe their ship leake-free.
And many great dangers, likewise, they doe many times endure,
When as they meet their enemies, that come with might and power;
And seeke likewise from them to take their lives and eke their goods:
Thus Saylor's they sometimes endure upon the surging floods.
But when as they doe come to Land, and homewards safe returne,
They are most kinde good fellows all, and scorne ever to mourne.
And likewise they will call for wine, and score it on the Post:
For Saylor's they are honest men, and will pay well their Oast. [host.
For Saylor's they are honest men, and they doe take great paines;
When Landed men and ruffling lads doe rob them of their gaines.
Our Saylor's they worke night and day, their manhood for to try,
When landed men and ruffling Jacks doe in their cabins lye.

Therefore, let all good-mindful men give eare unto my Song,
And say also, as well as I, 'Saylors deserve no wrong.'

This have I done for Saylors' sakes, in token of good will;
If ever I can do them good, I will be ready still.

God blesse them eke by Sea and Land, and also other men;
And as my song beginning had, so must it have an end.

Printed for *John Wright* [circa 1605-32: *Pepys Coll.*, I, 418].

A later edition (*Pepys Coll.*, IV, 197) has variations—"is *here* set forth"; printed as one poem, without division into two parts: reads "*had at seas*"; "He sends a youth *unto the Mast*, for to unsling the *Yard*"; "looks *how the Seas do gape*"; "*leukt ship*"; "*homewards do returne*"; "and *love to pay*"; "they *are honest men*"; "*Land men*": P. for *Coles, Vere, and Wright*, c. 1646. Euing, 267, is distinct, Printed for *Coles, Vere, and W. Gilbertson*. These differ in tune from Martin Parker's "*When the stormy winds do blow*": Campbell copied it in 1801, degrading '*stormy winds*' into '*stormy tempests*':

"Ye Mariners of *England*! that guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze,
Your glorious Standard launch again, to match another foe,
And sweep through the deep, while the stormy tempests blow:
While the battle rages loud and long, and the stormy tempests blow."

See Martin Parker's "*Country-men of England, who live at home with ease*," reprinted in vol. vi, p. 796; and vi, p. 432, "*You Gentlemen of England, that lives at home at ease, Full little do you think upon the dangers of the Seas.*"



'What should a Young Woman do with an Old Man?'

"If I with some young men do chance for to meet,
And do but them friendly and courteously greet,
Then he begins presently to scould and brawl,
And a thousand base names he then will me call."—p. 680.

'The Unfortunate Love of a Lancashire Gentleman, and the hard Fortune of a fair Young Bride' was not ever in the Roxburghe or the Bagford Collections. It is No. 101 of the 'Thackeray List' (see p. lxxiii***), and was often referred to by its tune-name, *Come, follow my Love*, and by its well-known burden, *Alack, for my Love I shall die!* By annexation, it becomes a *Roxburghe Ballad*. It was formerly called (p. 573) 'The Palatine Lovers.'

'The Miseries of Inforced Marriage' formed the theme and title of a play by George Wilkins, in 1607, but it was made to end happily, and the comedy was imitated by Mrs. Aphra Behn (see p. 856), in her 'Town Fop,' 1677. The painful aspects of these outrages on nature were frequently the subject of romantic ballads, such as are reprinted on pp. 189-199, 815. No less frequently the matrimonial infelicity and consequent adultery served satirists for popular lampoons, when dramatic poets could say (as Byron sang, in *Don Juan*),

"The sad truth, which hovers o'er my desk,
Turns what was once romantic to burlesque."

[Pepys Coll., III, 318; Rawl., 179; Wood, $\frac{E. 25}{32}$; Euing, 80; Douce, $\frac{3}{160}$.]

An Excellent Ballad, intituled: The Unfortunate Love of a Lancashire Gentleman, and the hard Fortune of a fair Young Bride.

The Tune is, *Come, follow my Love*. [See pp. 120, 573.]

Look, you faithful Lovers, on my unhappy state,
See my tears distilling, but poured out too late,
And buy no foolish Fancy at too dear a rate.

Alack, for my Love I shall dye!

[Burden, *passim*.]

My Father is a Gentleman, well known of high degree,
And tender of my Welfare evermore was he;
He sought for Reputation, but all the worse for me. *Alack!* etc.

There was a proper Maiden, of favour sweet and fair,
To whom in deep affection I closely did repair.
In heart I dearly loved her: Loe, thus began my care!

For Nature had adorn'd her with qualities divine,
Prudent in her actions, and in behaviour fine:
Upon a sweeter creature the Sun did never shine.

Nothing wanting in her, but this, the grief of all,
Of Birth she was but lowly, of Substance very small:
A simple hired Servant, and subject to each call.

Yet she was my pleasure, my joy, and heart's delight,
More rich than any treasure, more precious in my sight:
At length to one another our Promise we did plight.

And thus unto my Father the thing I did reveal,
Desiring of his favour, nothing I did conceal:
But he my dear affection regarded ne'er a deal.

Quoth he: "Thou graceless Fellow, thou art my only Heir,
And for thy own preferment hast thou no better care?
To marry with a Beggar, that is both poor and bare!"

- "I charge thee, on my Blessing, thou do her sight refrain,
And that into her company you never come again;
That you should be so married I take it in disdain.
- "Are there so many Gentlemen of worshipful degree
That have most honest Daughters of Beauty fair and free,
And can none but a Beggar's Brat content and pleasure thee?
- "By God, that made all Creatures, this Vow to thee I make,
If thou do not this Beggar refuse and quite forsake,
From thee thy due Inheritance I wholly mean to take."

These his bitter speeches did sore torment my mind;
Knowing well how greatly he was to Wealth inclin'd,
My heart was slain with sorrow, no comfort I could find.

Then did I write a Letter, and sent it to my Dear,
Wherein my first affection all changed did appear,
Which from her fair Eyes forced the pearly water clear.

For grief, unto the Messenger one word she could not speak,
Those doleful heavy tidings her gentle heart did break;
Yet sought not by her speeches on me her heart to wreak.

This deed within my conscience tormented me full sore,
To think upon the Promise I made her long before,
And for the true performance how I most deeply swore.

I could not be in quiet till I to her did go,
Who for my sake remained in sorrow, grief, and woe,
And unto her in secret my full intent to show.

My sight rejoiced greatly her sad perplexed heart,
From both our eyes on sudden the trickling tears did start,
And in each other's bosom we breathed forth our smart.

Unknown unto my Father, or any Friend beside,
Our selves we closely married, she was my only Bride,
Yet still within her Service I caus'd her to abide.

But never had two Lovers more sorrow, care, or grief,
No means in our extremity we found for our relief:
And now what further happ'ned here followeth in brief.

The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

NOW, you loyal Lovers, attend unto the rest;
See by secret Marriage how sore I am oppress'd,
For why my foul misfortune herein shall be express'd.

My Father came unto me upon a certain day,
And with a merry countenance, and words that seem'd all gay,

"My Son," quoth he, "come hither, and mark what I shall say:

"Seeing you are disposed to lead a Wedded Life,
I have unto your credit provided you a Wife,
Where thou may'st live delightful, without all care and strife:

"Master *Senock's* Daughter, most beautiful and wise;
Three hundred pounds her Portion, may well thy mind suffice,
And by her friends and kindred thou may'st to credit rise.

"This is, my Son, undoubted, a Mate for thee most meet,
She is a proper Maiden, most delicate and sweet,
Go, wooe her then and wed her, I shall rejoyce to see 't.

“ Her friends and I have talked, and thereon have agreed,
Then be not thou abashed, but speedily proceed ;
Thou shalt be entertained, and have no doubt to speed.”

“ O pardon me, dear Father !” with bashful looks, I said ;
“ To enter into marriage I sorely am afraid :
A Single Life is lovely, therein my mind is stayed.”

When he had heard my speeches, his anger did arise ;
He drove me from his presence, my sight he did despise,
And strait to disinherit me all means he did devise.

When I my self perceived in that ill case to stand
Most lewdly I consented unto his fond demand, [fond = foolish.
And married with the other, and all to save my Land.

And at this hapless Marriage, great cost my Friends did keep ;
They spared not their poultry, their oxen, nor their sheep :
Whilst joyfully they danced, I did in corners weep.

My conscience sore tormented was, which did me of joys deprive ;
I for to hide my sorrow in thoughts did always strive :
Quoth I, “ What shame will it be to have two wives alive !

“ O my sweet *Margaret* !” I did in sorrow say,
“ Thou know’st not in thy service of this my Marriage-day :
Tho’ here my body resteth, with thee my heart doth stay.”

And in my meditations came in my lovely Bride,
With chains and jewels trimmed, and silken robes beside,
Saying, “ Why doth my true Love so sadly here abide ?”

Yea, twenty lovely kisses she did on me bestow,
And forth abroad a walking this lovely Maid did go,
Yea, arm and arm most friendly, with him that was her Foe.

But when that I had brought her where no body was near,
I embraced her most fals’ly, with a most feigned cheer ;
Unto the heart I stabbed this Maiden fair and clear.

My self in woeful manner I wounded with a Knife,
And laid my self down by her, by this my married Wife,
And said that Thieves to rob us had wrought this deadly strife.

Great wailing and great sorrow was then upon each side,
In woeful sort they buried this fair and comely Bride,
And my Dissimulation herein was quickly try’d.

And for this cruel Murder to death now I am brought ;
For this my aged Father did end his days in nought :
My *Margaret* at these tidings her own destruction wrought.

Loe, here the doleful peril blind Fancy brought me in !
And mark what me care and sorrow Forced Marriages do bring.
All men by me be Warned, and Lord forgive my Sin.

Alack, for my Love I shall dye !

London : Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and W. Gilbertson. (C. 22, e. 2 : fol. 43
‘ Printed for A. M., W. O., and T. Thackeray, at the Angel in Duck Lane.’)

[Black-letter. Two cuts, on p. 701. Original, before the Restoration.]

¶ Quite distinct from the unique ‘*Salutation*’ on next page, was an earlier ballad, popular before 1620, beginning, “ Methinks it is a pleasant thing to walk on *Primrose-Hill*.” (See F. D.’s ‘*Medley*,’ in vol. i, p. 57. It was, perhaps, the original *Dancing of Primrose-Hill*: see pp. 204, lxxxvii*.)



[Pepys Collection, III, 53. Probably unique.]

The Sweet Salutation on Primrose-Hill ;

Or,

I know you not, I know you not !
 What, doth the times so change ?
 I knew the time we have not bin so strange :
 But this by Maids must never be forgot,
 When men Intice, to say—*I know you not.*'

To the Tune of, *Though Father angry be* ; or, *[I am so] Deep in Love.*
 [See Note on p. lxxxvii*, and vol. vi, pp. 253, 254.]

IN the pleasant month of *May*, a young man met a Maid
 On *Primrose-Hill* so gay, and thus to her he said :
 " Fair Maid, sit down by me, upon this flowerie place,
 Fine pastime thou shalt see, within a little space."

MAID.—" Good Sir, excuse me now, I cannot stay " (quoth she),
 " I must go milk the cow, my Mother will angry be.
 Nor can I tell, forsooth, what may be my lot ;
 But this I say, in truth, *Good Sir, I know you not.*"

MAN.—" Fair Maid, be not so coy ! a Lesson to thee I'll play,
 Shall fill thy heart with joy, on *Primrose-Hill* so gay."
 He play'd her then a note upon the Violin :
 He had his Lesson by rote, 't was called, ' In and In.' [Boree.

But still she was in haste, and still she told him so,
 MAID.—" To give my Mother distaste I never yet will doe."
 And still she cry'd, " Forsooth ! I cannot tell my lot ;
 But this I say, in truth, *Good Sir, I know you not.*"

MAN.—" You know me not ! " (quoth he), " but yet in time you may,
 We shall acquainted be on *Primrose-Hill* this day."
 But still she cry'd, " Forsooth ! I cannot tell my lot ;
 But this I say, in truth, *Good Sir, I know you not.*"

MAN.—" I am a Rich man's Heir, and he to me will give
 Five hundred pound a year, when no longer he can live."
 But still she cry'd, " Forsooth ! I cannot tell my lot ;
 But this I say, in truth, *Good Sir, I know you not.*"

MAN.—" I will maintain thee so, that none shall equal thee ;
 Thou Lady-like shalt go, if thou wilt yield to me."
 But still she cry'd, " Forsooth ! I cannot tell my lot ;
 Yet this I say, in truth, *Good Sir, I know you not.*"

MAN.—" Thou shalt not go on foot, but Lady-like shalt ride,
 Thy Page sit in the Boot, my self sit by thy side."
 But still she cry'd, " Forsooth ! I cannot tell my lot ;
 Yet this I say, in truth, *Good Sir, I know you not.*"

MAN.—" Loe, thou shalt be my Bride, and all shall then be thine ;
 If thou can'st now confide and yield thy self as mine."
 When she heard him say so, she quickly had forgot
 To answer him with " *No, good Sir, I know you not.*"
 She unto him did yield, and he was well content
 Upon her ground to build, which made her to repent.
 Yet he did please her so, that she had now [forgot
 To answer him with " *No, good Sir, I know you not.*"] [text, ' &c.'

[The Second Part. TO THE SAME TUNE.]

BUT at the length, alas ! her b[od]y began to swell,
And so it came to pass, the naked truth to tell.
And when she had found it so, she said, ["I had forgot]
To answer him with, 'No, good Sir, I know you not.'"]

Her Cow was quick with Calf, and she was quick within,
The wound was worse by half than breaking of her shin :
And when she found it so, she said, ["I had forgot
To answer him with 'No, good Sir, I know you not.'"] [t. breaks off.]

But since she was so wild, for ought that I can gather,
Since she is prov'd with child, she may go look the Father.
And when she found it so, she said, ["I had forgot,"] etc.

Her Mother now, therefore, did find the matter out,
And turn'd her out of door, with many a jeer and flout :
"Are you my child ?" (quoth she). "Alas ! I have forgot :
If that with child you be, be gone ! I know you not."

She to her Uncle went, and made the matter known,
But she was soundly shent, for making of her moan. [i.e. abashed.
"Are you my *Cusse* ?" (quoth he). "Alas ! [I have forgot :
If that with child you be, be gone ! I know you not.]

"If you stay longer here, to *Bridewell* you shall go,
And dainty whipping-cheer I will on you bestow. [Cf. p. 569.
Are you my *Cusse* ?" (quoth he). "Alas ! I have forgot," etc.

This Wench was wondrous ill ; at length the Man did find,
[Her] Mother on *Primrose-Hill*, to him she broke her mind.
"Bold wh . . e !" (quoth he), "forbear ! wilt thou mine honour blot ?
I'll kick you now, I swear : *begone ! I know you not.*"

When she heard him say so, she soon did him arrest,
She bent him to her bow, a dainty *Primrose* jest :
And when she had told him so, she told him 't was his lot,
To prison he must go : "*Be gone ! I know you not.*"

She made him promise then that he should keep the Child,
Before sufficient men, since that he had her [girl] beguil'd.
Yet she did not forget the Sport at *Primrose-Hill* ;
He plai'd her such a Fit, makes her to love him still.

"If I might have my will, if that it proves a Boy,
His name is *Primrose-Hill*, his mother's only Joy."
Fair Maidens, now be wise, for fear this be your lot :
If man do you intice, say this—"I know you not !"

London : Printed for W. Thackeray, T. Passenger, and W. Whitwood.

[Black-letter. Two woodcuts. Date of this reissue, before 1685.]



No. 246 of Wm. Thackeray's List (p. lxxii***) had been simply entitled 'PRIMROSE HILL.' For the tune cited as *The Dancing of Primrose Hill*, see p. 204 ; it agreed with *Come, Sweetheart, and embrace thine own* (vol. vii, p. 244). For [*I am so*] *Deep in Love*, see vol. vi, p. 253. 'The Sweet Salutation' is now first reprinted. The motif resembles that of 'The Northumberland Bagpipes,' quoted on p. lxxxviii*. The varying burden, *But now let Fortune frown, and Father angry be*, belongs to another ballad, 'The Merry Maid of *Middlesex*,' beginning, "It is not long ago, since *Cupid* with his dart." Its own tune is *The Maid that lost her way*, viz., "Within the North-Country" : see next page.

A pleasant new Song, if you 'le heare it you may,
Of a North-Country=Lasse that had lost her way.

TO A NEW COURT TUNE.

W Itin the North-Country, as true report doth yeeld,
There stands an ancient country town is called merry *Wakefield*.
Within this Country town a lively Lasse doth dwell,
She goes unto the market-place her housewifery to see.

[*Fourteenth and last stanza of First Part.*]

So downe the Maiden sate, the Shepherd sate her by,
And then he pluckt his bag-pipes forth, and plai'd melodiously.

The Second Part, to the same Tune.

He plai'd her such a fit [around] it made her bravely sing,
The musick of his Bag-pipes' sound made all the vallies ring.
When that his winde was spent, and he grew some what weary,
He told her which way she should goe, and passe over no ferry.
"Shepherd, Shepherd !" she said, "if reason may permit,
Come play that lesson over againe, I may it not forget."

[*Eleven more stanzas : a total of twenty-five.*] Finis.

Printed at London for H. Gosson. [Black-letter, circd 1640.]

A modern version of nine stanzas, 1715, is "Down in the North-Country, as ancient reports do tell" (tune in *Pop. Music*, p. 381; words in *Merry Musician*).

There is a close affinity between this ballad and 'The Merry Bagpipes,' or 'Northumberland Bagpipes'; but that has a different tune, viz., *March, boys!* (see *Popular Music*, p. 536). It was reprinted in vol. vii, p. 326, beginning:

A Shepherd sate him under a thorn, he pull'd out his pipe and began for to play,
It was a *Midsummer's-Day* in the morn, for honour of that Holyday,
A ditty he did chant along, that goes to the tune of *Cater Boree*,
And this was the burthen of his song: "*If thou wilt pipe, lad, I'll dance to thee,
To thee, to thee, derry derry, to thee*" (bis): etc.

Somewhat *sib* to this is the humorous Scottish song, "Wha wadna be in love wi' bonnie *Maggy Lauder?*" As to its authorship, we distrust the claims advanced for Francis Semple, of Beltrees, Renfrew, by such people as James Paterson (compiler of the '*Memoir of James Fillans*,' Scottish sculptor, whose bust of Professor Wilson, 'Christopher North,' suffices to keep his fame alive). We know too much about Paterson, who, like William Stenhouse, unblushingly asserted that Semple wrote '*She rose and let me in*': it was by Tom D'Urley, 1683 (see vol. vi, p. 197). *Old Ballads*, ii, 258, 1723, has a reprint of "There lived a Lass in our town, her name was *Moggy Lawder*." In Charles Coffey's '*Phoebe*,' 1729, is tune, '*Moggy Lawther on a day*.' 'Rab the Ranter' version is in Herd, 1769, long after the death of Habbie Sympson, Piper of Kilbarchan, named by Maggy. "She up and wallop'd o'er the green." So did the 'lively Lass of Wakefield,' unforeseeing a later Vicar o' that ilk: "A Primrose on the [Calder's] brim"; with more sympathy than others found in Eden.

Of D'Urley's "Lads and lasses blith and gay" one coy girl confessed thus:—

"But resolving to deny, an angry passion feigning,
I often roughly push'd him by, with words full of disdain.
Will'y, baulk'd, no favour wins, went off so discontented:
But I, geud faith! for all my sins ne'er half so much repented."

Of the next ballad, the First Part, the Title, and printer's name are lost from the unique exemplar in black-letter which gives us these tantalizing first and second stanzas. They recall the mirth of "Down lay the Shepherd swain," p. 691.

The Second Part. TO THE SAME TUNE.

[Tune, *John Dory* ; or, *Sir Eglamore*, iii, p. 607 ; *Friar in the Well*, vii, 222.]

O Come, my own Deare, let's dally a while,
with a fa la, la la la la la.
 Thou hast nicken'd my spirits now with a smile,
and thy fa la, la la la la la.
 The trembling of thy lips do show
 Thou hast no power to say me no,
 Which makes me have a moneth's mind unto
thy fa la, la la la la la.
 This hearty kisse is a sign thou wilt yeeld
to thy fa la, la la la la la.
 The white of thy eye speaks peace in the Field,
with a fa la, la la la la la.
 Then for a vaile to hide thy face,
 I'll cloud thee with a sweet embrace ;
 There's many would wish they were in thy place,
with their fa la, la la la la la.

[Printer's name cut off ; and no duplicate known.]

John Overall was the Dean of St. Paul's, London, whose beautiful wife is mentioned on our p. 663, in connection with Sir John Selby, where we quote Aubrey MS. 8, fol. 93. Of the four lines "two are suppressed" (vol. ii, p. 116) in the so-named '*Brief Lives*' of John Aubrey, 2 vols., edited admirably by the Rev. Andrew Clark, M.A., LL.D., Rector of Great Leighs, Chelmsford, author of *Anthony à Wood's Life and Times*, 4 vols. ; *Registers of the University of Oxford* ; *Wood's History of the City of Oxford*, 2 vols. ; and *Lincoln College, Oxford*, in '*College Histories*.' Singularly useful to preserve the text, is our unmutilated extract from John Aubrey's fragmentary comedy of '*The Country Revel*,' 1671, on p. 569 ; it not being included in the Clarendon Press volumes, where no more than two samples and a brief analysis are given, ii, 332-9.

"While hiding from the bailiffs in 1671 at Broad Chalk, Aubrey set himself to compose a comedy descriptive of country life as he had seen it, abating nothing of its grossness, and concealing nothing of its immorality. The rude draft of this comedy is found in MS. Aubrey 21, written in the blank spaces and between the lines of a long legal document.

"Although few of the scenes are sketched, and fewer completed, it is possible to form an idea of the scope and plot of the piece.

"The jumbling together of all classes of society in the rude merriment of a country wake was designed to bring out the follies and vices of them all. *A few gentlemen and ladies of the old school, of courtly manners and decent carriage, were brought in to set out by contrast the boorishness, the insolence, and the mad drunken bouts of Aubrey's contemporaries.* A mixed company of sow-gelders, carters, dairy-maids, gypsies, were to give evidence in dialogue and song, of the coarse talk and the vile ideas of the vulgar. And a still more disreputable rout of squires who had left their wives and taken up with cook-maids, and of heiresses who had run away with grooms, was to exemplify the degradation of the gentry. In several cases, over the names of his *Dramatis Personæ*, Aubrey has jotted the names or initials of the real persons whom he was copying." [See, for instance, in our *Second Division*, p. 569, where one 'Justice Wagstaffe' is identified as Sir John Dunstable.]

"The plot was to have a double movement: on the one hand, the innocent loves of a boy and girl of gentle birth, living in disguise as shepherd and dairy-maid, the 'Lord and Lady of the Maypole,' and, on the other hand, the fortunes of an adulteress, pursued by her husband, following her paramour in page's attire, jealous of his attentions to other women, ending in murder all round. 'Raynes [husband] comes and invades Sir Fastidious Overween, and is slayne by him; and then Sir Fastidious neglects her; she comes and stabbes him and then herselfe.'

"The scene, on the title-page, is laid, for a blind, at 'Aldford in Cheshire, by the Dee, St. Peter's day, 1669'; but in Act i, scene 1, Aubrey, laying pretence aside, places it on 'Christian Malford green' in his own district in Wiltshire, near Kington St. Michael, Draycot Cerne, etc.

"Taken as a whole, both in what is written out and in the anecdotes collected to be worked into the plot, the comedy affords a terrible picture of the corruption of Aubrey's county and times."—A. C.'s *Second Appendix to John Aubrey's 'Brief Lives,'* vol. ii, pp. 333, 334. Alas! Byron sang prophetically, in 1818:

"For fear some prudish readers should grow skittish,

I've bribed my Grandmother's Review—the *British*."—*Don Juan*, i, 209.

'Sir Fastidious,' of the new-journalism, still prowls after improprieties. Our woodcut of MOLASH, like a 'scented garden,' or rosebush in the Arcadia of *Roxburghe Ballads*, says, '*Spiro non tibi!*' = I breathe not for your sake, O wallower in the sty! but only for Students of History and of Literature.

Like Edward FitzGerald, of Woodbridge, we, of our Ballad Society and of the Villon Society, enjoy the epicurean philosophy of Omar Khayyâm in his 'Rubai'at,' without being sensualists. Even McIntosh Jellaludin (who wrote the mystic 'Book of Mother Maturin,' hermetically sealed to all, except Rudyard Kipling), in the darkness of the Lahore Serai, sang 'The Song of the Bower':

"Say, is it day, is it dusk, in thy Bower?

Thou whom I long for, who longest for me.

Oh, be it light, be it night, 't is Love's hour,

Love that is fetter'd as Love that is free.

Free Love has leaped to that innermost chamber,

Oh! the last time, and the hundred before:

Fetter'd Love, motionless, can but remember,

Yet something that sighs from him passes the door."



[In the background is Molash Church, near Ashford, Kent.]

Supplementary Note.

¶ *These few additions are not recorded in the 'Second Division CONTENTS,' or in the BALLAD-INDEX already printed at end of this Volume, p. 931. We give their Titles and First Lines here, instead, for convenient reference.*

- I.—How the Oxford Scholars spent their time :
" One riding with me, on a day."
- II.—The Loyal Subject ; or, The Praiser of Sack :
" Come, let us drink, the time invites."
- III.—Canary's Coronation :
" From hops and grains let us purge our brains."
- IV.—Oliver Cromwell's vamt-up Peers :
" By-walking in the Hall." (20 January, 1657.)
- V.—The Protecting Brewer :
" Of all the trades that ever I see."
- VI.—The Safety ; or, A Politician. By Alex. Brome :
" Since it hath been lately enacted High-Treason."
- VII.—The Time-Server ; A Medley :
" Room for a Gamester, that plays at all he sees."
- VIII.—Loyalty Confined. By Roger L'Estrange :
" Beat on, proud billows !"
- IX.—An Elegie upon the Death of King Charles I :
" Come, come, let us mourn !"
- X.—On the Passion : " What rends the Temple's vaile?"
- XI.—Fragments : " Whilst here on Earth our brittle bodies rest,"
- XII.—' Mens sana in corpore sano ' :
" Though Fortune made me poor."
- XIII.—A New Danae : " Like Alexander will I reign."
- XIV.—Robin Good-Fellow : " I am the King and Prince of Pharies."
- XV and XVI.—Pyramus and Thisbe. *Bis* : 1672 and 1565.
- XVII.—The Dream of Un-fair Women.
- XVIII.—My Lady Greensleeves, 1565.
- XIX.—Love's Mistress ; or, Nature's Rarity.
- XX.—The Maid's Comfort ; or, The Marigold : " Down in a garden."
- XXI.—The Merry Cuckold. (See p. 749.) " You married men."
- XXII.—Cupid's Power : " To cure melancholly, I travers'd the fields."
- XXIII.—Cupid's Revenge : " Now, now, you blind Boy."
- XXIV.—Kind Nancy's Constancy : " Alone as I was walking."
- XXV.—The Maiden's Dream : " As I lay musing on my bed."
- XXVI.—Sundry Epitaphs on Tom D'Urfey, 1723.

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BEFORE the Restoration it was an excellent custom among the young Collegians at Oxford, and at Cambridge, to employ their leisure in making a Florilegium of their own choice, an Anthology of Stuart poetry that pleased their fancy, or had won the favour of their best and most learned friends. Printed books were often too costly for them to purchase, if not already in their College libraries. But every true scholar, who was a fervent admirer of poetry, possessed a few friends. Each one in turn lent his own favourite volumes of transcripts, borrowing others in requital. It was thus of old that Petrarch and Boccaccio gathered their stores, when visiting the monasteries of the learned Benedictines, whose libraries held transcripts of rare missals and of classical texts :



that would otherwise have perished, if confined to a single exemplar. By mutual favours all were enriched. Not the worthless controversies and polemics, but the loveliest works of pictorial illuminators, as also of the Poet and Historian, filled quiet intervals betwixt the appointed hours of prayer, among those pious and secluded scholars, whose religion, being pure, had taught them gentleness and courtesy.

It is certain that much is still to be gathered from remain, undestroyed but dispersed, of the so-called 'Common-place Books'; relics of men whose actions are forgotten, whose very names can seldom be recovered without diligent search in the University records. Their choice of songs and ballads is plainly discernible within some dark calf-bound volumes of hard yellow-toned paper, imperishable as vellum, and often left three-quarters blank; too frequently showing idle scribblings on the flyleaf, made by some intruder who was incapable of understanding the contents; also a few stains of weather, or shall we say of audit ale? Successive changes in handwriting and in the colour of the ink are there; with variations, due in part to blundering carelessness, or to imperfect originals, but as frequently proving to be important recovery of the true text, which other transcribers left in error, the printed volumes being hopelessly corrupted and obscure. Be it remembered, the best poetry circulated with freedom by means of manuscript copies. No *Index Expurgatorius* could suppress them, howsoever bitter and intolerant might be the persecutors.

Much we owe to such manuscripts. Students who shall come after us, with access to what was hitherto hidden, will find abundance of treasure. There remain, unexplored, sunken galleons, full of ingots and precious jewels, far more worthy of search and study than the ephemeral trash of our evil-teeming modern press, wherewith the ominous fecundity of journalism now afflicts the righteous souls of men.

At Oxford, 'home of lost causes,' even while disaffection raged outside with noisy declamation tending towards civil-war, and also after defeat had impoverished their families, men studied peacefully, and dreamed their dreams in quiet rooms at Oriel, as Percivall Feerby; or at Merton, where "Charles's Ladies came" to its secluded garden (long afterwards told lovingly to us in verse by its former Fellow, dear Andrew Lang); or at Lincoln College: whereof the history is told entrancingly by the Rector of Great Leighs, our no less dear friend, Dr. Andrew Clark, also formerly a Fellow. From him we learn, as the best summary, how Oxford supported the Royal Cause, and earned the bitter hatred of the Puritans and rebels. (See the excellent *University of Oxford: College Histories: Lincoln*: the publisher being F. E. Robinson, London.)

A record transcribed at Oxford, between 1653 and 1658, is found in no other manuscript than one—'Ex Libris Percivalli Feerby, e Coll. Oriel': hitherto unprinted. It shows the seamy side of student life. The tune was *Sir Eglamore: The Friar in the Well* (*Popular Music*, p. 274), as on p. lxxxix\*. We prefix a title to the song, but never met another exemplar either in print or in manuscript.

## How Oxford Scholars spent their time.

[Circa 1654, after the Puritan 'Visitation.']

ONE ridinge with me, on a day, *Fa, la, etc.*  
 Askt me to tell him, by the way, *Fa, la, etc.*  
 How *Oxford* Schollers spent their time;  
 And thus I told him all in rime: *Fa, la, etc.*

When from our Mot[he]r's beloved home, *Fa, etc. [Passim.*  
 Wee to the Town of *Oxford* come,  
 The first thing is to gett a Gown,  
 The next, the best Sacke in [the] town. *Fa, la, la.*

And then a Tutor we must have,  
 Twenty to one if not a knave,  
 Who cares not for vs all the day,  
 But will be sure att night to pray.

This Fellow sends vnto our friends,  
 To keepe our money for his own ends;  
 And there he locks it in his truncke  
 Whilst we must vpon ticke be druncke.

We neuer aske him for a groate,  
 But wish 't were all stucke in his throate,  
 Till at length, at Quarter's day, there comes  
 The dunnors with their bouncing summs.

Imprimis, for an *Aristotle*, *Fa, la, etc.*  
 Which we perhaps 'pound for a bottle;  
 And *Euclid*, which away did packe,  
 For the better element of Sacke.

*Item*, a *Vossius' Rhetorique*, [Gerard Vo.,  
1631.]  
 Bought just for such another tricke;  
 Soe, wanting coyne for drinke, we gaue him,  
 Where all his *Rhetorique* could not saue him.

*Item*, a *Homer*: poore old Poet:  
 O that our Tutor did but know it!  
 For the best tobacco we made him flee,  
 Smoakt till we were as blind as he.

And more Bookes, which for halted chink  
 We sold again to spend in drinke;  
 For all the Authores the bill doth shew,  
*Subauditur* Potts and Canns a row.

Then reverently our Tutor speaks,  
 "I wonder you will do these tricks!"  
 But after all his sermon said,  
*Summa totalis* must be paid.

Thus we do spend our time away,  
And duly night and morning pray :  
Where the coffin Chaplain for his sense  
Straines as for a sirreverence.

[sic. coughing.]

Then hang all stud[y]ing, to no end!  
At length 'the Spirit' doth pretend:  
Then on the score we'l run on still,  
We may be Preachers when we will! *Fa, la, etc.*

Since this went on without open scandal during the time of the 'Triers' interregnum, we may guess that discipline was not very strict when 'the King enjoyed his own again' at the Restoration. But always in the busy world outside, admittedly, there was too much drinking. It was open and riotous among the impoverished Cavaliers, but stealthy among the hypocritical sham-saints and scowling sectaries. The ballad giving 'Praise of Sack,' beginning, "Come, let us drink!" was quoted on p. xlix\*, named on p. I\*.

It is better to give it complete, from a genuine manuscript copy, *circa* 1655. Unfortunately the MS. casts no light on "Isaac's Ball" (but reads "gilt-ball"). Perhaps Alderman Isaac Pennington is alluded to, as having invented the toy. Was it a shuttlecock? An omission is in *Valentia* vel *Valenciennes* stanza. Of *Turenne* and *La Ferte*, we read in versions of later date but doubtful text.

The Loyal Subject; or, Praise of Sack.

Come let us drinke, the time invites, Winter and cold weather,  
For to pass away long nights, and to keepe good Witts together :  
'T is better far than cards and dice, or gilt Balls, those vaine delights,  
Made up with fan and feather.

Of great Actions on the Seas we will never be jealous:  
Give us liquor that does please, and 't will make us braver fellows  
Than the great *Venetian* fleet, when the *Turke* and they doe meete  
Within their *Dardanellos*.

Sack's the only Prince's guard, if you will but try it ;  
No design was ever hard 'mongst those that soundly ply it :  
And three Constables at most are enough to quell a host,  
That would disturb our quiet.

*Mahomet* is not divine, but a senseless widgeon,  
To forbid the use of Wine, and to those of his religion  
Falling sickness was his shame, and his Tombe shall have the fame,  
For all his whispering Pigeon.

*Valentine*, that famous Town, that stood the *Frenchman's* wonder,  
Water it employ'd to drown, so to cut their troops in sunder.  
[*Turenne* gave a helplesse look, while the lofty *Spaniard* took  
*La Ferta* and his plunder.] [Blank  
in MS.]

Therefore water we disclaim, Mankind's adversary ;  
Once it caused the whole world's frame in a Deluge to miscarry.  
May this enemy of Joy seek with *Enias* to destroy [qu. envies.  
And murder good *Canary* !

See the Squibs, and hear the Bells, this Fifth day of *November* ;  
The Preacher a sad story tells, and with horror doth remember  
How some dry-brain'd Traitor wrought Plots that would haue ruine brought  
To King and everie member.

But we that drinke have no such thoughts, black and void of reason ;  
We take care to fill our vaults with good wine for every season.  
And with many a cheerful cup we blow one another up, [a.l. chirping.  
And that's our only Treason.

When Cavaliers 'exceeded' in their potations, to the waste of their substance, their reputation, their health, or prospect of recovery, there was one excuse. They had felt such scorn and hatred against 'the Brewer of Huntingdon' and 'Purge-Pryde the Drayman,' that they resolved to entirely abjure malt liquor, and keep aloof "from hops and grains." These words begin a ballad: elsewhere it appears as "Let us purge our brains!" in the later and wofully corrupt *Loyal Garland*, whereof all the early editions perished. Not the brains, but hops and grains smelt of anarchy.

## Canary's Coronation.

(From early Oriel Coll. MS.)

FROM Hopps and Grains let us purge our braines ;  
They do smell of Anarchie.  
Let us choose a king from whose blood may spring  
Such a Royall progenie  
That it befits no true Wine-bred Witts  
Whose braines are bright and clear,  
To tye their hands in Dray-men's bands,  
When as they may goe freer :  
Why should we droope or basely stoope  
To popular Ale or Beere ? [ = of the populace.  
  
Who shall be King is now the thing [1657.  
For which we all are met.  
Sacke is a Prince that hath bin long since  
In the Royall order set.  
His face is spread with a warlike red,  
And so he loues to see men ;  
When he bears the sway his subjects they  
Shall be as good as free men :  
But, here is the Plot, almost forgot,  
He is too much burnt by women. [i.e. 'Mulled Sack,'

By the river *Rhine* there's a gallant Wine,  
 That can our veins replenish;  
 Let us bend, by consent of the government,  
 To the royall rule of *Rhenish*.  
 The *German* wine will warm the chine,  
 And friske in every veine;  
 It will make the Bride forget to chide, [a. l. 'forbear.'  
 And call the Groom to 't againe.  
 Yet that's not all: it is much too small  
 To be our Soueraigne.

Then let us thinke of a nobler drink,  
 And with votes advance it high;  
 Let us then proclaim good *Canary's* name;  
 Heavens bless his Majestie!  
 He is a King in every thing,  
 Whose nature doth renounce ill;  
 It will make him trip and nimbly skip,  
 From the ceiling to the ground sill: [t. stealing.  
 Especially when Poets be  
 Lords of the Privy Council. [Allusion to *Milton*?

But a Vintner he shall his taster be,  
 There's no [other] man can *him* lett; [i. e. hinder.  
 A Drawer that hath a good pallat he  
 Shall be Esquire of the Gimlet.  
 The Barr-Boys shall be the Pages all;  
 A Tavern well prepared  
 In comely sort shall be the Court,  
 Where nothing shall be spared:  
 Wine-Coopers shall with Souldiers tall  
 Be Yeomen of the Guard.

If a *Cooper* we with a red nose see, [Oliver C.  
 In any place of the town,  
 That *Cooper* shall, with his Adds Royall, [= exactions.  
 Be Keeper of the Crown.  
 Young Ladds that waste away their cash  
 In wine and recreation,  
 Who hate dull Beere, are welcome here,  
 To bid their approbation:  
 So are all you, that will allow  
 Canary's Coronation.

*Note.*—Well understood would be the undercurrent of allusions, political and personal, to Oliver Cromwell's red nose, to his Brewer-birth at Huntingdon, to 'the king over the water'—as among the Jacobites a century later; to the coronation of the Best, that should be real and not merely allegorical: the Carolian wine, long lovingly awaited: not plebeian Beer "from hops and grains."



The Oriel College copyist who preserved the 'Elegie upon King Charles I,' with "Though Fortune made me Poore," transcribed 'Killinge noe Murder: briefly discoursed in Three Questions, by William Allen.' (Colonel Titus claimed it later, when it was safer to do so than in 1656—even the possession of a copy was perilous.)

The latest political record, dated January 20, 1657–58, satirized Oliver Cromwell's futile expedient to control the perversely unruly 'Commons,' by the imposition of a re-furbished 'Other House.' He meant it to become 'the Upper House'; in defiance of the proverb that warned him, "*You cannot make a Silk-purse out of the Sow's Ear!*" He laid on the stripes in excess of the Law of Moses: "Forty, save one." His tatterdemalions were ephemeral, and by no means Academic 'Immortals.' Their candidature was neither desirable nor permitted. They were publicly shunned. Even the second Earl of Warwick (whose grandson, Robert Rich, two months earlier had married Cromwell's youngest daughter, Frances, and died soon) refused to sit alongside of the newly-translated leather, 'Lord Hewson the Cobler,' and the other Thirty-nine Articles.

## [*Oliver Cromwell's vampt-up Peers.*]

[*Wednesday, 20th January, 165 $\frac{1}{2}$ .*]

BY-walking in the Hall, his Highnesse did call  
a Commission, to waite on the Peeres; [text, 'to C.']  
I thrust in amonge the midst of the throng,  
to see how they lookt in their geeres.

For had you seene but *Pryde*, with [*Hewson*] 'craft' by his side,  
and 'the Gentle Knight' betweene, [A. Haselrigg?]  
You had taken your Oath they had bin dray-men both,  
and he a full barrell had bin.

The *Cooper* next sate, in very good State [Cf. p. xcvi\*]  
to be[come] your Nation's guide;  
But some did conclude that his name did allude  
he was an assistant to *Pryde*. [Formerly a Drayman.]

'T was admired by all how *Thomas* gott's call, [Tom Scott,  
for what reason we are in the darke,  
But that neere him stood Sir *Thomas Honnywood*: [Sir John ?  
by prayers they ent'red the *Arke*.

There's none did beleive that *Lenthall* did greive, [Speaker Wm.  
for 't is taken for granted by all,  
That he had ne'ere been in the Lords' house seen,  
but for this gratus call.

For he much replyed, being Judge-qualified  
 in the house of Commons to sitt;  
 Now he thinks Heauen's won, there's nought to be done,  
 but to shew St. *Peter* his witt.

*Broughall* with the goute was plac'd in the route, { *Roger Boul,*  
 being eminent lately in Action; { *Ld. Broghill:*  
 As he hauling thither came, soe his Title was lame, { *in Ireland.*  
 had they been but of Noble extraction.

The Brew-house affordes [*recruits for the Lords,* [Blank space.  
*till it steams like Hops and Grains;*  
*As tho' bound to display men, fit only for Draymen,*  
*who need neither honour nor brains.]* [Conjectural.

But they all lookt like clownes, to them in Velvet Gownes;  
 One acted the Lord-Keeper's part: [Nat. Fiennes.  
 The Lords were in their State, and the Commons in a sweat,  
 whilst *He* did with excellent art. ['Protector.'

'Cause his Voyce could not reach, he printed his Speech,  
 and neatly stayed our quarrell; [20 January.  
 Whether he brew or noe, I'le leave to them that know,  
 but I am sure he was gay in Apparrell.

After all this Rackette, with hands in the Pockette,  
 the Commons crept backe from the Barr:  
 By which, the Lords did guesse, thereby they did confesse  
 they were their Inferiours farr.

By the most I did gather, that they did rather  
 to secure themselues from the Vitious;  
 Though their money was but small, they would not loose all,  
 and the Lords lookt very suspitious.

The good *Surrey* Knight sate with noe delight, [Sir Amb. Brown?  
 but leaned vpon the chayre;  
 It greived him that hee left his old companye [The Commons.  
 for his new associates there.

### Finis.

This ballad has historic value as a popular record of Oliver's abject failure, in an attempt to rebuild a House of Lords: of unbaked bricks, made of bad clay, without straw or mortar: "Somewhat to stand betwixt me and the Commons."

Lord Eure (George, 7th Baron) sat nearly alone. Haselrigge (p. cxlix\*) and Scott came no more. Skippon, Whitlocke, Maynard, Rouse, Whalley, and Oliver's brother-in-law 'Desboro' the Clown, were there, looking like so many egg-stealers detected at a hen-roost. Nat. Fiennes held the Great Seal.



Phrensied talk had raged for years of 'abolishing the Peers,' since most of them were men of sense and reason, always certain to resist the threatening 'mailed fist,' that was stained with blood and blackened by foul treason. Yet Cromwell, overwrought, by his restless faction, thought to fare better by sharp action than by words; so he brought his low-born 'Gang' on the skirts of Peers to hang, but the upstarts met no welcome from the Lords. Then Haslerigg and Scot raved at 'turncoat miscreant lot,' and declared they with the Commons would remain; so that 'Old Nol,' to his cost, found two-score of good votes lost, and no set-off could be counted on as gain. Each expedient that he tried galled him farther in his pride; since he could not bend the rebels, should he break? Half ashamed that he laid down all pretensions to the Crown, when his Ironsides forbade and would forsake. Nowhere could he gain content from each crippled Parliament, warped by spite, each one distrusting friend and brother: so, reverting to the thing he denounced in the late King, Cromwell vowed to rule alone, without another. They had lost faith in their guide, they his temper sorely tried; with undaunted courage yet he faced his foes; though fears lurked at the wayside, that he could no longer hide: was it strange that life drew swiftly to a close? Before he turned to dust, came the whisper, "Can I trust one of all the men whose fortunes I have made? Is there one who will obey, and not seek how to betray, me and mine; as each at first the King betrayed? Is my gain supreme and good, after wading on through blood; without mercy treading all down, ruthless grown? since I cannot stand secure, or account my conscience pure, and my race will be, God failing! overthrown. Should I suffrages collect? Goodwin says, 'You are *elect*: and the chosen cannot sin, or fall away.' Once, yea once, I felt assured, my salvation was secured: 'Then,' says he, 'you are incapable of sin!' What is left me at this day, but to watch, and fight, and pray? It is Night, the awful night, alone I dread; I am evermore alone, already turned to stone. Will they prize me at my best, when I am dead?"

No such personal grief attended the passing away of Cromwell as had followed the atrocious murder of King Charles. There was bewilderment. Men wondered what next would come, now that the 'Protector' had been taken. Worse might be, for many worse remained, although Ireton, Bradshaw, Pym, and Pryde were gone. Curiosity and speculation stirred men a little, but enthusiasm was dead. Nerves were unstrung; nobody felt deeply. Plotters kept silence. Duellists, when they seek to learn their adversaries' play, venture no more than formal feints, awaiting an opening. Some already foresaw the Restoration of the Stuarts.

In those last days of Oliver, when the tyranny of interference with popular amusements had somewhat abated, not because of mercy but from policy, the paralyzing of ballad publication drew towards an end. Hitherto lampoons had circulated stealthily. Written transcripts of them passed secretly from hand to hand.

But in 1656 were ill-printed clandestinely some collections of Cavalier poems, songs, ballads, and political squibs or satires, *i.e.*, *Parnassus Biceps*, *Choice Drollery* (condemned officially to be burned); and thrice interrupted, thrice diversely-named, *Sportive Wit*, *The Muses' Merriment*, *A New Spring of Lusty Drollery*: the headlines marking hasty removals of the portable press to escape capture and confiscation. Much perished of higher merit, but much survived, especially ribaldry from manuscripts of earlier date. More bitterness was displayed later, in the half-year preceding the Restoration. Cromwell 'the Protecting Brewer' had scarcely been so hated as were 'Hewson the Cobbler,' 'scandalous Hugh Peters,' or the three ridiculous pretenders "Lambert, the Knave, Fleetwood, the Fool, and Desborough, the Country Clown."

### The Protecting Brewer.

TUNE OF *The Blacksmith*; or, *Which no body can deny*. [See p. 835.]

OF all the Trades that euer I see,  
There is none to a Brewer compared may be,  
For so many several wayes works hee:  
*Which no body can deny, deny,  
No, nor no body durst deny.*

A Brewer may be a Burges grave, [J. P., 1630.

And carry his matter so fine and so brave,  
That a Brewer had better to play the knave,  
*Which no body can deny, etc.*

[*Passim*.

[A Brewer may speak so learnedly well,  
And raise strange stories for to tell,  
That he may become a Colonel: *Which no, etc.*] [Not in  
MS., 1657.

A Brewer may sit like a Fox in a stubb,  
May preach a Lecture out of a Tubb,  
And give the wicked world a rubb.

Me thinks I heare one say to me,  
Pray why may not a Brewer be  
Lord-Chancelloure ouer th' Universitie?

A Brewer may be as bold as a *Hector*,  
When he has dranke a cup of old Nectar:  
Nay, a Brewer may be a Lord-Protectour.

A Brewer may gett a *Naples* face,  
And march to the feild with such a grace  
That a Brewer may get a Generall's place.

[*i.e.* Vesuvian  
eruptions.  
*a.l.* 'Nabal,'

A Brewer may be a Parliament-man,  
For so the knauery first began;  
And brew most cunning Plots he can.

[Huntingdon,  
1628.

But here remains the strangest thing,  
How a Brewer about his Liquor should bring  
To be an Emperour, over a king:  
*Which no body can deny.*

[*a.l.* 'his Plots.'

The order of succession and the text vary in printed copies after 1656. A later 'Brewer,' 1659, to same tune, begins, "There's many a clinching verse is made."

The danger of writing, and still more of publishing, such satires had been early recognized. John Cleveland narrowly escaped death, when Lesley had captured him, but was dismissed with "Let the fellow sell his ballads." Yet the Scotch were seldom merciful. Alexander Brome, in 1646, sent out his ballad called 'The Safety,' telling of persecution, pains and penalties. This remains in the Oriel Collegian's manuscript (with Dr. R. Wild's ballad of a Duel betwixt the two Gamecocks of Wisbech and Norfolk: proving that the Oriel student had a liking for sport); while the early 'Elegie on the Death of Charles I,' and L'Estrange's "Beat on, proud billows," attest the transcriber's loyalty. A few such ballads as "I dote, I dote! but am a sot to shew it," with "Now I confess I am in love!" (before *Merry Drollery*), are also admitted, as amatory ditties. A transcript of the unique poem, "Though Fortune made me poore, I'll not complain," proves his moral tone of breadth and wisdom. If the saying *Noscitur a sociis* be accepted for truth, it no less justly applies to books, since our choice of them, our best companions, reveals our best or our worst tendencies and sympathies. By what we seek we can be judged, better than by what chance has thrown in our path, to mislead or to help us.

## The Safety for a Politician.

(Upon an Act for treason, made by the Rebels.)

SINCE it hath lately been enacted High Treason [ = ' But so,'  
For a man to speak truth against ' Heads of the State,'

Let every wise man make use of his reason,

See and heare what he can, but take heed what he prate.

For the Proverbs do learn us,

" He that stays from the battle sleeps in a whole skin,"

And " Our words are our own, if we keep them within."

What fools are we, then, to a prating begin,

Of things that do nothing concern us.

[a. to prattle.

Let the three Kingdoms fall to one of the Prime Ones,

*My Mind is a Kingdome*, and shall be to me :

I cou'd make it appeare, if I had but the time once,

I'm as happy in one as My Lord is in three,

[Ol. Cromwell.

So I might but enjoy it.

He that mounteth on high is a mark for the hate

[a l. ' Fate.'

And enuie of every pragmaticall pate ;

Whilst he that lyes low is safe in his estate,

And the rich ones do scorn to annoy it.

I am neuer the better which side gets the battle,

The Tubb or the Crosse, it is all one to me ;

I shall neither increase my goods nor my cattle,

For a Beggar is a Beggar, and so I shall be,

*Unless I turn Traytor.*

Let misers take courses to hoard up their treasures,

Whose lusts have no limits, whose minds have no measures ;

Let me be but quiet, and take little pleasures,

For a little sufficeth my nature.



I count he has no wit that is given to railing,  
 And flurting at those that above him doe sit :  
 When they shall outdo him with whipping and gaoling,  
 Both his purse and his person must pay for his wit.  
 It were better that he were a drinking.  
 If Sack were confirmed to twelve pennies a quart, [a.l. reformed.  
 We'd study for money to merchandise for 't ;  
 With a friend that is willing in mirth we would sport :  
 Not a word, but we'd pay it with thinking.

Our Petition shall be that Canary be cheaper,  
 Without any Custom or cursed Excise ;  
 That our wits might haue leaue to drink deeper and deeper,  
 And not be controul'd till our heads be baptiz'd  
 In liquor, and thus we will drench them :  
 If this were but granted, who would not desire  
 To adopt himself one of *Apollo's* own quire ? [a.l. 'dub h.'  
 Then the bells they shall ring when our noses are on fire,  
 And the quart-pots shall be buckets to quench them.

[By **Alexander Brome**, 1646.]

Here begins apathy or national paralysis. To this had rebellion and civil-war brought the land: selfish indifference, with more of cowardice than wisdom, to prompt the relinquishment of politics. Drink was a bad harbour of refuge, instead of Patriotism or Loyalty. This ballad explains well the result of the harsh dominancy of faction, the tyranny, hypocrisy, and worrying encroachments on personal liberty during the rule of the 'Fifth-Monarchy' Saints.

From this growing Indifferentism—"hope deferred maketh the heart sick"—the descent to servile compliance were no more than a step, "unless I turn Traitor!" Witness this manuscript fragment :

### *The Time-Server.*

Room for a Gamester, that plays at all he sees !  
 Whose fickle fancy fits such times as these ;  
 One that saies 'Amen!' to every factious prayer,  
 From Sir *Hugh Peter's* pulpit to St. *Peter's* Chaire ;  
 One that doth defie the Crosier and the Crowne,  
 Who yet can bouse with Blades that carrouse,  
 While pottle-pots tumble down, *derry-down*.  
 One who can comply with Surplice and with Cloak, [Episc. & Presb.  
 But for his own ends could Independants brook,  
 While Presbyterians broke *Britannia's* yoke.

Five other stanzas complete the Medley in *Rump Coll.* i, 252; *Wit and Drollery*, 176, 1661; *Merry Drollery*, ii, 10, 1661; and *Loyal Garland*, 1686.

"This is the way to trample without trembling,  
 Since the Sycophants onely are secure ;  
*Covenants* and *Oaths* are badges of dissembling,  
 'T is the Politique pulls down the Pure.  
 To plunder and pray, to profess and betray,  
 Are the onely ready wayes to be great ;  
 Flattery will do the feat.  
 'Ne're go, ne're stir!' have vent'red farther  
 Than the greatest of our Damme's in the Town, [a.l. 'Dons.'  
 From a Copper to a Crown.

" I am in an excellent humour now to think well ;  
And I 'me in another humour now to drink well :  
Fill us up a Beer-bowl, boy, that we may drink it merrily :  
And let none other see, nor cause to understand,  
For if we do, 't is ten to one we are Trapan'd.

" Come, fill us up a brace of quarts,  
To him whose Anagram is call'd '*True Hearts*' ; [Note.  
If all were true as I would ha' 't,  
And *Britain* were cured of its tumour,  
Then I should very well like my fate,  
And drink off my Wine at a freer rate,  
Without any noise or rumour :  
And then I should fix my humour.

" But since 't is no such matter, change your hue,  
I may cog and flatter, so may you ;  
Religion is a widgeon, and reason is Treason ;  
And he that hath a loyal heart may bid the world Adieu.

" We must be like the *Scotish* man,  
Who, with intent to beat down Schism,  
Brought forth a Presbyterian,  
With cannon and a Catechism :  
' If Beuk won't do 't, then *Jockey* shoot !  
For the *Kirk* of *Scotland* doth command.'  
And what hath been, since he came in,  
I think we have cause to understand."

Note.—This is no anagram, but an innuendo : STEWARTS ARE TRUE HEARTS !  
'The Time-Server' shews a sad decline of Cavalier loyalty from the earlier song of  
'Loyalty Confined,' by Roger L'Estrange. We quote the same Oriel manuscript.  
On p. 107 of *Parnassus Biceps*, 1656, it bears title of 'The Liberty and Requiem  
of an Imprisoned Royalist' : than which a better name could not easily be found.  
But '*Lincolne*' must be wrong : like '*Bohemia*' in *A Winter's Tale*, it has no  
sea-coast for billows.

### Loyalty Confined.

(' Mr. *Lestrangle* his Ode, in prison att *Lincolne*.'

BEat on, proud billowes ! *Boreas*, blow !  
Swell, curv'd waves, high as *Jove's* roof ! [a.l. curled.  
Your incivility doth shew  
That Innocence is tempest-proof.

Though surely *Nereus* frown, my thoughts are calme ;  
Then strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are balme.

That which the world miscalls a Gaole,  
A private closet is to me ;

Whilst a good Conscience is my bail,  
And Innocence my liberty.

Locks, barrs, and loneliness together met [a.l. 'solitude.'  
Make me no Prisoner, but an Anchoret.

I, whilst I wish'd to be retired,  
Into this private roome was turn'd :

As if their wisdom had conspired  
A Salamander should be burn'd.

Or, like those Sophists that would drown a fish,  
I am constrain'd to suffer what I wish. [a. 'condemn'd.'

These manacles upon my arme  
 I as my Sweetheart's favours weare ; [a. l. s. 'Mistress's,'  
 And then to keep my ancles warme,  
 I have some Iron Shackles here :  
 Contentment can not smart : Stoicks, we see,  
 Make all things easy by their apathy.

So he that stricke at Jason's life,  
 Thinking to make his purpose sure, [Pliny, *N. H.*, vii, 51 ;  
 By a malicious friendly knife Cicero, *De N. D.*, iii, 28 ;  
 Did only wound him to a cure. Val. Max., i, 8.  
 Malice, I see, wants wit, for what is meant  
 Mischiefe, oft-times prooves favour by th' event.

What though I can not see my king,  
 Either in 's person or his coin,  
 Yet contemplation is a thing  
 Will render what I have not mine.  
 My King from me what adamant can part?  
 Whom I doe weare engraven in my heart.

My Soul's as free as is the ambient ayre,  
 Although my baser part's immured ;  
 Whilst loyal thoughts do still repayre  
 T' accompany my solitude.  
 Although Rebellion doe my Body bind,  
 My King [alone] can captivate my mind. [MS. t. 'can only.'

These stanzas we may hold to be final ; but they precede the 'Nightingale,' being eighth and ninth in the nearly contemporary manuscript, which unhesitatingly assigns the poem to Roger L'Estrange. His later writings are inferior to this poem, in itself unequal and unsustained. But so was his life. He was not a 'strong man,' and lost his repugnance to Cromwell ; neither quitting the room nor ceasing to play the viol (*circa* 1656) when the Protector joined a music party. Hence he was called 'Oliver's Fiddler.' (See vol. iv, p. 255.)

Four stanzas of the MS. are now omitted (viz. : 6, "Here Sin, for wante of foode"; 7, "When once my Prince," a contested stanza ; 10, "Have you beheld the Nightingale?" ; and 11, "I am that bird whom they combined thus to deprive of liberty"). These weaken the effect of the spirited beginning, as do "The Cynic hugs his poverty," and "I in this cabinet" ; but they are found with sundry variations in *Wit and Drollery*, 1656, p. 11 ; *Parnassus Biceps*, 1656 ; *The Rump*, 1662 ; *Westminster Drollery*, 1671 ; and *Percy's Reliques*, 1765. No Garland of Cavalier Poesie is complete without it. Lovelace's 'Althea,' "When Love with unconfined wings hovers within my gates," is in vol. iii, 179.

We are the first to recover the remarkable 'Elegie on King Charles' which remained for years neglected and forgotten. It must have been written soon after the fatal 30 of January, 1648. That memorable day became sacred, by the foulest crime and greatest blunder, committed on pretence of "a cruel necessity" or an offering at the shrine of Freedom. Madame Roland, a victim in 1793 to the assassins of the Revolution that she had assisted, said in her last hour, "O Liberty ! how many crimes are committed in thy name !"

No less true were the last words of King Charles, when bidding the people to enjoy "liberty and freedom, in having government" : adding, "*It is not their having a share in the government : that is nothing appertaining unto them.*"—"I am the *Martyr of the People.*"

# Elegie upon the Death of our dread Souberaigne Lord King CHARLES the Martyr.

Come, come, let's mourne : all you that see this day,  
Melt into showers, and weepe your selues away !  
O that each private head could yield a flood  
Of tears, whilst *Britain's* head streams out his blood !  
Could wee pay what his sacred drops might claime,  
The world must needs be drowned once again.  
Hands can not write for trembling ; let our eye  
Supply the quill, and shed an Elegie.  
Tongues can not speake this greife, knowe no such vent,  
Nothing but silence can be eloquent.

Words are not here significant ; in this  
Our sighs, our groans, beare all the emphasis.

Dread Sir ! what shall we say ? Hyperbole  
Is not a figure when it speaks of thee.

Thy Book is our best language ; what to this [i.e. *Eikon Basiliké*.  
Shall e'er be added, is thy Meiasis. [sic = *Μετάφρασις*.

Thy name's a text too hard for vs : no man  
Can write of it without thy parts and pen.  
Thy prisons, scorns, reproach, and poverty  
(Though these were thought too courteous injury),  
How could'st thou bear ? thou meeker *Moses*, how ?  
Was ever Lion bit with whelps till now,  
And did not roare ? Thou *England's David*, how ?

Did *Shimei's* tongue not move thee ?— Where's the man ?  
Where is the kinge ? *Charles* is all Christian.

Thou never wanted'st subjects ; no, when they  
Rebelled, thou madest thy passions to obey.  
Had'st thou regained thy Throne of State by power,  
Thou had'st not then bin more a conquerour :  
But thou, thyne own Soul's Monarch, art above  
Revenge and Anger : can'st thou tame thy Love ?  
How could'st thou beare the Queen's divorce ? may she  
At once thy wife and yet thy widow bee ?  
Where are thy tender babes, once princely bred,  
Thy choicest jewels, are they sequest' red ?  
Where are thy Nobles ? Lo ! instead of these,  
Base savage villains, and thine enemies.

*Egyptian plague* ! 't was *Pharaoh's* only doom,  
To see such vermin in his lodging roome.  
What guards are set ? what watches do they keepe ?  
They doe not thinke thee safe though lock't in sleepe.  
Would they confine thy dreams within to dwell,  
Nor let thy fancie passe her Centinell ?

Are thy devotions dangerous, or do  
Thy prayers want a garde?—these faulty too?  
Varlets, 't was only when they speake for you.

But lo ! a charge is drawn, a day is set,  
The silent Lambe is brought, the wolves are met.  
Law is arraigned of Treason, Peace of warr,  
And Justice stands a prisoner at the barr.  
This sceene was like the Passion Tragedie,  
His Saviour's person none can act but He.  
Behold ! what Scribes were here, what Pharisees,  
What bands of Souldiers, what false witnesses !  
Heere was a Priest, and that a chief one, who  
Durst strike at God and his vicegerent too.  
Here *Bradshaw*, *Pilate* there, this makes them twain :  
*Pilate* for Feare, *Bradshaw* condemn'd for gain.  
Wretch ! could'st not thou be rich till *Charles* was dead ?  
Thou might'st have took the Crown, yet spared the head.  
Thou hast justified that *Roman* judge : he stood  
And wash'd in water, thou hast dipt in blood. [p. clii\*.  
And where's the slaughter house ? *White-Hall* must be  
(Lately his palace) now his *Calvary*.  
Great *Charles*, is this thy dying-place ? and where  
Thou wert our King, art thou our Martyr there ?  
Thence, thence thy soul tooke flight, and there will we  
Not cease to mourn, where thou did'st cease to be.

That Wretch had skill to sin, whose hand did know  
How to behead Three Kingdomes att a blow. [Richard  
Brandon.  
*England* hath lost the influence of her King,  
No wonder that, for backward was her spring.  
O dismall day! and yet how quickly gone:  
It must be short, our Sun went down at noon.  
And now, ye Senatours, is this the thing  
Soe oft declared? is this your glorious King?  
Did you by oaths your God and Country mock,  
Pretend a Crown, and yet prepare a Block?  
Did you, that swore you 'd mount *Charles* higher yet,  
Intend a Scaffold for his *Olivet*?  
Was this 'Hail! Master'? did you bow the knee  
That you might murder him with Loyaltie?  
Alas, two deaths! what crueltie was this?  
The Axe design'd, you might have spared the Kisse.

*London*, did'st thou thy Prince's life betray?  
What! could thy tables invent no other way—  
Or else, did'st thou bemoan his Crosse? Then, ah!  
Why would'st thou be the cursed *Golgotha*?



Thou once had'st men, plate, arms, a Treasurie,  
To find thy King: and hast thou run too free?  
Dull beast! thou should'st, before thy hand did fall,  
Haue had at least thy Spirits Animall.  
Did you, yee Nobles, envie *Charles's* Crown?  
*Jove* being fall'n, the punie gods must down.  
Your Rays of Honour are eclips't in night;  
The Sun is set, from whence you drew your light.  
Religion vails her selfe, and saith that she  
Is forc'd disowne such horrid Tyranny. [misw., 'to owne.'  
The Church and State doe shake, [the twain] whose fall  
For ever will be [accounted] capitall.  
But cease from tears, *Charles* is most blest of men,  
A God on Earth, more than a Saint in Heaven.

~~~~~  
Preceding the 'Elegy on King Charles the Martyr' (p. clii*), is this:—

On the Passion.

What rends the Temple's vaile, where is day gone?
How can a general darknesse cloud the Sun?
Astrologers in vaine their skill doe trye,
Nature must needs be sicke when God can dye.

Cavaliers, with religious faith and fervour, loyally yielded their
dream of love and happiness to fight in defence of monarchy.

[Without title, in the Manuscript.]

Wilst here on Earth our brittle bodies rest,
And are at quiet, soe long are we blest
With one terrestrial blessing; but now this
Is banish'd from me, 'cause of Jealousies.
But I 'le contented rest for twice two weeks,
And then I will expose my crimson cheeks
Vnto the battery of some sword or gun,
Where I 'le be either made or else vndone.
For 't hath bin said of old, "All men may haue,
If they dare try, a better Life, or Grave."

Mars, yeild assistance (Fates, decree it soe!):
Yeild me thy favour, and with thee I 'le goe.
Bellona too, 't is for your Sex I venture
To leave my parents, and thy List to enter.

[*Cactera desunt.*]

These lines anticipate the aspirations of BYRON, written in 1824:

"Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood!—unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of Beauty be.
"If thou regret'st thy youth, *why live?*
The land of honourable death
Is here: up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

“ Seek out—less often sought than found—
 A Soldier's grave, for thee the best ;
 Then look around, and choose thy ground,
 And take thy rest.”



A poem illustrates the line—“*Orandum est, ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.*”

“*Monstro, quod ipse tibi possis dare : semita certe
 Tranquillae per virtutem patet unica vitæ.*”—*Juv. Sat.*, xx, 345.

Mens sana in Corpore sano.

(*No title, in the Oriel College MS.*)

THOUGH Fortune made me poore, I 'le not complaine,
 For frenzie passion will procure no gaine ;
 Yet in a modest mean I 'de gladly be,
 'Twixt greazie Riches and leane Poverty.
 Meantime my recreation is to see
 The vast Extreames of Liberality.

One is. a sordid base frugality ;

The other is. wanton prodigality.

Here 's one content t' abide the Summer's heat
 And Winter's cold, to engrosse a great estate ;
 Who in his heavy baggs takes all his rest,
 And thinks no blessing like a full-stufft chest.
 At length the winter of his Age draws nigh,
 And he, though much against his will, must dye.
 Then enters on the Stage his golden Sonne,
 And he, not thinking what his Father wonne
 By Vsury well gotten, sports it all away,
 And never dreames to see th' approaching day
 Of want, but then, alas ! when 't is too late,
 Blames his own folly and laments his fate ;
 Whilst he that has enough to keep him free
 Lives happier far than those that richest be.

If Fortune were my friend thus far, my life
 I'd make more pleasant with a modest Wife :
 Whom neither riches should invite me to,
 Nor beauty tempt my wanton eye to view ;
 But one on whom Nature hath play'd her part,
 Not to adorne the face, but dresse the heart.
 A chaste and sober Wife I 'de sooner wed
 Than clasp the choicest *Hellen* in my Bed.
 And 'twixt us two no discontent should raigne,
 Nor jealousies, nor causes to complaine.
 Our Children should be blessings to us, and
 Esteem'd the gifts of heaven's most bounteous hand.
 And when the Sun of our declining Age
 Drew low, noe envious clouds should then presage
 A stormie night, but we would both appeare
 As bright as at the noone, nor horrid feare

Of death should fright us ; wee'd leave the world as free
 As the ripe fruit that gently leaves the tree.



The amatory song "Like Alexander" has no title in the Oriel Scholar's manuscript of 1654-57. It follows 'An Epithalamium upon the Nuptials and names of Mr. Edmund Tooke, Esqre., and his honoured Bride,' beginning :

"Eternity and Heaven, two Royal Guests,
Shake hands with Love, lodged in two married breasts."

Afterwards, on St. Cecilia's Day, 1697, Dryden sang 'Alexander the Great, his Feast,' telling him, like other men, to "Take the goods the gods provide thee! Lovely Thais sits beside thee." Similarly, the antecedent song-writer's modern Alexander held a lovely Thais, or another of the same profession—not a "New Campaspe" to be yielded to an Apelles: but "A New Danae," since the lady is condemned for safety to be 'interned' within a walled town or brazen tower.

Mat Prior belonged to the outer world. He, like Cleopatra's fig-seller, having known "a very honest woman, but something given to lie, as a woman should not do but in the way of honesty," was wise enough to relinquish all attempts to "clap a padlock on her mind," or to secure the fidelity of a fickle sex, by any term of imprisonment. None avails, except the Blue Chamber: "à la mode de son atlesse Monseigneur le Baron de Retz" autrefois 'Le Barbe-blue.' He succeeded thus in making "good women" of them (according to the London Inn-sign of a vanished epoch: *vide* John Camden Hotten), and the example of J. A. Froude's brazen image, the very much married and wife-beheading 'Bluff King Hal,' of by no means pious memory.

The New Danae.

[TO THE TUNE OF, '*My dear and only Love, I pray.*' See vol. vi, p. 589.]

Like *Alexander* will I reigne, I rule my selfe alone,
With me I'le haue no partner sit on my Imperial Throne:
For he, my deare, who dreads his Fate, shall nothing do worth merit,
But like a Knight of Chambers is, and of a timorous spirit. [= Carpet knt.

And now, my Love, haue strict regard how thou thy selfe expose
To euery fiery amorous youth thy [armes] about to 'close; [f. 'corps.'
For thee with wall surround will I, and, saint-like, thee adore:
If then thou let my heart out fly, I'le neuer loue thee more:

But doe by thee as *Nero* did, when he sett *Rome* on fire,
Not only all relief forbid, but to some hill retire:
If you prooue false in that inclose, thy losse I'll still deplore,
And yet (I know not how) rejoyce, and neuer see thee more.

Yet if from thence thou should'st be rap't, and should to ruine fall,
I'de streight desert those towns that hauen't—or those that haue—a wall.

[*Cætera desunt*: next leaf cut out, probably ended thus:—

[So keepe thou safe within thy bound, and neither sinke nor soare,
And I will make thy Fame resound, and euer Loue thee more.]

It was an early imitation of "*Never love thee more.*" The original poem, "My dear and only Love, take heed how thou thy selfe dispose," preceded the *Marquis of Montrose's lines*, "My dear and only Love, I pray" (vi, p. 589); his second stanza begins, "Like *Alexander* I will reigne, and I will reigne alone."

Thackeray's List (p. lxx**), No. 275 is 'Robin Goodfellow.'

In 1878, we editorially in the introductory pages of our *Bagford Ballads*, and in *Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. viii, p. lxx**, identified the title with the admirable song attributed by Peck to Ben Jonson. Before the middle of the present century, it was illustrated by the unfortunate Richard Dadd (S. C. Hall's *Book of British Ballads*, p. 87, n. d.). It is well known, and begins, "From Oberon in Fairy-Land, the King of ghosts and shadows there." It was registered in 1615. Its title is 'The Mad Merry Pranks of Robin Good-Fellow': reprinted in W. Chappell's *Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. ii, p. 81, 1872. There had remained, hidden, unknown to the searchers, John Payne Collier or J. O. Halliwell, safe within our Oriel manuscript, *circa* 1656, a different ballad version of 'Robin Good-Fellow,' one beginning, "I [am] the King and Prince of Pharies." It was sung to the same tune as that of the original song (given by Joseph Ritson, and in *Popular Music*, p. 143). It is evidently an imitation of "From Oberon in Fairy-Land." A *Bagford* exemplar of the Oberon ballad holds this woodcut of the tattooed or painted particoloured nondescript, borrowed from John Bulwer's *Anthropometamorphosis*, the 1653 edition.

John Bulwer's apocryphal Indian, self-adorned fantastically, was mistakenly supposed to represent 'Robin Goodfellow.' It had less to do with Puck than with Caliban, whom drunken Stephano called 'a mooncalf.' Trinculo thought him 'a strange fish!'—"He smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of not of the newest Poor-John." Again: "This is no fish, but an islander." The Pict or painted Briton was his prototype, stained with woad; or stencilled like the men of Borneo, "a land that culture lacks: *Dyacks* are famed tattooing blacks!" So sang Andrew Lang, he who is 'never wrang.' (If we said this of Collier, some small men might bellow.) *The man is a seal-fisher, with his harpoon: he worships the Sun and also the Moon. He daubed himself over with black and with yellow; but was never truly a 'Robin Goodfellow.'*



Robin Good-fellow : the King of Pharies.

[TO ITS OWN PLEASANT TUNE OF, *Ho, ho, ho !* or, *Robin Goodfellow.*]

I Am the King and Prince of Pharies,
 Elves and Goblins, walking Sprights ;
 In darkest holes I play plegaries,
 In fields I make men lodge whole nights.
 In houses, too, mayds' workes I doe,
 When as they sleepe and little know :
And therefore I, both farre and nigh,
Am called 'ROBIN GOODFELLOW.'

I grinde their mault, I carde their wool,
 I fill their coppers fit to brew ;
 I let them make what drinke they will,
 Then I keep 't from working while 't is new.
 'T is all in sport, I doe noe hurt,
 In any place whereas I goe :
And therefore I, both far and nigh,
Am called 'ROBIN GOODFELLOW.'

By Lanthorne and by Candlelight
 I oft lead many out of the way,
 I whoope and I hallow in the night ;
 And I oft make men to goe astray.
 The Falk'ner's horn, O I haue it in turn,
 The Huntsman's hallo I doe know :
And when that I haue done this villany,
I leave them, laughing "Ho, ho, ho !"

When pritty Maydens goe to bed,
 And thinking for to take their rest,
 As heaue as a lumpe of lead
 I oft times sit vpon their breast.
 They can not speake, nor silence breake,
 Which makes them cry for very woe :
And when that I haue done this ploy,
I leave them, laughing "Ho, ho, ho !"

Sometimes in shape of hog or dog,
 Sometimes in shape of hare or hound,
 I oft lead men into many a bog,
 Then I twist and trowl about them round.
 Through brake and bryer, through dirt and mire,
 I lead them whilst their leggs can goe :
When Day draws nigh, then away I fly,
And leave them, laughing, "Ho, ho, ho !"

When pritty Ladds and Lasses meete,
 To make them sport with musique fine,
 I in their company doe them greet,
 I eate their cake and I sip their wine.
 To make them sport, I [grunt] and snort,
 Till all their candles out I blow :
Then I clipp and I kiss ! if they aske 'who 't is ?'
I leave them, laughing "Ho, ho, ho !"

‘Robin Goodfellow’ was named in the ballad of ‘How the Devil was gulled by a Scold,’ 1630 (compare *Introduction*, p. lxxxix**):

“*Tom Thumb* is not my subject, whom Fairies oft did aide,
Nor that mad spirit *Robin*, that plagues both wife and maid.”

Robin is drawn as a horned satyr, with his burning torch, and his besom (“to sweep the dust behind the door”: *Midsummer Night’s Dream*, Epilogue).

Cut appeared circa 1558, in *The Mad Merry Pranks of Robin Good-Fellow*. It was twice copied by J. W. E. on reduced scale for these *Roxburghe Ballads*: one version in 1883, vol. iv, p. 491; but utterly lost, with fourteen other blocks (i.e., lent to Dr. A. B. Grosart, of Blackburn, for his prospectus of the abortive *Puck Library*; woodcuts retained *sans cérémonie*, and never restored). Consequently, this Puck had to be engraved anew for vol. vi, and this page.

‘*Shakespeare’s Puck, and his Folkslore*,’ written by William Bell, Ph.D., 1852, holds a sketch of the picture. A better copy of it had been given five years earlier in that excellent volume called ‘*A Book of Roxburghe Ballads*, Edited by John Payne Collier, 1847,’ on p. 41 (with Gotham cut on his p. 126). The work was admirably edited, worthy of so competent a scholar, F.S.A., and genial man of the world. Forty-eight ballads were selected from the Roxburghe Collection, with woodcuts. Collier’s book formed our best prototype. The Ballad Society was not founded until twenty-one years later, with the promise to reprint completely all the *Roxburghe Ballads*: a promise now fulfilled.



Puck.—“And we Fairies, that do runne
By the triple *Hecate’s* teame,
From the presence of the Sunne,
Following darknesse like a dreame,
Now are frolick: not a mouse
Shall disturbe this hallowed house:
*I am sent with broome before,
To sweepe the dust behind the dore.*”

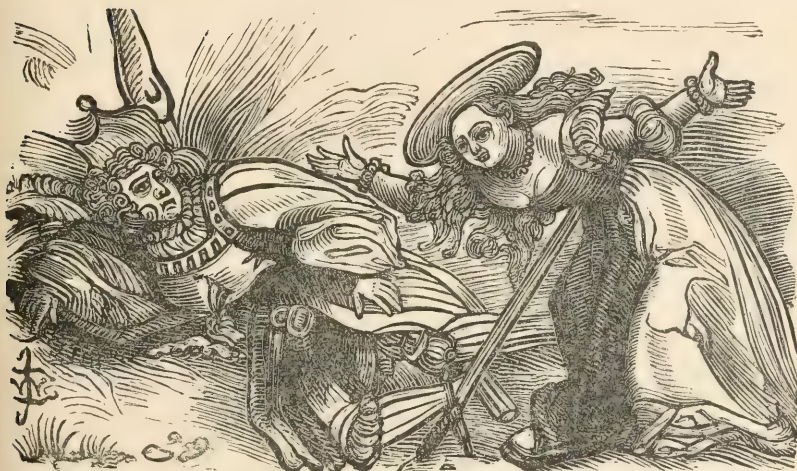


[Pepys Coll., 346; Jersey, 371; Huth, 64.]

Pyramus and Thisbe ; or, Love's Master-Piece.

Behold the downfall of two Lovers Dear,
And to their Memorys let fall a Tear ;
A sad mistake their Ruine did procure,
When as they thought their Friendship should endure.
O cruel Fate ! that cut them off in prime,
And for Enjoyment would afford no time.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Digby's Farewell*. [1673 : see vol. vi, 39.]



[“ Ad nomen *Thisbes* oculos, jam morte gravatos,
Pyramus crexit, visâque recondidit illa.”

—OVID: *Metamorphoseon*, iv, 146.]

W HEN all hearts did yeild unto *Cupid* as King,
And dying for Mistresses was no strange thing ;
When Maids without coyness did candidly deal,
And men lov'd with constancy, faith, and true zeal ;
There liv'd a fair pair of true Lovers in *Greece*,
Who have still bin accounted as Love's Master-piece.
The Youth was call'd *Pyramus*, *Thisbe* the Maid,
Their Love was immortal, and never decay'd.

But alas ! their affections were crost by sad Fate,
To wit, by the fewd and immoral debate [t. 'immortal.'
That had been fomented for many years' space
Between both their Families, and their whole Race.
Which made the fair couple, tho' scorch'd with Love's fire,
Still smother their flames, and conceal their desire :
They sigh'd still in private, and wept all alone,
And dar'd not discover a tear or a groan.

They sigh'd all the Night, and they gaz'd all the Day,
 Thus weeping and gazing and sighing away
 Their languishing Lives, which they spent all in tears,
 In sighs and in groans, and in amorous fears.
 And when the whole world was compos'd in a sleep,
 Their grief kept them waking to sigh and to weep.

Thus wand'ring all night, to the stars they complain
 Of hardship, of Fate, of their torments and pain.

But when they no longer those pains could endure,
 Their Love did begin for to seek out some Cure;
 And so they appointed one night for to meet
 In some neighbouring valley, and there for to greet,
 And thence fly away to some far distant Cave,
 To love at their leisure: contented to have
 The joys of each other, and there let Love's flame
 Burn quietly out without danger of blame.

And so, when that *Phæbus* had run out his Race,
 Fair *Thisbe* came first into the meeting-place.
 Impatient she stood, and expected her Dear,
 She thought that each moment he staid was a year.
 Then under a Mulberry-tree down she lies,
 But scarce was lay['d] down when she presently spies
 A grim and fierce Lyon, besmear'd all with blood,
 Came wand'ring down from the neighbouring wood.

Away run[s] the Nymph to a Cave in a fright,
 She flies, and her Mantle is lost in the flight;
 Which the blood [besmear'd] Lyon takes up in his pawes,
 He tears it, and then with the Raggs wipes his jawes. [!
 Soon after poor *Pyramus* came, for to find
 His long wish'd for *Thisbe*: but Fate prov'd unkind.
 For when divine joys he did hope for to have,
 He found but a winding-sheet, death, and cold Grave.

For when that he saw his Love's mantle all tore,
 Bedew'd all with blood, and besmear'd all with gore,
 And then saw the Lyon trot over the plain,
 He falsly concluded his *Thisbe* was slain.
 O who can express the vast torment and smart,
 The pangs and the anguish and grief of his heart?
 He made the Woods ring with his pitiful moanes,
 The Rocks and the Mountains did echo his groans.

"Alass!" (said *Pyramus*) "could she then find
 No help from the Gods? are they so unkind?
 Or else have they stole her away from our sight,
 And so rob'd the Earth to make Heaven more bright?
 O tell me, kind stars! come and tell me but where
 My *Thisbe* is gone, and I'll follow my dear.
 Two death-wounds already I bear in my breast,
 Once wounded by Love, and by grief now oppress.

Note.—In the foreign woodcut used by R. Wolfe, in *Pierce the Ploughman's Cryde*, 1553 (Grenville, 11,521), reproduced here, as in J. P. Collier's *Book of Roxb. Ballads*, p. 95, in 1847, *Thisbe* is about to fall on the sword of the dying *Pyramus*. The cut was used also in Geoffrey Fenton's *Monophylo*, 1572.

" I 'le weep out my life, and I 'le sigh out my soul :
I 'le groan for my Love till my carcase grows cold.
Her Mantle I 'le take for my sad winding-sheet,
In that mournful posture my *Thisbe* I 'le meet.
But a languishing death comes with too much delay,
Great grief is impatient of so long a stay.
I 'le make greater hast[e] to my Love !"—at which word
The Youth stab'd himself to the heart with his Sword.

By this time fair *Thisbe* was come from her Cave,
So pale that she ris like a Ghost from its Grave : [sic.
For when she her *Pyramus* dying did see,
She look'd much more like to a carcase than he.
You'd have thought that the Nymph wou'd before him have dy'd,
She fel[l] on his body, then mournfully cry'd :
" O why, my dear *Pyramus*, why so unkind ?
Why run you away, and leave *Thisbe* behind ?"

At *Thisbe's* sweet name the Youth lifts up his eyes,
He looks, and he sighs, and then shuts them and dyes :
He gaz'd till he dy'd ; then, content with the sight,
Away to *Elizium* his soul took its flight.
And *Thisbe* did after it presently flye,
She struggled and strove, and made haste for to dye,
And such haste she made in o'retaking her dear,
She ne're stay'd to complain, nor scarce drop a tear.

Her tender and gentle heart soon burst with grief,
And Death stole away her fair Soul like a thief.
Then down her cold body she lay by her Love,
Both pitty'd by all the kind Gods of the Grove ;
The amorous Turtles and Nightingales sung
Their Obsequies, and in sad notes their knell rung :
And each loving beast of the wood left its cave,
And came for to make the dead Lovers a grave.

London, Printed for *W. Thackeray*, *T. Passenger*, and *W. Whitwood*.

[B.-L. Three cuts: lovers, vi, 128 ; a lion, i, 175 ; girl, iv, 77. Date, c. 1673.]



¶ The Robin Goodfellow manuscript (p. cxi*) sent us back to the 'Puck' of '*A Midsummer Night's Dream*,' with the rehearsal by the "crew of patches, rude mechanicals, that work for bread upon Athenian stalls," of 'The most lamentable comedy and most cruel death of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*.' (See p. cxvi*, as to origin.)

Compare an early ballad on the same subject, in vol. i, p. 175, 'The Constancy of True Love: the untimely death of Two Faithful Lovers,' viz. *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*. It is unique, beginning, "In that faire fragrant month of May." (Reprinted in 1847 by J. P. Collier.) Theseus might have said of the ballad, as of Peter Quince's comedy, Moonshine and Lion being left to bury the dead: "Marry, if he that writ it had played *Pyramus* and hanged himself in *Thisbe's* garter, it would have been a fine tragedy." But one cannot find everything complete in this best of all possible worlds.

Ovid's *Metamorphoseon*, lib. iv, tells of Pyramus and Thisbe, how the white mulberry that grew beside the well or tomb of Ninus turned black with their blood.

"*Pyramus et Thisbe*, juvenum pulcherrimus alter,
Altera, quas *Oriens* habuit, praelata puellis,
Contiguas tenuere domos: ubi dicitur altam
Coctilibus muris cinxisse *Semiramis* urbem.
Notitiam, primosque gradus vicinia fecit."

The constancy of Thisbe entitled her to be enrolled by Chaucer in his 'Legende of Good Women,' where Thisbe fills lines 706-923.

"At *Babylon* quhilom fell it thus,
The quhiche toun the queen *Semyramus*
Did ditchen all about and walles make
Full high of hard tyles wel y-bake," etc.

"Of trewe men I fynde but few mo,
In alle my bookes, saue this *Pyramus*,
And therefore haue I spoken of him thus.
For it is dayntie for vs men to fynde
A man that can in loue be trewe and kynde.
Here may ye se, quhat louere so he be,
A woman dare and can as well as he."

In the Stationers' Company Registers, A. fol. 92, July, 1563, Wm. Greffethe was licensed 'for pryntinge of a boke intituled PERYMUS and THESBYE' [*sic*]. Probably this is the *Boke of P. and T.* which was printed in B.-L. for T. Hacket. Arthur Golding translated Ovid's *Metam.*, lib. i-iv, in 1565. In 1578 T. P., probably Thomas Proctor, 'builded up' '*A Gorgious Gallery of gallant Inventions*, garnished and decked with diuers dayntie deuises,' printed for Richard Jones. It holds a poem of 470 lines entitled 'The History of Pyramus and Thisbe, truly translated' ('*In Babilon*, a statly seate'), with 'The lamentacion of *Pyramus*, for the losse of his Loue *Thisbie*,' beginning thus:—

"This is the day wherein my irksome life,
And I of liuely breath, the last shall spend:
Nor death I dread, for fled is feare, care, strife,
Daunger and all, whereon they did depend:
Thisbie is dead, and *Pirame* at his ende,
For neuer shall reporte hereafter say
That *Pyrame* lyu'de, his Lady ta'ne away."

Dunster Gale's poem of 'Pyramus and Thisbe,' completed in 1596, treated the subject simultaneously with Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

These lines in Gale's poem tell of Pyramus, believing that Thisbe is slain:—

"Resolv'd to die, he sought the pointed blade,
Which erst his hand had cast into the shade:
And see, proud Chance, fell Murther's chiefest frend,
Had pitcht the blade right upwards on the end,
Which being loth from murther to depart
Stood on the hilt, point blanke against his hart:
At which he smil'd, and checkt his fearefull hand
That stubbornely resisted his command." Etc.

Also *circa* 1596, in Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, Act v, Jessica speaks of Thisbe who "Saw the Lion's shadow ere himselfe, and ranne dismayed away."

In 'A new Sonnet of *Pyramus and Thisbe*,' the rhythm is identical with that of

"A tedious brief scene of Young *Pyramus*, [Mid. N.D., v.
And his love *Thisbe*: very tragical mirth."

[Trowbesh Transcript, from the unique *Handefull*, B.-L., 1584.]

A New Sonet of Pyramus and Thisbie.

To the [Tune of], *The Downe-right Squier*.

YOU Dames (I say) that climbe the mount of *Helicon*.
Come on with me, and giue account what hath been don ;
Come, tell the chaunce, ye Muses all, and dolefull newes,
Which on these Louers did befall, which I accuse.
In *Babylon*, not long agone, a noble Prince did dwell,
Whose daughter bright dim'd ech one's sight, so farre she did excel.

An other Lord of high renowne, who had a sonne,
And dwelling there within the towne, great loue begunne :
Pyramus this noble Knight, I tell you true :
Who with the love of *Thisbie* bright did cares reneue.
It came to passe, their secrets was beknowne unto them both ;
And then in minde they place do finde, where they their loue unclothe.

This loue they use long tract of time, till it befell,
At last they promised to meet at prime, by *Ninus* well : [text, 'Minus.'
Where they might louingly imbrace, in loue's delight,
That he might see his *Thisbie*'s face, and she his sight :
In ioyful case, she approacht the place, where she her *Pyramus*
Had thought to ha' view'd, but [grief] renew'd, to them most dolorous.

Thus while she staid for *Pyramus*, there did proceed
Out of the wood a Lion fierce, made *Thisbie* dread :
And as in haste she fled awaie, her mantle fine
The Lion tare in stead of praie, till that the time
That *Pyramus* proceeded thus, and see how Lion tare
The mantle this of *Thisbie* his, he desperately doth fare.

For why, he thought the lion had faire *Thisbie* slain ;
And then the beast with his bright blade he slew certaine.
Then made he mone and said : " Alas ! (O wretched wight !)
Now art thou in a woful case, for *Thisbie* bright.
Oh Gods aboue ! my faithfull loue shall neuer faile this need :
For this my breath by fatal death shal weaue *Atropos* threed."

Then from his sheathe he drew his blade, and to his h[e]art
He thrust the point, and life did vade, with painfull smart.
Then *Thisbie* she from cabin came, with pleasure great,
And to the well apase she ran, there for to treat,
And to discusse, to *Pyramus*, of al his former feares ;
And when slaine she, found him truly, she shed forth bitter teares.

When sorrow great that she had made, she took in hand
The bloudie Knife, to end her Life, by fat[e ill-pl]an'd. [t. 'fatal hand.'
You Ladies all, peruse and see, the faithfulnessse,
How these two Louers did agree to die in [their] distresse :
You Muses, waile, and do not faile, but still do you lament
These Louers twaine, who with such paine did die so well content.

Finis.

I. Tomson.

" Like *Piramus* I sigh and grone, whom stonie wals kept from his love."

— C. Robinson's *Handefull of Pleasant Delites*, 1565, 1584.

¶ The burlesque view of Pyramus and Thisbe that is taken in ‘*A Midsummer Night’s Dream*,’ in 1596, is so entirely different from the treatment of them by Chaucer in his ‘*Legend of Good Women*,’ that we recall to memory how Shakespeare had elsewhere, in that marvellous play ‘*Troilus and Cressida*,’ designedly gone counter to the ideas of Chaucer.

It appears to have been written, not for the ‘bisson multitude,’ but for the delight of a few friends and himself. (“*Neuer stal’d with the Stage, neuer clapper-clawd with the palmes of the vulger*,” *sic*, according to the Preface in G. Eld’s printed quarto of 1609; but this assertion is contradicted in the other quarto of same date and publishers: it differs in title-page, stating that it is printed ‘As it was acted by the King’s Majesties servants at the Globe.’) We know not how much influence on the production had been exerted by a previous play of the same name. Possibly it was the one composed by Dekker and Chettle in 1599, according to Henslowe’s Diary (unless a fraudulent entry); recorded in Stationers’ Registers, 7 Feb., 160 $\frac{2}{3}$ as ‘the booke of *Troilus and Cresseda*, as yt is acted by my lord Chamberlen’s Men.’ Entered to Master Robertes, ‘to print when he hath gotten sufficient authority for yt.’ Seeing that, in 1600, James Roberts printed his own less trusty edition of *A Midsummer Night’s Dream* (Thomas Fisher’s being the better one), it is not improbable that Roberts had obtained surreptitiously a rough draft of Shakespeare’s play, and that it was stayed from publication. There must have been some unexplained difficulty about the particular play, causing confusion at the printing-office in 162 $\frac{2}{3}$, when it was suddenly interpolated betwixt the ‘Histories’ and the ‘Tragedies,’ in the First Folio: leaving a token of disorganization in two wrong page-numbers (79, 80), and the absence thereafter of any page-number whatever, or usual signatures.

The one certainty is this, that Shakespeare took his own bold, manly view of the Siege of Troy, as opposed alike to the sham classicism of George Chapman and the mediæval sentimentalism of Chaucer’s ideal Cresseide. Hector and the Trojans at last achieved just retrieval from Homeric humiliation; Achilles was degraded; and the mutual jealousies of the Greeks found exposure.

Troilus and Cressida.

I REMEMBER, I remember, how from Shakespeare’s world of men
That new κόσμος of Troy’s Downfall arose grandly on my ken;
Much I prized the Master’s wondrous skill, redressing Homer’s themes,
Since the heroes lived again in song, more dazzling than our dreams.

I remember, I remember, how with his Ithuriel spear
He had touched and spurned Achilles, who was, toad-like, squatting near;
Shewn him boastful, yet a dastard, a mere foil to Hector’s truth;
Shewn the ardent Troilus, loving, with the fearless trust of youth.

I remember, I remember, Chaucer’s Ghost was much displeased
At the treatment of his ‘Cresseide,’ and could not be appeased;
The pedantry of College dons took umbrage at the play,
And there are not yet ten persons do it justice to this day.

I remember, I remember, that for years I hoped to find
A fair maid to share my studies, young, and with congenial mind:
Next century she may be born, and then we both can wait,
Quite content if we two never meet the other gifted Eight.

Shakespeare detected the innate wantonness of Cressida:

"A woman of quick sense."—"Fie, fie upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body."

Even Chaucer, who tells of her sorrows, separates her from his 'Good Women,' as the heroine of '*Troilus and Cresseide*.'

His 'Legende of Good Women' gives these nine histories, Thisbe being second:

1. Cleopatra (line 580): "After the deth of *Tholome* [*Ptholome*] the kyng."
2. Thisbe of Babilon (begins on line 706): "At *Babiloyne* whilom fell it thus."
3. Dido, Queen of Carthage (924): "Glory and honour *Virgile Mantouan*."
4. Hypsipyle and Medea (1,368): "Thou root of false louers, Duk *Iason*."
5. Lucrece (1,680): "Now mote I seyn the exilynge of kyngis."
6. Ariadne (1,886): "Iuge infernal *Minos* of *Greece* kyng."
7. Philomene (2,228): "Thou giver of the formes that hast wrought."
8. Phillis (2,394): "By prof as wele as by Auctorite."
9. Hypermnestra (2,562): "In *Greece* whilom weren bretheryn two."

Legende ends on line 2,733. (*Chaucer's Minor Poems*: Chaucer Soc., 1879.)

Unstinted ought to be the praise here and elsewhere accorded to the admirable parallel six-texts edition of the CHAUCER SOCIETY (beginning, like the Ballad Society, in 1868, it languishes under the inadequacy of funds). No richer gifts than these parallel texts were ever given to scholars who love "the morning star of song"—

"Dan CHAUCER, the first warbler, whose sweet breath
Preluded those melodious bursts that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still."

They are the magnificent oblong folios, containing in parallel columns the six-fold text of '*The Canterbury Tales*' (from the MSS. Ellesmere, Lansdowne, Hengwrt, Corpus Coll. Oxford, Cambridge University, Petworth, and also the Harleian, No. 7,334). To which add, not only the corresponding separate texts conveniently reissued in 8vo., but the inestimable six-fold texts of *Chaucer's Minor Poems*, and his '*Troilus*.' No truly great library of early English literature is complete without the Chaucer Society's First Series.

In Second Series, the one blot, and weariness to the flesh, an exploit of impotence and verbosity, is the awful *Cauchemar* by Alfred J. Ellis, on *Early English Pronunciation*, with especial reference to Chaucer and Shakespeare. Perusal of it can be inflicted as punishment on criminals in penal settlements.

"He sat, indeed, at early morn, beside the fountains of the light;
But, blanker than a babe new-born, he look'd on day, and made it night.
Yet this big dullard, leaden-eyed, hath paper, type, and gilding got;
And drops, the mud-barge, down the tide, where the immortal galleys float."

Chaucer's 'Good Women' bring to our remembrance those quite different articles, the 'FEMALE RAMBLERS' of *Roxburghe Ballads* (pp. 641-726 hereafter following). They were not welcomed into the late honoured Laureate's 'Dream of Fair Women'; but they recede into one distinctly remote, our later 'Night-Mare Vision.'

The Dream of Un-fair Women.

(In remembrance of Roxburghe Collection 'Female Ramblers,' p. 641.)

I READ (for 'Constant Thisbe's' fatal lapse)
 "The Legend of Good Women." They were Nine.
 The Poet could not muster more of them, perhaps,
 Or make them well combine.

Yet he was CHAUCER: few with him could vie
 In knowledge of each varied rank in life:
 He told of Pilgrimage in days gone by,
 With Bath's oft-married Wife.

Folk said that Chaucer laboured to eke out
 These stories of Good-Women, a full score!
 It could not be. The stock ran short. Some doubt
 Whether ten lived, of yore.

Else had he chronicled another one,
 Yet four were suicides: Love was the cause
 Of woe to all of them, till life was gone,
 Withouten any pause.

Nothing was left to Dido but despair;
 From Bacchus, Ariadne did not shrink
 When Theseus left her (scholiasts declare
 This means—she took to drink).

Of Cleopatra's goodness the report
 Sent by Octavia, the deserted wife
 Of valiant Antony, is harsh and short:
 It says, "She spoiled his life."

As to Lucrece? well, well, she died too late:
 Death previous to dishonour had been good,
 But to submit to outrage was vile fate:
 Stains are not cleansed in blood.

Medea gleams more grandly than the pale
 Hypsipyle; rash Progne casts a slur
 On th' undeceased-wife's sister, Nightingale,
 Poor Philomēna. Whirr!

Phyllis none care for: there remain but two,
 The 'constant Thisbe' and that loving bride
 IIght Hypermnestra, who, when others slew
 Their lords, her own did hide.

*Lo ! in late years our TENNYSON retraced
The antique lines, and told with wondrous charm
His own Dream of Fair Women, and embraced
Each one with loving arm.*

*Transcending praise, it thrills ; and shall keep hold
While purest poësy finds worshippers.
He who presumes to mock it must be bold,
Profanest of vile curs.*

*Yet, ah ! the Sex so tiresome has grown
That ‘Audi alteram partem !’ need be heard :
This one ‘Dream of Fair Women’ being shewn,
The contrast is inferr’d.*

*“ The Tale of Un-fair Women ” were too vast,
Voluminous, unending, harrowing, sad :
Who dare the light on that dark chapter cast,
And not be stricken mad ?*

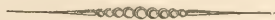
*Not ours the hand of the iconoclast
To smite the idol down ; to hurl the stone :
Since she who tempteth first to sin, or last,
Is rightly overthrown.*

*Not her we blame, frail victim of man’s lust,
Crushed to submit, or, when revolting, scourged ;
But her, the unholy breaker of sworn trust,
By whomsoever urged.*

*She takes men’s homage as her due, perforce ;
Thankless and fickle and perversely vain,
She lures with modest smile, or gestures coarse :
Then turns, and frowns disdain.*

*Pleasure and sordid Greed her henchmen are ;
To a Fool’s-Paradise she guides her dupes :
Ecultant, when they perish, near or far,
Her myriad martyred troops.*

*Un-fair ! Albeit with beauteous face and form
She rules her abject slaves, behind her mask
That seems angelic pure and sweet and warm,
What is she ? Need we ask ?*



The cruel ingratitude of 'my Ladie Greensleeves' was shewn in the *Handefull of Pleasant Delites*, 1565. Nashe named the tune, in 1577.

A new Courtly Sonet of the Lady Greensleeves.

TO THE NEW TUNE OF, *Greensleeves*. [See pp. 746, 837].

*Greensleeves was all my ioy, Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my hart of gold, and who but my Ladie Greensleeves.*

A Las, my Loue, ye do me wrong, to cast me off discourteously ;
And I have loued you so long, delighting in your companie.
Greensleeves was all my ioy, Greensleeves was my delight, etc. [Passim.]

I haue been readie at your hand, to grant what euer you would craue ;
I haue both waged life and land, your loue and good will for to haue.

I bought thee kerchers to thy head, that were wrought fine and gallantly ;
I kept thee both at board and bed, which cost my purse wel fauouredly.

I bought thee petticoates of the best, the cloth so fine as fine might be ;
I gaue thee jewels for thy chest, and all this cost I spent on thee.

Thy Smock of silk, both faire and white, with gold embrodered gorgeously,
Thy peticote of Sendall right ; and thus I bought thee gladly. [thin silk.]

Thy girdle [was] of gold so red, with pearles bedecked sumptuously,
The like no other lasses had : *and yet thou would'st not loue me !*

Thy purse, and eke thy gay guilt kniues, thy pincase gallant to the cie,
No better wore the Burgesse wiues : and yet thou would'st not loue me.

Thy crinson Stockings all of silk, with golde all wrought about the knee,
Thy pumps as white as was the milk : and yet thou would'st not loue me.

Thy Gown was of the grassie green, thy sleeves of Satten hanging by :
Which made thee be our haruest Queen : and yet thou would'st not loue me.

Thy Garters fringed with the golde, and siluer aglets hanging by,
Which made thee blithe for to beholde : and yet thou would'st not loue me.

My gayest Gelding I thee gaue, to ride where euer liked thee ;
No Ladie euer was so braue : and yet thou would'st not loue me.

My men were clothed all in green, and they did euer wait on thee :
All this was gallant to be seen : and yet thou would'st not loue me.

They set thee up, they tooke thee downe, they serued thee with humilitie ;
Thy foote might not once touch the ground : and yet thou would'st not loue me.

For euerie morning, when thou rose, I sent thee dainties orderly,
To cheare thy stomack from all woes : and yet thou would'st not loue me.

Thou could'st desire no earthly thing, but still thou had'st it readily ;
Thy musicke still to play and sing : and yet thou would'st not loue me.

And who did pay for all this geare, that thou did'st spend when pleased thee ?
Even I that am rejected here, and thou disdainest to loue me.

Well, I will pray to God on hie that thou my constancie mai'st see ;
And that yet once before I die, thou wilt vouchsafe to loue me.

Greensleeves, now farewell, adue ! God I pray to prosper thee :
For I am still thy louer true ; come once againe and loue me.

*Greensleeves was all my ioy, Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my hart of gold, and who but my Ladie Greensleeves !*

Finis.

¶ The tune of *Tell me, ye wand'ring spirits of the air* (music by Henry Lawes, in *Select Ayres*, 1659), was mentioned on p. lvi*** of our *General Introduction*. One broadside of the ballad bears Sam Sheppard's initials (*cf. Introd.*, p. civ***; and pp. xlvii*, cxlviii*, of this *Pref. Note*: also pp. 678, 861).

Lobe's Mistresse; or, Nature's Rarity.

TELL me, ye wand'ring Spirits of the Air,
Did you e'er see a Nymph more bright, more faire,
Than Beauty's darling, and her parts more sweet?
Then feel content, if such a one you meet.
Wait on her early, wheresoe'er she flies,
And cry, and cry, '*Amyntas* for her absence dyes.'

But stay a while, I have inform'd you ill;
Were she on earth she had been with me still.
Fly, fly to heaven, examine every sphere,
And see what star is lately fixed there;
If any brighter than the sun you see,
Fall down, fall down and worship: *that is she!*

S[amuel] S[heppard].

Also on p. lvi*** was briefly mentioned a curious and unique broadside ballad, contemporary, sung to the same tune. A. S., author of the words, told no more than two-thirds of the truth, in his signature. Title, argument, and two stanzas (first and last), probably suffice, instead of the twelve, for reference.

**The Mournfull Shepherdesse of Arcadiash [*sic*]; or,
The solitary sollitudes of the Matchlesse Shepherdesse:**

Whose earthly joy did shine with luster bright,
But now 's eclips'd and turn'd to dismall night.

The Tune is, *Tell me, you wand'ring Spirits*, etc.

“**A**ssist me, Muses, with your power divine,
To protract out the sable plaints of mine,
Melpominy direct my warbling quill,
Descending down from High *Parnassus* hill,
And sing in queers [=choirs] a heavenly harmony,
Whilst I, whilst I, for want of CLORA, die.”

[This is a sequel of S. S.'s song. Here is the final stanza of the second part.]

“Oh! that my date were out, my time were near,
That I might meet him whom I love so dear,
In high *Olimpus* heaven's celestial throne
(A place prepar'd for blessed Saints alone).
The world is sin, and naughty [grown] beside:
O that, O that my death had been when CLORA died.”

By A. S. [*Sic. Cactera desunt.*]

Printed for *Fran. Grove* on *Snow-hill*. [Black-letter, circa 1656.]

To the composer of the music, his friend Lawes, Milton wrote a sonnet:

“*Harry*, whose tuneful and well-measured song
First taught our *English* music how to span
Words with just note and accent,” etc.



"The Hunt is up, the Hunt is up, and now it is almost day!
He that is wooing another man's wife, 't is time to hasten away."

¶ Note added to the 'New Sonet,' p. cxvii*.

It is absolutely certain that Shakespeare knew Clement Robinson's *Handefull of Pleasant Delites*, 1584. (See *Bagford Bds.*, p. 42, 1876.)

It is quoted in his 'Hamlet,' when Ophelia distributes flowers. The *Handefull* has "A Nosegaie lacking flowers fresh to you now I do send," with these lines:—

"*Lauender* is for louers true, which euermore be faine: "

"*Rosemarie* is for remembrance between vs daye and night."

"*Fenel* is for flatterers, an euil thing it is sure."

"*Violet* is for faithfulness, which in me shall abide."

"*Marigolds* is for marriage." (Compare pp. 749 and cxix*.)

This explains the impulse of Ophelia to bestow fennel on the flatterer Claudius, husband of Queen Gertrude: while sane, Ophelia had concealed her abhorrence.

Ophelia.—"There's *Rosemary*, that's for remembrance: pray you, love, remember: and there is *Pansies*, that's for thoughts. There's *Fennel* for you, and *Columbines*: there's *Rue* for you . . . There's a *Daisy*: I would give you some *Violets*, but they withered all when my father died."—*Hamlet*, iv, 5.

We have shewn in our GENERAL INTRODUCTION to the First Division of Vol. VIII that many so-called 'Scottish Traditional Ballads,' presumably antique, were fraudulent. Thus R. S. Hawker, vicar of Morwenstowe, Cornwall, imposed his forgery "And shall Trelawney die?" on Lord Macaulay. Many similar falsehoods have escaped detection. True words were written by Andrew Lang in 1890:—

"Concerning another ballad in the '*Minstrelsy*'—'Auld Maitland'—Professor Child has expressed a suspicion which most readers feel. What Scott told Ellis about it (Autumn, 1802) was, that he got it in the [Ettrick] Forest, 'copied down from the recitation of an old shepherd by a country farmer.' Who was the farmer? Will Laidlaw had employed James Hogg, as shepherd. Hogg's mother chanted 'Auld Maitland.' Hogg first met Scott in the Summer of 1801. The Shepherd had already seen the first volume of the *Minstrelsy*. [*Doubtful*: it can have been only partially in sheets at that date.—Ed.] Did he, thereupon, write 'Auld Maitland,' teach his mother it, and induce Laidlaw to take it down from her recitation? The old lady said she got it from Andrew Moir, who had it 'frae auld Baby Mettlin, who was said to have been another nor a gude ane.' But we have Hogg's own statement that 'aiblins ma gran'-mither was an unco leear,' and this quality may have been hereditary. On the other side, Hogg could hardly have held his tongue about the forgery, if forgery it was, when he wrote his '*Domestic Manners and Private Life of Sir Walter Scott*' (1834). The whole investigation is a little depressing, and makes one very shy of unauthenticated Ballads."—*Old Friends*, pp. 204, 205.

Wm. E. Aytoun doubted that 'Auld Maitland' was genuine: see his *Ballads of Scotland*, ii, 2, 3, 1858. We firmly believe it to be fraudulent.

Compare what was written editorially in 1883 (vol. iv, p. 486) on the inaccuracy of modern editions of *Legendary Ballads of England and Scotland*. One voluminous and costly work in five vols., 4to., surpasses all others in its wholesale and indiscriminate acceptance of the most worthless forgeries and frauds. Similarly, the African magician beguiled the Princess Badroulbador, wife of Aladdin, to surrender the true text, 'La Lampe merveilleuse' of M. Galland's translation: "*Qui veut changer de veilles lampes pour des neuves?*" Old lamps, like old wine, old books, and old friends, were better than the new.

"Year after year the inaccurate and adulterated texts of *Legendary Ballads of England and Scotland* are reissued, with little of editorial care, but they give at best an illusory picture of a vague, indeterminate Past. Exquisite are some of them, considered as romantic poetry, but they cannot bear the test of antiquarian search, as genuine records of events. Our *Bagford Ballads* and *Roxburghe Ballads*, making small claim to poetic inspiration, are truthful in revealing many types of actual people, for the most part belonging to the lowlier classes, elsewhere neglected, with young citizens and maidens of the middle ranks. The history of the English people is bound up in them. They are the only detailed newspapers of the time, and no amount of pains will be too great to expend in reproducing them all, if it be possible, with the utmost exactitude."—*Ballad Society's Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. iv, p. 487, 1883.

Among our *Roxburghe Ballads*, 1,800 reprinted entire, very few are without value as furnishing portraiture of the Stuart times. Fewer still, if any, were irredeemable, either in their intent or language, that fell to the later editor. None were totally inadmissible. Let it be remembered that these costly volumes, like '*The Drolleries of the Restoration*,' and the excellent translations from the Arabic by John Payne, printed by Messrs. Austin & Sons for the Villon Society, were not intended for modest Newnham: not even for Girton, or for clubs of self-styled women-writers, who, holding 'advanced' opinions, walk backwards.

Unsexed women are the worst possible guides to young girls and to men.

No one can revere the modest purity of maidenhood more than ourselves. Their virginal sweetness and innocence deserve our love and homage. Girls ought to be guarded from the knowledge of wickedness and sin. Their angels are twain :

"Faith, on whose breast the Loves repose,
Whose chain of flowers no force can sever,
And Modesty, who, when she goes, is gone for ever."

Thus had Walter Savage Landor confirmed a warning in Seneca's *Agamemnon* :

"*Periere mores, jus, decus, pietas, fides,
Et, qui redire, cum perit, nescit, Pudor !*"

But all books are not left open to girls. Mrs. Aph'ra Behn's novels and comedies appear tame in comparison with modern English impurities of drama or fiction, suitable alone for the *demi-monde* and its admirers ; not for *les jeunes filles d'Angleterre*. Scanty is the literary diet of their mothers, who cannot be allowed to read what their daughters devour 'at the club.' To them we say, with the Doctor in *Macbeth*, Act v : "Go to, go to ; you have known what you should not." Like the 'Gentlemen-Rankers' in the Army, they have gone wrong :

"We have done with Hope and Honour, we are lost to Love and Truth,
We are dropping down the ladder rung by rung,
And the measure of our torment is the measure of our youth :
God help us, for we knew the worst too young !"

With Marius Duchamp, in his *chanson*, '*Le Fruit Défendu*,' we perfectly agree :

"*Sexe charmant, que j'honore et que j'aime,
Permettez-moi d'ici vous mettre en jeu :
Observez-vous, tâchez dans le carême,
N'avoir jamais l'oubli des lois de Dieu.*"

Of Aph'ra Behn's charming songs we have written plainly on p. 856. In her "*Damon*, if you'd have me true," she sings thus, with amorous warmth :—

"A Lover true, a Maid sincere, are to be prized as things divine ;
'T is Justice makes the blessing dear, Justice of Love without design :
And she that reigns not in a heart alone
Is never safe or easy on her throne."

Restoration literature was admittedly outspoken, but Cavaliers remained true at heart, whatever Court fashions might prevail.

We quit Charles the Second 'without prejudice,' a man more sinned against than sinning. *Vive le Roi !* Each age has had its own liberal share of follies and vices ; but the dull vulgar brutality of the Eighteenth Century reached a degradation of the lower type. The very "morality" was deadly. It was a stagnant cesspool. Hogarth shews men of England grovelling in sordid vices, proud of their own littleness. Our national character had become debased. The first thrill of the French Revolution, in 1789, awakened the slumbering conscience. Since that time our song-writers and the people have cherished higher aspirations—Coleridge, Wordsworth, Scott, Byron, Shelley, Landor, and Keats, on to '*Festus*' Bailey, Swinburne, D. G. Rossetti, Browning, Matthew Arnold, and Tennyson in the century that has followed. Honour be to them !

We cannot afford to forget the events of two hundred and sixty years ago. The Great Civil War of the Stuarts remains, for good or for ill, the best lesson of history. Thereby we learned what rebellious Puritans are, at their worst. 'Evil beasts, slow bellies,' 'as certain of their own Poets,' Milton, had said of them ;

"License they mean when they cry 'Liberty !'"

Let loyal Cavaliers be true to their Oak-leaves of Twenty-ninth of May. And let them study the wholesome warnings of the *Roxburghe Ballads*. They were, except a few earlier, strictly contemporary with the Stuart rule in England.



[Cuts belong to ‘The Maid’s Comfort’ and ‘Merry Cuckold’ on pp. cxxix*, cxxxii*.]

We abate a grievance recorded on p. 749, by restoring W. C.’s two cancelled *Roxburghe Ballads*. At them in 1872 a narrow-minded Pen. and Or. skipper (our emblematic Piggwiggy, p. xc*) had sniffed and grunted disapprobation. He accounted ominous any summons to “Looke Out!” (p. cxxiv*). He was always scenting impurity, and whatever he touched or read became thereby defiled.

In 1866, the author of *Atalanta in Calydon* wrote thus:—

“I have never lusted after the praise of reviewers; I have never feared their abuse; but I would fain know why the vultures should gather here of all places: what congenial carrion they smell, who can discern such (it is alleged) in any rose-bed.”—*Notes on Poems and Reviews*, 1866, p. 7. He quotes the warning—

“J’en prévien les mères des familles,
Ce que j’écris n’est pas pour les petites filles
Dont on coupe le pain en tartines; mes vers
Sont des vers de jeune homme.”

He had met with harsh treatment from hireling critics, whom Tennyson scorned, and upbraided roundly in his Hendecasyllabic ‘*Experiments*,’ 1860:

“O you chorus of indolent reviewers!
Irresponsible, indolent reviewers!”

The cheap-journalistic critic is the Sapper of Literature, who respects nothing:

“Malgré qu’ nous soyons en carême,
Rien n’est sacré, rien n’est sacré pour un Sapeur!”

Students of early literature abhor expurgated editions, and flout the squeamish prudery that, while it admitted both 'Cuckold's Haven' (vol. i, 151) and 'The Cuckoo of the Times' (vol. iii, p. 511), would have excluded 'A Merry Cuckold' (see p. cxxxii*), or any allusions to 'The Bull's Feather' (for which return to vol. iii, pp. 418, 682):

"Sent to all merry cuckolds who think it no scorn
To wear the Bull's Feather though made of a Horn."

Shakespeare's Comedies hold many jests about these cornuted men: "Master Dombledon hath the horn of Abundance." Thus, in *Much Ado*, Act v, scene 1: "But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?" He himself declares, "there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn." In the Forest of Arden the huntsmen sang, defiantly:—

"Take thou no scorn to wear the horn,
It was a crest ere thou wast born:
Thy fathers' father wore it; and thy father bore it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn."

Amid the springtide freshness of *Love's Labour's Lost*, "When daisies pied, and violets blue, and lady-smocks all silver white, And Cuckoo-buds of yellow hue, do paint the meadows with delight," we learn that

"The Cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo, Cuckoo, 'Cuckoo!' O word of fear!
Unpleasing to a married ear."

Andrew Borde's *Merie Tales of the Mad Men of Gotham* (sic) told how distasteful the bird was unto them, who feared to hear the truth spoken aloud. So one of the Gothamites tried to build a hedge, high enough to enclose it, but the Cuckoo flew away prematurely. Their interchange of compliments is brief. (See p. cxlv*, the woodcut mentioned on p. 747 of 'Additional Notes'.)

Similarly distasteful to the cry of "Cuckoo" were sly hints that the husband need study the Horn-Book. The irate termagant, false to her marriage-vows, wields either the ferula (cf. p. 737), or a wooden ladle, as in the 'Merry Cuckold' (p. cxxxi*). Watch a lady driving, sawing the mouth of her unhappy steed, incessantly slashing with her whip: thus learn what awaits a henpecked husband.



[Roxburghe Collection, I, 242; unique. Displaced from vol. ii, 115.]

**The Maid's Comfort; Or,
The Kinde young Man, who, as many haue said,
Sweet comfort did yield to a comfortlesse Maid.**

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE.



Downe in a Garden sits my dearest Loue,
Her skin more white th[a]n is the Downe of Swan;
More tender-hearted th[a]n the Turtle Doue, [text, 'then.']
And farre more kinde th[a]n is the Pellican.
I courted her; she, blushing, rose and said,
"Why was I borne to liue and dye a Maid?"

"If that be all your griefe, my Sweet," said I,
"I soone shall ease you of your care and paine,
Yeelding a meane to cure your miserie
That you no more shall cause haue to complaine:
Then be content, Sweeting," to her I said:
"Be rul'd by me, thou shalt not dye a Maid."

"A Medicine for thy griefe I can procure,
Then wayle no more (my Sweet), in discontent;
My loue to thee for euer shall endure,
I'le giue no cause whereby thou should'st repent
The Match we make; for I will constant proue
To thee, my Sweeting and my dearest Loue."

Compare *Corrigendr*, p. clxxx*. On p. 749 of *Additional Notes*, in the present volume, is reprinted the foundation poem of 'The Marigold,' ante 1651.

"Then sigh no more, but wipe thy wat'ry eyes;
 Be not perplext, my Honey, at the heart:
 Thy beautie doth my heart and thoughts surprise,
 Then yeeld me loue, to end my burning smart.
 Shrinke not from me, my bonny Loue," I said,
 "For I haue vow'd thou shalt not dye a Maid.

"Pitty it were, so faire a one as you,
 Adorn'd with Nature's chiefest Ornaments,
 Should languish thus in paine; I tell you true,
 Yeelding in loue, all danger still preuents:
 Then seeme not coy, nor, Loue, be not afraid,
 But yeeld to me: thou shalt not dye a Maid.

"Yeeld me some comfort, Sweeting, I entreat,
 For I am now tormented at the heart;
 My affection's pure, my loue to thee is great,
 Which makes me thus my thoughts to thee impart:
 I loue thee deare, and shall doe euermore;
 O pittie me! for loue I now implore."

For her I pluckt a pretty Marigold,
 Whose leaues shut vp euen with the Euening Sunne,
 Saying: "Sweet-heart, looke now and doe behold
 A pretty Riddle here in 't to be showne:
 This Leafe shut in, euen like a Cloyst'red Nunne,
 Yet will it open when it feels the Sunne."

"What meane you by this Riddle, Sir?" she said;
 "I pray expound it." Then he thus began:

"Women were made for Men, and Men for Maids."
 With that she chang'd her colour, and lookt wan.
 "Since you this Riddle to me so well haue told,
 Be you my Sunne, I'le be your Marigold."

The Second Part, To THE SAME TUNE.

I Gaue consent, and thereto did agree
 To sport with her within that louely Bower;
 I pleased her, and she likewise pleas'd mee—
Joue found such pleasures in a golden Shower. [With *Danae*.
 Our Sports being ended, then she, blushing, said,
 "I haue my wish, for now I am no Maid.

"But, Sir" (quoth she), "from me you must not part,
 Your companie so well I doe affect;
 My loue you haue, now you haue won my heart,
 Your louing selfe for euer I respect:
 Then goe not from me, gentle Sir" (quoth she),
 "'T is death to part, my gentle Loue, from thee.

"The kindnesse you, good Sir, to me haue showne,
 Shall neuer be forgot, whiles Life remains:
 Grant me thy loue, and I will be thine owne;
 Yeeld her reliefe, that now for loue complaines.
 O leaue me not, to languish in despaire,
 But stay with me, to ease my heart of care.

"Your Marigold for euer I will be;
Be you my Sunne: 'tis all I doe desire.
Your heating beames yeeld comfort unto me,
My loue to you is fervent and entire:
Let yours, good Sir, I pray, be so to me,
For I hold you my chiefe felicitie.

"Content within your companie I finde;
Yeeld me some comfort, gentle Sir, I pray,
To ease my griefe and my tormented minde:
My loue is firme, and neuer shall decay.
So constant still (my Sweet), I 'le prove to you,
Loyall in thoughts, my loue shall still be true."

"Content thy selfe" (quoth he), "my onely Deare,
In loue to thee I will remaine as pure
As Turtle to her Mate: to thee I sweare
My constant loue for euer shall endure:
Then weep no more, sweet comfort I 'le thee yeeld,
Thy beauteous Face my heart with loue hath fill'd."

Comfort she found, and straight was made a Wife;
It was the onely thing she did desire:
And she enioyes a Man loues her as life,
And will doe euer, till his date expire.
And this for truth, report hath to me told,
He is her Sunne and she his Marigold.

Finis.

Printed by the Assignes of *Thomas Symcocke*.

[B.-L. Three cuts: two are on p. cxxvii*; 3rd on p. cxxix*. Date, *circa* 1651.]



[Belongs to the 'Merry Cuckold' on next page. Cf. p. cxxviii*.]

[Roxburghe Coll., II, 256; unique. Displaced from *R. Bds.*, vol. ii, p. 143*.]

The Merry Cuckold :

Who frolickly taking what chance doth befall,
Is very well pleased with Wife, Hornes, and all.

TO THE TUNE [ITS OWN] OF, *The Merry Cuckold.*

YOu Married-men, whom Fate hath assign'd
To marry with them that are much too kind,
Learn as I do to beare with your wiues :
All you that doe so, shall liue merry lives.

I haue a Wife, so wanton and free, [text, 'so free.']
That she, as her life, loues one besides me.
What if she doe? I care not a pin ;
Abroad I will goe, when my riuall comes in.

I can be merry, and drinke away care
With Claret and Sherry, and delicate fare.
My Wife has a Trade that will maintain me :
What though it be said that a Cuckold I be !

While she at home is taking her pleasure,
Abroad I do rome, consuming her treasure :
Of all that she gets, I share a good share ;
She payes all my debts, then for what should I care ?

She keeps me braue, and gallant in cloathing ;
All things I haue, I do want for nothing.
Therefore I conuiue and winke at her faults,
And daily I stroue against jealous assaults.

While for small gaines my neighbours worke hard,
I liue (by her meanes) and neuer regard
The troubles and cares that belong to this life ;
I spend what few dares : gramercy, good Wife !

Should I be jealous, as other men are,
My breath, like to bellowes, the fire of care
Would blow and augment : therefore I thinke it best
To be well content, though I wear *Vulcan's* crest.

Many a time vpbraided I am :
Some say I must dine at the Bull or the Ramme ;
Those that do jeere cannot do as I may,
In Wine, Ale, and Beere, spend a Noble a day. [gold, 6s. 8d.]

The Second Part: TO THE SAME TUNE.

I, By experience, rightly do know
That no strife or variances (causes of woe)
Can make a wife so [ill] bent to liue chaste :
Th[en] instead of strife let Patience be plac'd. [text, 'thou.']

If a man had all [of] *Ai-gus* his eyes,
A wife that is bad will something deuise
To gull him to 's face : then what boo[t]es mistrust [t. boores,
The hornes to disgrace, though weare it I must, [? behoves.]

I’le be content with this my hard chance,
And in merriment my head I’le aduance,
Wishing I were but as rich as some men
Whose wiues chast[e] appeare, yet they’l kisse now and then.

One try[al] to me a great comfort is, [t. ‘trying.’]
Still quiet is she, though I do amisse :
She dares do no other, because she knowes well
That gently I smoother what most men would tell.

If I should raue, her minde would not alter ;
Her swing she will haue, ’though ’t be in a halter :
Then, sith that I get good gaines by her vice [sith = since.
I will not her let, but take share of’ the price. [let = hinder.

Why should I vexe and pine in dispaire ?
I knowe that her sexe are all brittle ware ;
And he that gets one who constant abides,
Obtaines that which none, or but few, haue besides.

Yet will I not [goe t’] accuse my wife,
For nothing is got by railing but strife ;
I act mine owne sence, intending no wrong :
No Cuckold nor Queene will care for this song.

But a merry Wife that’s honest, I know it,
As deare as her life, will sure loue the Poet :
And he that’s no Cuckold, in Countrey or City,
Howeuer, if lucke hold, will buy this our Ditty.

Finis.

Printed by the Assignes of *Thomas Symcocke* [cired 1642–52].

[Black-letter. Three woodcuts : first, on p. cxxxi*, a shrew basting her husband with a ladle ; his hat on the ground. For the 2nd and 3rd cuts, see p. cxxvii*.]

Into a clearer atmosphere than that breathed by such a sordid knave as ‘The Merry Cuckold,’ we are lifted by reading King Arthur’s rebuke of Guinevere :—

“I hold that man the worst of public foes
Who, either for his own or children’s sake,
To save his blood from scandal, lets the wife
Whom he knows false, abide and rule the house : . . .
She, like a new disease, unknown to men,
Creeps, no precaution used, among the crowd.” [Cf. p. 696.

The Round-head wittols were mocked, but tolerated in London, as they were at Asolo in the Trevisan, where ‘Pippa Passes’ near “Old Luca Gaddi’s, that owns the silk-mills here : he dozes by the hour, wakes up, sighs deeply, says he should like to be Prince Metternich, and then [Luca] dozes again, after having bidden young Sebald the foreigner set his wife Ottima to playing draughts. Never molest such a household : they mean well.”

Murder sometimes ‘intervenes,’ instead of a Queen’s Proctor : at Asolo, as it did at Faversham in 1551 (see p. 48 and *Frontispiece* to vol. viii).

¶ ‘The Merry Cuckold’ is, among our *Dramatis Personae*, a subordinate goblin in the closing Harlequinade : fitted to dwell in the dreary cavern of a world-turned-upside-down. He disappears from the grand Transformation-scene of optimistic Fairy-land, ‘The Glittering Plain.’ Compare the woodcut of Cupid and Hyde Park, vol. vi, p. 496 ; with a prophetic foresight of the 1851 Crystal Palace in the background, where the gibbous moon looks dark above the ‘Glittering Plain.’ It might suit the ‘Cupid’s Power,’ that follows on p. cxxxiv*.

[Trowbesh Transcript of unique Jersey Collection, 323.]

Cupid's Power.

Lovers, forbear to grieve, be no more sad,
 Here is such News will make your hearts right glad :
 Rouze up yourselves, take courage and be bold,
 Look, here is CUPID'S POWER for to be sold !
 And now a fig for *Cupid* and his Dart !
 Without his Power he cannot wound thy Heart.

To the Tune of, *Dick and Nan* ; or, [*Now*] *the Tyrant*. [See pp. 678, 679.
 Same tune as *The maids a washing themselves*, pp. 549, 650.]

TO cure Melancholly I travers'd the fields,
 To please my sad fancy with such as it yields ;
 Early one morning, before *Phæbus* did rise,
 With his radiant beams to adorn the clear skies.

The morning was fair, the birds sweetly did sing,
 The meddows were circled with a silver spring,
 And the stately green trees, by *Boreas*' cool blast,
 Did delight me with musick till I them [ha]d pass'd. [i. 'did pass.']

At the end of those trees there was a large Plain,
 Whose colour 't were pity one foot it should stain ;
 Its bright streams were as clear as Crystal can be :
 With joy I was ravish'd this sight for to see.

I stood and admir'd, but durst not go in,
 For to tread in that Plain I thought it a sin ;
 Yet being desirous the whole place to see,
 In haste I did get me up [into a Tree.] [Turn off.]

No sooner I was up, but I looked round,
 Of harmonious Melody I heard the sound ;
 And strait this green, lovely, and enchanted Plain
 Was fill'd with abundance of fire and flame.

The sight made me tremble, I quiver'd and shak't,
 My bones it did shatter, and my heart it ak't ;
 In the Plain I did see thousands come tripping
 After a naked Boy bowing and skipping.

His eyes they were blinded, his hair 't was like gold,
 His person 't was lovely ; in's hands he did hold
 A fine curved Bow—'t was most curiously done—
 And a Quiver of Arrows, like an Archer's son.

His attendance was many, and richly attir'd
 With Crowns and with Sceptres, at which I admir'd :
 Kings, Princes, and Ladies came bowing and weeping,
 With doleful sighs and groans they fell a greeting.

The Second Part. TO THE SAME TUNE.

HE smil'd at them all, but regarded them not,
 Though all (I perceived) was wounded and shot ;
 But then he withdrew, and left them a space :
 Then this Boy of fire the green Plain did trace,

And came to the end, where I was in the Tree,
It made me sore troubled lest he should me see ;
Then I did begin for to fret and to rave,
Fearing to become this little Boy's slave.

But such Divine Power did rule over me,
This little blind Rascal he did not me see ;
So when he was come to the place where I was,
His Quiver and Bow he laid down on the grass.

And being delighted to hear his own praise,
His melodious voice [he] most sweetly did raise ;
Quoth he : " I 'm little *Cupid*, the Great God of Love,
A Terror to all men, my Power brings above. [text, 'beings.'

" *Vulcan* my father 's a Blacksmith by trade,
Like *Venus* my mother no Beauty was made ;
They compos'd me of fire and beauty together,
And richly they 've arm'd me with a Bow and Quiver.

" With my father's heat, that is fiery hot,
At *Venus*-like Beauty my Arrows be shot ;
At all sorts of persons I do bend my Bow,
And whilst they be flying mine Arrows do glow.

" This rare gallant Train that my person attend,
Are those that but lately my Power did offend,
[They] call'd me an idle and a sawcy lad ; [t. 'And call.'
For which they are wounded, and almost stark mad.

" *Diana* so chaste, that doth scorn to have Mate,
Whose Court 's strongly guarded, and barr'd is the Gate,
Yet the Nymphs that wait on her be prickt at the breast,
The Surgeon 's a young man that must give them rest.

" The Ginger-bread Lady, that treads upon eggs,
And cannot tell where nor how to set her leggs,
'T would comfort the cockles of her heart if she can { Cf. Guy de
Maupassant's
'Joseph':
"O Andrée!"
But be tumbled and kist by her Serving-man.

" The cold frozen Virgin I set all on fire,
And my Golden Darts doth kindle desire ;
For she that did hate to hear of my name
Now begs at my Shrine to pity her flame.

" The rare Scholars of *Mars* (brave Souldiers, so stout
That often they 've conquered their Foes by a Rout),
Whose courage undaunted looks death in the face,
My invincible Power doth captive that race. [t. 'place.'

" The whole world is my Court, there 's no people free,
From the Prince to the beggar all 's subject to me :
What though I 'm a Lad that [am] childish and small,
Yet I—little *CUPID*—do conquer them all ! " Finis.

London : Printed for Charles Tyus at the Three Bibles on London-Bridge, 1664.

[Black-letter. First woodcut (compare one on p. 935) shews two Ladies each with her own plumed-hatted Cavalier standing beside her, under trees, and shot at by Cupid, who flies overhead. Second cut is of an aged Pilgrim.]

[Jersey Collection, II, 173 = Lindes., 895; Huth, I, 61.]

Cupid's Revenge.

The Captive Lover once got free did triumph in his liberty,
But storming *Cupid's* mighty power he did his freedom soon devour.

TUNE, *Now, now the Fight's done* [see vol. iv, p. 243].



Now, now, you blind Boy, I you clearly deny,
With your Arts and your Darts that you often let fly,
For my Heart is mine own, and so shall be sure,
Since your wounds (Lovers say) will admit of no cure:
But a fig for your Bow! I your tricks now despise,
And I mind not the charms of the fair Ladies' eyes.

Those Doaters I hate who are won by a smile,
While the Heart nothing means but such Fools to beguile;
And when a hand-kiss can such influence have,
Then the Lady she thinks *Cupid's* power is brave.
Thus men, ere they think on 't, are caught in a snare,
But of these idle follies I 'le still have a care.

But in time that is past I was subject to Love,
And a smile from my dear like a heaven did prove;
While the pains of a frown, to me known too well,
Did seem like the torments of bottomless Hell.
But since from these dangers I 'me happy and free,
I think there 's no man can be more bless'd than me.

When in bed I lay [lonely] for want of my dear,
My heart was oppressed with sorrow and fear
Least another should lock my dear Love in his arms,
Whose eyes did appear like continual charms.
But now I disdain what I once did admire,
For my reason hath quenched the blinking boye's fire.

And now in my freedom so happy I am
That I pity the man that is touch'd with the flame;
For whilst I was under his Fetters and Chains
I ne'r could be free from the worst of all pains:
But the more I did fawn, she the more did me slight,
Till at last I did bid my fair Lady good night.

And at peace I was long, till a great sudden change
 Possessed my mind, which to me seemed strange ;
 And I fell in a great and a sudden Relapse,
 Which was worse by half than the twenty-first Claps :
 For twenty fair Ladies I courted before
 Ne'r made me so much for to cringe and adore.

But see how the Boy did perplex me still sore,
 For saying I would not his power adore.
 Again I was catch'd by the glance of an eye,
 And punish'd, because I did *Cupid* defie.
 So all in a moment my joyes they did fly,
 And I, doteing wretch, left in Captivity.

My fetters are stronger than I can endure,
 And too late, Oh ! too late, I do wish for a cure.
 'T is but just with the Boy me thus to afflict,
 Since his power and lawes I did once contradict :
 And I now become subject unto him again,
 Which adds to my sorrow, encreaseth my pain.

Then never despise nor contemn that great Power,
 Who can in a moment your freedom devour ;
 And wrap you in chains, never more to be free,
 But left in the confines of Captivity.
 For now to my sorrow I find and do know
 There is strength in his Quiver and power in his Bow.

Now had I ten millions of Guinies to give
 I 'd part with them all, at my freedom to live ;
 But I find 't is in vain such things for to wish,
 Since his Traps do appear like a net to a Fish,
 Who, once being taken, shall never get free,
 And so I, poor wretch, find it will be with me.

Oh ! *Cupid*, forbear me, for whilst I do live
 I will to thy power great attributes give,
 And after this time will account them unwise
 Who are [grown] too foolhardy, and *Cupid* despise.
 No mortal is able my paines to endure,
 But either must dye or soon look for a cure.

And now 't is too late I would fain thee implore, [text, ' feign. ']
 Who once never thought thee again to adore ;
 But too soon I was caught, and too late I lament,
 Down'ning thy Power, for which I Repent :
 But in these dying words, as I stretch forth my arms,
 I nothing acknowledge like *Cupid's* strong charms.

Printed for *F. Cole, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackeray, T. Passenger.*

[Black-letter. Two cuts : 1st, circular picture of Cupid running, p. cxxxvi*, but not the captive ; 2nd, on p. 176 of vol. vii. Date, *circa* 1673.]

* * This ballad, from the Trowbesh Transcripts, is a fitting pendant to 'Cupid's Power,' and was mentioned on p. 254 of our vol. vi, in connection with 'The Kind Virgin's Complaint,' printed on the *verso* of 'Cupid's Revenge.' Old ballads tell the anguish of love more often than its joy. Cupid is the tormentor, but Venus heals the wounds that he inflicts. Not always, for some wounds never close.

'Cupid's Conquest,' on p. clvii*, completes this Group.

"Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment :

Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie.

J'ai tout quitté pour l'ingrate *Sylvie* :

Elle me fuit, et prend un autre amant.

Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment :

Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie."

—FLORIAN.

We have found no broadside duplicate of Pepys Coll. 'Nelly's Constancy,' which may be unique (reprinted in *Roxb. Ballads*, vol. vi, p. 791), but it was repeated in '*The Broken-hearted Lover's Garland*, containing Five new Songs,' formerly in possession of John Matthew Gutch, F.S.A. (see p. 539); the woodcut being a rude copy of one given on p. 453. Variations in fifth stanza: "Still I am, and for ever must be kind"; "And so I'll bid false men adieu." This ends it, omitting the other seven stanzas. 'The Seaman's Answer: to the same tune' follows: three stanzas, our first, second, and fourth, of the Jersey Collection, $\frac{3}{2}$, "Fair Maid, you say you loved me well" (our vol. vi, p. 792).

In Gutch's '*Constant Nancy's Garland*,' is a ditty that should accompany our ballads of maids who followed their lovers to sea (compare p. lxxx*). Of *Nancy* the woodcut is found in *Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. vii, p. 206.

Kind *Nancy's* Constancy to her True-Love *George*.

A Lone as I was walking, down by yon River side,
So early in the morning, young *Nancy* I espied,
Beneath a shady Mirtle [she] was sitting all alone,
Lamenting for her *George*, and thus she sung her song :
"O *George*, he hath left me in sorrow for to grieve,
Because my Father's cruel, and sent him to the Sea.

"But cursed be the hand that is to my Love unkind,
For now I am resolved my dear love *George* to find :
I'll cross the raging Ocean, with courage stout and bold,
Like any valiant Sailor, which n'er can be controul'd.
So boldly I will venture my dear *George* to find,
Because that he is always a-running in my mind."

Thus wounded with sorrow she sung her mournful song :
"O cruel was my Father to do me so much wrong,
To send my dearest Jewel, whom I adored, away,
For I have ne'r been easy since that unhappy day.
But now my Father's cruelty no more I will mind,
For fully I'm resolved my Jewel for to find.

"On board then I will hie, and from Port to Port I'll go,
And ask all the bold Sailors, if that my Dear they know ;
From *English* shore to *Flanders*, and from *France* unto *Spain*,
I'll cross the raging Ocean to bring him back again,
And thus I'll spend my days in ranging all about,
Until the happy time come that I shall find him out."

On board then she did go, with courage [uncontrol'd],
All drest in Man's attire like a brave Sailor bold ;
She agreed with the Captain for the voyage, as we find,
With them to go to *Flanders*, for there they were design'd
To sail then the next day, without any more delay,
[For she fear'd her cruel Father would try to make her stay]. [*Lost*.

The wind still blowing fair, they hoist up their Sail,
O then to sea they went with a fair and flowing Gale;
But far they had not gone from off the *English* shore,
Before the wind did blow, and billows they did roar:
Which made all the poor Sailors to tremble and to quake,
Because that their Main-top-mast chanced for to break.

But this Lady in Disguise prov'd so couragious and so bold,
That bravely she did venture their Ship to Wind to hold.
She said, "My Boys, be not daunted, but be of courage bold;
If that our other Rigging and Main-mast do but hold,
I'll warrant you in time we shall cross the raging Seas;
And when these Storms are over, O then we'll take our ease."

She stood then at the Helm, and she steer'd her course so well
That all the other Sailors in skill she did excel;
She handed and she reefed their Fore-top-sail so high,
"O now be of good cheer!" to the Captain she did cry:
And she brought him safe to *Flanders* in short time, as we mind,
Where she had the good fortune her true-love *George* to find.

She flew then to his arms, and gave him a loving Kiss,
And said, "My dearest Jewel, don't take it now amiss,
It is I, thy loving *Nancy*, for whom thou was sent away,
Which has caused me much sorrow and pain to this day.
But now I'll bid adieu to all my grief and pain,
For now I shall be happy with my Jewel once again."

He look'd like one amaz'd, when he did her behold,
To see her in Disguise like a brave Sailor bold:
He said, "Is this my *Nancy*, for whom I wander here.
I doubt you do but jeer me, I greatly now do fear."
"Oh no! my dearest Jewel," young *Nancy* then reply'd,
"It's I, thy dearest *Nancy*, that crost the Ocean wide.

"Over the raging Sea I ventured for thy Sake,
Upon the foaming billows, where my poor heart did ache;
Sometimes as high as mountains, then below again,
Which greatly did encrease my sorrow, grief, and pain:
But blest be the kind Heavens that set me safe on Shore,
And Providence that brought me to him whom I adore."

Good lack! what joy there was betwixt this loving Pair;
Young *George* he leap'd for Joy to see his *Nancy* there.
He said, "My dearest Jewel, now we will married be,
And then return to *England* thy Father for to see."
O then this loving Couple was married out of hand,
And then returned home with Joy to fair *England*.

Then to her Father's Hall this loving Couple went,
Where he receiv'd them both with joy and great content,
And he gave to her a Portion, as now I have been told,
One hundred thousand Pound in bright shining Gold;
And now young *George* he will no more cross the raging seas,
But stay with his dear *Nancy* at home and take his ease.

Licensed According to Order. [1745.]

When a rich father forbade the marriage of his daughter and heiress, he could betray the lover into the hands of a Press-gang and ship him off to the sea.

Similarly, as on p. 131, a son's mother used brutal treachery, to avert any *mésalliance*. The adventure seldom ended so happily as with 'Constant Nancy.'

In the same '*Constant Nancy's Garland*' (circa 1745, for it contains a version of Adam Skirving's "*Cope sent a challenge from Dunbar*": tune of *Fly to the hills in the morning*), duplicated in Gutch's *Garlands*, vol. i, is the following ballad. (The original short poem, of same title, circa 1639, is on p. cxli*.)

The Maiden's Dream.

" AS I lay musing on my bed, all in my great Prosperity,
Nothing but my poor maidenhead all night to keep me company,
There did I dream of Golden Treasure, which did to me delightsome seem :
Young men, believe me, oh ! how it griev'd me,
When I found it to be a Dream.

" The Marriage-day appointed was, in which I was for to be wed,
Long look'd for now is come at last, Farewell unto my maiden bed !
My maidenhead no more shall grieve me, Marriage doth delightsome seem ;
Young men, believe me, oh ! how it bereav'd me,
When I found it to be a Dream.

" Then after Marriage my Joys were crown'd, my heart was lifted up with Pride,
To see the cheartful Bowl go round, '*Here's a Health to the lovely Bride !*'
I wish'd the tedious Day was over, the Night wou'd more delightsome seem :
Young men, believe me, oh ! how it griev'd me,
When I found it to be a Dream.

" Then after Dinner they did me convey into a large and spacious Hall,
Where Musick did most sweetly play, and I my self for the tune might call.
I wish'd the tedious Day were over, the Night would more delightsome seem :
Young men, believe me, oh ! how it griev'd me,
When I found it to be a Dream.

" Then after Supper they did me convey into a spacious Bed so soon ;
One word being whisper'd in my ear, my friends they all forsook the room.
Then in his eager arms He caught me, thinking the joys of Love to keep :
Young men, believe me, oh ! how it griev'd me,
When I waked out of my Sleep.

" O then what Pleasures we enjoyed, when in his arms I lay so sweet ;
I thought our joys would never have cloyed : until I waked out of my sleep.
I wish my Dream had lasted longer, then it would more delightsome seem :
Young men, believe me, oh ! how it grieves me ;
Although I tell it, I blush for shame !"

It sounds like a faint echo of the long earlier '*Bar'ra Faustus' Dream*' : compare p. 596. Winged seeds float down the wind from a doomed flower. After the sun has set, still lingers the Zodiacal Light.

One solitary exemplar preserves another ballad celebrating the '*Escapes of Charles II,*' beyond those reprinted or mentioned in our Restoration Group : '*The Royal Wanderer ; or, God's Providence evidently manifested in the most mysterious Deliverance of the Divine Majesty of CHARLES the Second, King of Great-Brittain. Though bold Rebellion for a time look brave, Man shall not stay what God resolves to have.*' Tune, *The Wand'ring Prince of Troy*, or, *When Troy Town*. Printed for F. Grove, on Snow-hill. It begins :

" When ravishing Rebellion reign'd, when Loyalty was led inchain'd,
The Royal Princes of the Blood by Traitors are not understood."

'The Dainty Damsel's Dream,' by Laurence Price, beginning, "As I lay in my lonely bed," was reprinted in vol. vii, p. 102. There was a close relationship with "*As she lay sleeping in her bed*" and with "As I lay musing in my bed," the modern version. Of still earlier date, "written in Oxford many years ago," before the Restoration, appeared the original poem, previously mentioned.

The Maiden's Dream.

(Written in Oxford, circa 1639: the probable original of ballad.)

SLumbering as I lay one night in my bed,
 No creature with me but my maidenhead,
 And lying all alone as Maidens use,
 Methoughts I dream'd, as Maids can hardly chuse;
 And in my dream methoughts 't was too much wrong
 That I, a pretty maid, should lye alone so long.
 With that came in a Gallant, for they can do
 Much with [some] old ones, and with young ones too.

Methoughts he woo'd, he sued, to taste: he sped:
 Methoughts we married were, and went to bed:
 Then he got up, and straight for fear I quak'd,
 I trembling lay, and presently awak'd.
 It would have vexed a Saint, O how my heart did burn,
 To be so near, and miss so good a turn!

O cruel dreams, why did you so deceive me?
 To shew me heaven, and then in hell to leave me.

In the competition of rival publishers in Stuart days it was habitual to lengthen a popular song 'with a favourite Playhouse tune' into an extended broadside version, by additional stanzas. Often there were two or three distinct prolongations (for examples, see vol. iv, pp. 447-453; vi, pp. 178-181).

On p. 304 of vol. vii, we reprinted Tom D'Urfe's song of 'Pretty *Kate* of *Edinburgh*,' which was 'A Scotch Song, sung to the King at Windsor,' probably in 1682-3. Brooksby's broadside, in the Roxburghe Collection, II, 253, doubles the original length by adding three extra stanzas. Differing from these, but not more authoritatively, five stanzas are added to D'Urfe's own three, in *The Affable Husband's Garland*. Gutch's *Twenty Garlands*, one in duplicate, another imperfect, fetched £7 10s. at the sale of his library, March, 1858; afterwards purchased for £12 18s. 6d. (now the Rev. S. Baring-Gould's: *Troubesh Garlands*, quarto transcripts, B. xx, No. 1). Here are the five additional stanzas:

Stanza IV of 'Bonny Kate of Edinburgh.'

"*Willey* now lies in his Love's arms, and all his former griefs are gone;
Cupid doth him free from harms, and says he needs make no more moan.
 Now *Kate* feels Love spring from above, and still doth move,
 With kissing, kissing, kissing, and embracing too:
 Now *Willey* lies, with endless joys, with bonny *Kate* of *Edinburgh*.

V.

"*Willey* now surfeits with delights, and *Kate* is greatly pleased in mind;
 She sighs when *Willey*'s out of sight, because he proves to her so kind.
 In every vein a trickling pain doth still remain,
 With sighing, sighing, sighing, and lamenting too.
Willey did cry, 'Then must I die for bonny *Kate* of *Edinburgh*.'

VI.

"Willy needs would be a billing, as true Lovers use to do ;
 Kate she did seem as willing, and began for to come too :
 While ev'ry smile did her Fear beguile, she him did still [pursue],
 With smiling, smiling, the bonniest Lad she e'er did view.
 Whilst Willy did cry, passionately, 'None like my Kate of Edinburgh.'

VII.

"Kate his features was admiring, while Willy pleas'd his wond'ring eye ;
 More and more was she desiring his delicious company :
 And then she said, 'Love hath betray'd a harmless Maid,
 Whom loving, loving, loving may perhaps undoe.'
 But Willy reply'd, and often cry'd, 'None like my Kate of Edinburgh.'

VIII.

"Now Nuptial Rites perform'd must be, to finish both their lasting joys ;
 And he desir'd, as well as she, for to be blest with girls and boys.
 By joint consent to Church they went, but what was meant
 By kissing, kissing, kissing, I must leave to you :
 But Willy's blest, that's now possest of pretty Kate of Edinburgh."

Few men in his own day (born 1653, died on 26 February, 1723, buried at St. James's Church, Piccadilly) equalled Tom D'Urfeys in popularity as a song-writer, and even as a playwright he was prosperous, his numerous comedies delighting the town from 1676 to 1696. Among his friends and composers were Henry Purcell, Thomas Farmer, and Dr. John Blow. Except Tom Brown and Jeremy Collier (see p. 849), malicious libellers both, he had scarcely a foe. In his cheerful old age Joseph Addison commended him warmly—"Our British swan will sing to the last"—and Sir Richard Steele did good service for him in *The Guardian*, Nos. 67 and 82, calling him "my old friend Mr. D'Urfeys." His portrait adorns the first vol. of the *Pills to purge Melancholy*, 1719 edition, with E. Gouge's lines below :—

"Whilst D'Urfeys voice his verse doth raise,
 When D'Urfeys sings his tunefull lays,
 Give D'Urfeys Lyrick Muse the bayes."

They did give them to him, but not the wreath accorded to the official Laureate.

Some boon-companion had suggested the following lines for the black marble memorial tablet at St. James's Church, near his old home. They were not engraved on his tomb, but printed in *Miscellaneous Poems*, i, 6, 1726, as the

Epitaph on Tom D'Urfeys, 1723.

Here lyes the Lyrick, who, with tale and song,
 Did life to three-score years and ten prolong :
 His Tale was pleasant, and his Song was sweet,
 His heart was cheerful—but his thirst was great.
 Grieve, Reader, grieve, that he too soon grown old,
 His song has ended, and his tale is told.

Many regretted him with keener feelings of grief, for his tender and constant friendship was never alloyed with bitterness or irreverence. Even the young wittlings of St. James's Coffee-house paid respect to his presence and to his memory. They knew well that he neither spoiled sport nor acted as a kill-joy, so they drank an affectionate 'silent bumper, in remembrance of Tom D'Urfeys.'

"Richard Steele praised him, and cold stately 'Atticus'; [= Addison.
'Old Rowley' leaned on Tom's shoulder, our King!
D'Urfey mock'd all the noisy fanatic fuss:
Plot-bigots moved him to jest and to sing."

—*Dictionary of National Biography*, vol. xvi, 254.

Tom D'Urfey.

(Obit 1723.—"Si monumentum requiris, circumspice!" at St. James's.)

*W*Here shall he rest, he who held many claims his?

Long he found favour, in four Courts at least.

Best let him slumber in honour'd St. James's:

Three-score-and-ten were enough for Life's feast.

No need to wander thence: Town suited D'Urfey,

Happy and welcome amid the gay crowd;

Country lanes chill'd him, their graves damp and turfey:

Let him hear footsteps and voices loud.

So shall he sleep, with the music above him,

Chorus may reach him of songs to his praise

(Mingled with anthems), from friends who still love him:

Soon the last Trumpet shall sound to upraise.

—Trowbesh.

Thus had D'Urfey wished them to think of him, a few yards distant, but the curtain had for ever closed betwixt him and 'The Mahogany Tree' where they continued to hold their revel, until in turn the guests arose and followed him.

"Here let us sport, Boys, as we sit:
Laughter and wit flashing so free.
Life is but short—when we are gone,
Let them sing on, round the old Tree.
Evenings we knew, happy as this;
Faces we miss, pleasant to see:
Kind hearts and true, gentle and just,
'Peace to your dust!' we sing round the Tree."

"Into the Silent Land," each day, One by one, friends are beckoned away.

We in our Ballad Society remember how fast the circle narrows. "Who next goes home?" Some one answers from Boston: "Alas! brave R. Roberts."

LA Vie est vaine: un peu d'amour,
Un peu de haine: et puis—bonjour!

"La Vie est brève: un peu d'espoir,
Un peu de rêve: et puis—bonsoir!"

Happily paraphrased by George du Maurier, in the most deliciously fascinating of romances, his *'Tribby'* of 1894, never to be forgotten: it forms the Epilogue,

A Little work, a little play,
To keep us going—and so, good-day!

"A little warmth, a little light
Of Love's bestowing—and so, good-night!

"A little fun to match the sorrow
Of each day's growing—and so, good-morrow!

"A little trust that when we die
We reap our sowing! And so—good-bye!"

A Requiem.

“Quem putamus perisse, praemissus est.”—SENECA.

*WITH muffled drum and arms reversed
We bore the warrior to his grave,
A Nation mourns the Hero hearsed:
Befitting tribute to the brave.
But thou art mutely laid to rest,
Who wert as gallant and as true,
Faithful and loving as the best
Of all the men we ever knew.
Fierce to withstand each brutal foe,
Yet gentle to the weak and young,
Welcomed, beloved by high and low,
Thy Requiem should be boldly sung.
For all the virtues of thy race
And all of ours in thee did shine
(Few men such honest praise can grace
As their own due: not theirs, but thine):
Who never palter'd with the truth,
Who never shrank with recreant fear,
But kept unstained thy life, from youth
To honoured age: from birth to bier.
No graven stone records thy fame,
No throng of mourners tell their woe;
Deep in our heart we shrine thy name:
The Friend, whom we were proud to know.*

DURING the long retarded progress of this work, which, being now concluded, numbers *Eighteen Hundred entire Ballads and Songs*, there have passed away from earth many Subscribers and dear personal friends, whose companionship and warm approval had cheered the Editor in his task. Few remain to see the final pages, but the great Libraries on the Continent, and in the United States of America (p. 932), also the Public Free Libraries in Great Britain and in her Colonies, are welcoming and enshrining the work, that London Libraries neglected. (To all our friends and helpers we give thanks.) The *Roxburghe Ballads* are unrivalled elsewhere in bulk and in importance, a record of three hundred years of social life and popular literature—the literature of the common people, of the middle and lower class. They are in safety.

„Sie hören nicht die folgenden Gesänge,
Die Seelen, denen ich die ersten sang;
Zerstoßen ist das freundliche Gedränge,
Beskungen ach! der erste Wiederklang.“

—GOETHE.

In partial compensation for the tardy progress made in printing the final sheets has been our acquisition of fresh materials. On p. xlvii* were quoted two stanzas of the following ballad:—

[Thomason Collection, single sheet, folio, p.m. 669, f. 17, No. 12.]

The Parliament Routed; or, Here's a House to be Let.

I hope that *England*, after many Jarres,
Shall be at Peace and give no way to Warres :
O Lord ! protect the General, that he
May be the Agent of our Unities.

Tune of, *Lucina* [vol. iii, 47, 323]; or, *Merrily and Cherrily* [cf. p. clx*].

CHear up, kind Country-men, be not dismay'd,
true newes I can tell ye concerning the Nation,
Hot Spirits are quenched, the Tempest is layd
(and now we may hope for a good *Reformation*).
The Parliament bold and the Counsell of State
doe wish them beyond Sea, or else at *Virginie* ;
For now all their Orders are quite out of date,
Twelve Parliament-men shall be sold for a pen[n]y.

Full twelve yeares and more these Rooks they have sat,
to gull and to cozen all true-hearted People :
Our Gold and our Silver has made them so fat
that they lookt more big and mighty than *Paul's* steeple.
The freedome of Subject they much did pretend,
but since they bore sway we never had any ;
For every Member promoted self-end : *Twelve Parliament-men*, etc.

Their Acts and their Orders, which they have contriv'd,
was still in conclusion to multiply Riches ;
The *Common-wealth* sweetly by these men have thriv'd,
as *Lancashire* did with the Juncto of Witches. [Aug., 1612.
Cf. T. Potts.
Our Freedom was chain'd to the *Egyptian* yolk,
as it hath been felt and endured by many,
Still making Religion their author and cloak : *Twelve . . . shall*, etc.]

Both Citie and Countrey are almost undone
by these Caterpillars, which swarm'd in the Nation ;
Their Imps and their Goblins did up and downe run,
Excise-men I meane, all Knaves of a fashion :
For all the great Treasure that dayly came in,
the *Souldier* wants pay, 't is well knowne by a many ;
To cheat and to cozen they held it no sinne : *Twelve . . . shall*, etc.

The Land and the Livings which these men have had,
't would make one admire what use they've made of it ;
With Plate and with Jewels they have bin well clad :
the *Souldier* far'd hard whilst they got the profit :
Our Gold and our Silver to *Holland* they sent,
but being found out, this is knowne by a many,
That no one would owne it for fear of a shent : *Twelve*, etc. [=scandal.]

'T is judg'd by most people, that they were the cause
of *England* and *Holland* their warring together, [1651, 1652.
Both Friends and dear Lovers, to break Civill Lawes,
and in cruell manner to kill one another :
What car'd they how many did lose their dear lives,
So they by the bargain did get people's money,
Sitting secure like *Bees* in their *Hives*? But *Twelve*, etc.]

The Second Part. TO THE SAME TUNE.

THEY voted, unvoted, as fancy did guide,
 to passe away time, but increasing their Treasure
 (When *Jack* is on Cock-horse hee'l galloping ride,
 but falling at last, hee'l repent it at leisure).
 The Widow, the Fatherlesse, Gentry and Poore,
 the Trades-man and Citizen, with a great many,
 Have suffered full dearly to heap up their store :
but Twelve Parliament-men shall be sold for a Pen[n]y.

[Woodcut. O. C.
on horseback.]

These *burdens* and grievances *England* hath felt,
 so long and so heavy, our hearts are ev'n broke[n] ;
 Our Plate, Gold, and Silver to themselves they've dealt
 (all this is too true, in good time be it spoken).
 For a man to rise high and at last to fall low,
 it is a discredit: this Lot fails to many.
 But 't is no great matter these men to serve so :
Twelve Parliament-men now are sold for a peny.

The General, perceiving their lustfull desire
 to covet more treasure, being puffed with ambition,
 By their Acts and their Orders to set all on fire,
 pretending Religion to rout Superstition,
 He bravely commanded the Souldiers to goe
 in the *Parliament House*, in defiance of any :
 To which they consented, and now you do know
that Twelve Parliament-men may be sold for a peny.

[Oliver Cromwell.]

The *Souldiers*, undaunted, laid hold on the Mace,
 and out of the Chaire they removed the Speaker ;
 The *Great Ones* were then in a pittifull case,
 and *Twee* cry'd out, “*All her cold must forsake her !*” [= *Taffy's* gold.
 Thus they were routed, pluckt out by the eares,
 the house was soone empty and rid of a many
 USURPERS, that sate there this thirteen long yeares :
Twelve Parliament-men may be sold for a peny.

[Cf. p. xlvii*.]

To the *Tower of London* away they were sent,
 as they have sent others by them captivated ;
 O what will become of this old *Parliament*—
 and all their *Compeeres*, that were Royally stated ?
 What they have deserved I wish they may have,
 and 't is the desire, I know, of a many,
 For us to have freedome. O that will be brave !
but Twelve Parliament-men may be sold for a peny.

Let's pray for the *General* and all his brave *Traine*,
 he may be an instrument for *England's* blessing,
 Appointed in Heaven to free us againe—
 for this is the way of our *Burdens* redressing :
 For *England* to be in Glory once more,
 it would satisfie, I know, a great many ;
 But ending, I say, as I said before,
Twelve Parliament-men now are sold for a peny.

[Finis.] S. S. [i.e. Sam. Sheppard].

[B.-L. Two cuts: 1st, symbolically turned upside down; 2nd, Oliver on horseback. “3 June, 1653.” We add another genuine ballad on the same subject.]

[Mr. Thomas Toon's contemporary MS. ; cf. Drolleries.]

Oliver Routing the Rump.

[Upon Cromwell dissolving the Parliament, 20 April, 1653.]

Will you heare a strange thinge, ne'ere heard of before,
a ballad of newes without any lyes?
Our Parliament-men are all turn'd out of door,
and so is our Counsell of State likewise.

With an high-downe.

Brave *Oliver* came into th' House like a spright,
his fiery nose made the Speaker dumb :
" You must be gone hence " (quoth he) : " by this light,
doe you meane to stay here till Doome's-day come ? "

[a.l. 'strook.'

[a.l. sit.

At this the Speaker lookt pale for feare,
as though he had bin with the night-mare rid :
In so much that some did think, that were there,
that he had even done as the Alderman did.

[Wm. Lenthall.

[Cf. H.'s *Paul*
before Felix.

[Thom. Atkins.

For *Oliver*, though he be Prince in law,
yet he seem'd to play the Physician there :
His physick so wrought in the Speaker's maw,
that it gave him a stool in stead of a Chair.

[a.l. Doctor of.

Sir *Arthur* thought *Oliver* was ouer bold
(I meane the Knight that was one of the Fiue) ;
He was very vnwilling to loose his free-hould,
but he needs must goe that the Deuill doth driue.

[Ar. Haslerigg.

} MS. only.

And gone he is into the North Country,
hoping there to make some stirre :
But in the meane-tyme take this from me,
braue *Arthur* must yeild to braue *Oliver*.

[In MS. only.

[Leicester.

[p. xviii*.

Henry Martin wonder'd to see such a thinge,
done by a Saint of so high degree :
An act which he did not suspect from a kinge,
much lesse from such a bould knaue as he.

[as *Oliver* :
p. xlviii*.

But *Oliver*, laying hands on his sword,
upbraids him with his Adultery :
Then *Martin* gave him never a word,
saue " humbly thanking his Majesty ! "

{ Not in MS.,
but in two
' Drolleries.'
Wit & D., etc.

Much wit he had shewed if that he had dared,
but silent he was for fear of some knocks :
Quoth he, " If I get you within my ward,
I may chance to send you out with a Pox. "

[In *Merry*
Drollery only.

Allen the Coppersmith was in great feare,
who did so much harme since the war began ;
A broken Citizen, many a yeare,
And now a broken Parliament-man :

[Thomas Allen.

Brave *Oliver* told him what he had bin,
and him a cheating knave did call ;
Which put him into a fit of the spleen,
and he must make an account for all.

[MS. & M. D.

[i.e., £700,000.

- It went to the heart of Sir *Henry Vane*
to thinke what a horrible fall he should have ;
For he that did rule the Parliament traine
was call'd (as I heare) "a dissembling Knaue !" [xviii*, li*, lv*.
[*al.l.* 'terrible.']
- Who gaue him that name was easily known,
't was one that had learnt the arte full well ; [al.l. 'studied.']
You may swear it was true, if he call'd him so,
for who is a dissembler sure he can tell.
- Bradshaw* the President, proud as the Pope,
who lov'd upon Kings and Princes to trample,
Now the House is dissolu'd I cannot but hope
to see such a President made an example. [Cf. p. cvi*.
[*Ob.* Oct., 1659.]
- And if it might be one of the Councell of War,
I would tell you what my vote should be,
Upon his own turret at *Westminster*
to be hang'd up there for his mor[os]e villany. [po. mort. 1660.]
- Then woe for the Speaker without any Mace !
and woe for the rest of the rabble rout !
My Masters, methinks 't is a pittiful case,
like the snuff of a candle thus to goe out !
- I could not but wonder you could not agree,
you that haue bin such breth'ren in Euill ;
A dissolution there needes must be
when the deuills diuided against th' Deuill.
- Some like the change, and some like it not,
for others say 't was not done in due season ;
Some thinke it was the *Jesuites'* plot,
because it resembles the Gunpowder treason. [Cf. p. 757.]
- Some thinke that *Oliver* with *Charles* is agreed,
and sure 't was good policy if it were soe ; [a.l. 'Cromwell.']
Least that *Holland*, the *French*, the *Dane*, and the *Sweede*
should bring him in, whether he will or no.
- And now I would gladly conclude my songe
with a prayer, as Ballads are wont to doe ;
But yet I'le forbear : I thinke e're 't be longe
we shall haue a Kinge and a Parliament too.

Finis. [Probably by Sir John Birkenhead, 1653.]

Such political satires, circulating stealthily, were dangerous to both author and bearer if found. Writings were speedily worn to pieces by frequent unfolding and refolding. Many must have perished before the Restoration came, but in 1656 there had been some relaxation of espionage and brutal violence. The factions were falling asunder in their mutual hatred and intolerance, so that the "honest men came to their own when the thieves fell out." Oliver Cromwell had become disgusted at the rapacity and hypocrisy of the plotting fanatics with whom he had been hitherto associated. This is admitted, and urged in his defence, by Dr. Samuel Rawson Gardiner, his best qualified apologist.

"Cromwell, in his deed [viz., the forcible expulsion or dissolution of the Long Parliament], was a truer representative of the feeling of the nation than the men who posed [*sic*] as its representatives. In him, as in the mass of his countrymen, political distrust was weighted by contempt for the extortious and greediness of the members, and that contempt was best expressed by the words 'This House to be let unfurnished,' scribbled on its door by some wit of the streets under cover of the shades of evening."—*The Commonwealth and Protectorate*, by Dr. S. R. Gardiner, vol. ii, p. 212, 1897.

But unless Cromwell had found the decrepit Parliament to be irreconcilably opposed to his private interests, and what he deemed the national benefit of his own supreme military dictatorship, he would have continued to disregard the individual or collective faults of these men, who were now his declared enemies. He must have long known their degraded character. It was not merely sadness at a severed friendship, but the climax of weariness at verbosity and impracticability, that caused Oliver's emphatic protest against the intrusive vanity of 'young Sir Harry.' "O Sir Henry Vane! Sir Henry Vane! The Lord deliver me from Sir Henry Vane!" Out of the depths of disgust had arisen that cry.

Having done violence against the Speaker in the House, it was a necessary continuation on the same day at evening to defeat the assumption of independence offered by the Council of State, and to treat with contempt proud John Bradshaw; saying to them: "If you are met here as private persons, you shall not be disturbed; but if as a Council of State, this is no place for you; and since you cannot but know what was done at the House in the morning, so take notice that THE PARLIAMENT IS DISSOLVED."

Of Bradshaw, the gloomy and unrepentant regicide, men sang:

"*Britain's* Monarch once uncover'd sat,
While *Bradshaw* bullied in a broad-brimm'd hat."

On 31 Oct., 1659, Bradshaw "went to his own place." He had been hated, even to loathing. Thus we read of him in 'The Rebel's Reign' ("Now we are met in a knot"), written by Alex. Brome:

"*Bradshaw* the knave sent the King to his grave,
And on the Blood Royal did trample,
For which the next *Lent* he was made President,
And ere long may be made an example.

"The Parliament sate as snug as a Cat,
And were playing for mine and yours:
Sweep-stakes was their Game, till *Oliver* came,
And turn'd it to 'Knave out of Doors.'"

Such a promising theme as 'The Arraignment of the Divel for stealing away President *Bradshaw*' was not fitted for the dreariest of tunes, the monotonously lugubrious *Well-a-day! Well-a-day!* already named in the *Introduction*, p. xc***). (Compare Sir Tom Burnet's humorous but unfilial satire of 'Bishop Burnet's Descent into Hell,' 1715, quoted on p. 821.) Thomason bought the broad-side 'Arraignment' on November 7, 1659, but it is a sorry failure.

“ I F you'll hear news that 's ill, *Gentlemen, Gentlemen!*
 Against the Divil I will be the relator:
 Arraigned he must be, for that feloniously,
 Without due solemnity, he took a Traytor.

“ *John Bradshaw* was his name, *How it stinks! how it stinks!*
 Who'll make, with blacker fame, *Pilate* unknown. [Cf. p. cvi*.
 This worse than worst of things condemn'd the best of Kings,
 And, what more guilt yet brings, knew 't was his own.”

—*Arraignment of the Devil for stealing President Bradshaw*, 1659.

Two days later Thomason acquired ‘*A Guildhall Elegie . . . of that infernal Saint, JOHN BRADSHAW,*’ beginning, “Come, sour *Melpomene!*” In “*Old Oliver's* gone to the dogs!” (= ‘*The Bloody Bead-Roll*’) we read:

“ Bid *Charon* bring his boat! Here comes a man of fame,
 Who hath waited here above a year; JACK BRADSHAW is his name.
 ‘Oh ho!’ quoth *Pluto* then, as loud as he could yawl;
 ‘By *Oliver's* nose, I did suppose thou had'st been at *Whitehall*.’ ”

Sir Arthur Haselrigg, the regicide, factious and opinionative, representative of Leicestershire, had been one of the notorious ‘*Five Members*’ denounced in 1642. (Cf. p. cxlvii*, *Note*.)

The two stanzas concerning him on p. cxlvii* are recovered from a genuine, contemporary manuscript lent opportunely to the Editor by Mr. Thomas Toon of Brighton. They complete the original text, but are absent from corrupt printed versions. *Merry Drollery*, 1661, 1670, gave a portion of each stanza; but confusedly jumbled together four of the eight lines: thus misreading:

“ Sir *Arthur* thought *Oliver* wondrous bold, [A. Haslerigg.
 Hoping there to make some stir:
 But in the mean time, take this from me,
 Sir *Arthur* must yield to brave *Oliver*.”

—*Merry Drollery*, p. 53, 1661; p. 62, 1670.

Thus, in the last days of the Commonwealth Parliament, “The Revolution, like Saturn, devoured its own children.” After such times of anarchy, it is natural that the sword of military tyranny smites the fasces; the Army deposes the Legislature, when Law has turned recreant to Justice. Charles the First foresaw this climax, and declared it in his last farewell to the People, when he spoke on the scaffold at Whitehall (compare p. civ*, *ante*):—

“Time shall confirm, as History has demonstrated, his principle, that, ‘They mistook the nature of Government; for People are free under a Government, not by being sharers in it, but by the due administration of the Laws. It was for this’ (said Charles) ‘that now I am come here. If I could have given way to an arbitrary sway, for to have all Laws changed according to the Power of the Sword, I need not have come here, and therefore I tell you that *I am the Martyr of the People!*’ ” — Isaac Disraeli's *Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles the First*, vol. ii, p. 572; edition 1851.

On this safe ground we take our stand abidingly, as did the best of the Old Cavaliers. We remain faithful to our beloved Queen, as they were to the memory of the Martyred CHARLES. On the 250th anniversary of his death, the ‘*White Rose*’ enwreathes his statue.

[Mr. Thomas Toon's unique contemporary MS. ; see p. clii*.]

The Meal-Tub Plot and 'Turn-Coat Bob,' 1679.

[Tune of *The Cutpurse* ; or, *Packington's Pound*. See vol. iii, p. 492.]

YOU Good men of *Middlesex* County so dear,
I'll tell you a Tale of a monstrous nature,
How a blust'ring Chancery Examineer

did cease to be God's (to become the Pope's) Creature.

'T was not *Es'court* the Sot, who knew all the Plot,

Yet could onely discover his mother's lewd Twat :

Is 't not *Peyton*, the recreant Knight of our Shire, [Sir Robt.

Who plotted with *W[i. Williams]*, *Y[ork]*, and *Cellier* ?

Oh PEYTON ! th' had'st better been hang'd at the Gallows,

With thy own brother-Padders, and Burglary-fellows. [See Note.

Was thy Wife and *Duras*, or the Starres in conjunction, [Lewis D.
to ruine thy Honour, and cuckold thy Fame ?

What els could provoke thee to take up the function
of extirpating Truth, or the Protestant name ?

Or did'st thou complayn of the Bully's hard Cane,

To *James* and his Cut-throtes, for fear to be slayn ?

O're rul'd by the Starres, and horn'd by thy wife,

Thou 'st sold Fame and Honour to save a vile life.

Oh PEYTON ! thou'dst better been hang'd, etc. [Passim.

Now *Middlesex* weep the fate of thy Hero,
and *Peyton*, lament thy sad Ruine and fall,

Who had sold us to *Paris*, to *Rome*, and Duke *Nero*, [York.

for a *French* butter'd-bun at bawdy *White-hall*. [' Carwell,']

To join with Informers, French Papists and Burners,

Shews thy mother (as well as thy daughter) whelp'd Turners.

Repent ! (oh repent) of this *Gadbury* Evil, [T. Gadbury.]

And reveal the damn'd Plot of Pope, D[uke], and Divell :

Then may'st thou retourn to thy honest good fellows,

And save thee from Infamy, Gaol, and the Gallows.

Now God guard this Land, our Ships, and our Seas !

and save the King's life, if his Majesty please :

From *Danby's*, from *Jammy's*, from *Dangerfield's* Plots,

From *Lewis's* Pistolls, and *Lauderdale's* Scots ; [Louis XIV.

From a damn'd Popish knife, Sugar-plumbes from his wife,

And what else soever may hurt his dear life : [Katherine.]

And speedily send us a Parliament Session, [Vol. iv, 189.]

To bring Traytors to justice, and Priests to confession.

O King of Kings, hear us ! for ours will not hear,

Till thou soft'nest his Heart, and open'st his ear.



Neither broadside nor other printed copy of this spirited ballad is known. The contemporary manuscript belongs to Mr. Thomas Toon, of Prince Albert Street, Brighton: also the earlier MS. of '*Oliver*,' used for our p. cxlvii*, etc. To him, therefore, are due thanks from the Editor, and from the Ballad Society.

Of the present ballad, lacking title, name of tune or author, in the probably unique manuscript, the date is soon after 9 January, 1679, Old Style (1679 $\frac{1}{4}$). For explanatory notes, see our vol. v, pp. 121, 224, 336. Also *Bagford Ballads*, pp. 663-709; for Sir William Waller, '*Arod*,' p. 751; for the '*Meal-Tub Plot*,' into which he ferreted, pp. 685, 703, 751, 880, 986, 1,015. As to the scandalous allegation concerning an intrigue betwixt Lewis Duras, Earl of Feversham, and Lady Peyton, it is probably true, since earlier, in 1679, he lost his first wife, Mary Soudes, daughter of Lord Soudes: whose titles he inherited in 1677. Readers have met Duras (vol. v) in the account of Sedgemore Fight, which was the ruin of James, Duke of Monmouth. Elizabeth Cellier, '*the Popish Midwife*,' at the pillory, is shewn on p. 986 of *Bagford Ballads*.

'*Es'court the Sot*,' if not Escourt the lampooner, might be Sir William Hescot, who was afterwards killed in a duel (Henry St. Johns and Colonel Webb were arraigned for it, sentenced to death, 10 Dec., 1684, but not executed). Sir *Robert Peyton* bore the nicknames of '*Turncoat Bob*,' *alias* '*Changeling Robin*.' He was often in trouble, a fickle and impulsive busybody; arrested, but discharged from custody, May, 1680; expelled by the disaffected Commons, for having challenged their ex-Speaker '*Wi. Williams*.' Apprehended on a warrant and committed to the Tower, his outlawry was reversed, soon after the Revolution, but he died of fever, 4 May, 1689. He and his wife were '*oscillators*,' perverts, or '*Turners*' (as they are called in the twenty-sixth line).

Ben Jonson's '*Cutpurse*' = "*My Masters and Friends*," is in *Roxb. Ballads*, tune of *Packington's Pound*. The '*Bartholomew Fair*' ballad held this burden:
*'Youth, youth, thou had'st better been starved by thy nurse,
 Than live to be hang'd for cutting a purse.'*



'*J. P.*,' whose initials are attached to many amatory ballads, was almost certainly John Playford, publisher of the *Choyce Ayres*.

His broadside elongations reacted favourably on Society upward. "*J. P.*" wrote ballads and lyrics for the market, to improve the taste of the populace.

'*Daphne's Complaint*,' one of *J. P.*'s own rarest ballads, is here reproduced, a ditty long desired (see p. 124, to the same tune; also *Note on p. 148*). It displays woman's tenderness and weakness.

*"Mournfully she sung this song :
 'O my Love, O my Love, O my Love,
 Thou stayest too long !'"*

She complained of his absence and tardiness in returning to her, not of his abiding at her side (as in '*Strephon and Chloris*,' vi, 128), "*loath to depart*." That story is best told by Dr. John Donne in his '*Break of Day*.'

*"STay, O Sweet! and do not rise!
 The light that shines comes from thine eyes:
 The Day breaks not; it is my heart,
 Because that you and I must part.
 Stay! or else my joys will die,
 And perish in their infancy."*



[Pepys Collection, III, 122; Rawlinson, 4to., 566, fol. 33.]

Daphne's Complaint

for the absence of her Lober.

The absence of her Love she moans,
With bitter Sighs and grievous Groans;
And still the burden of her song
Is, *O my Love, thou stay'st too long.*

To a Pretty Pleasant New Tune. J. P.



When I heard a trumpet sound, down I lay upon the ground,
And did listen to a sound which made the Echoes to rebound:

Mournfully she sung this song:
“O my Love, O my Love, O my Love,
thou stay'st too long!”

Underneath a Mirtle tree, all alone sat fair *Daphne*;
On her lap a Lute she laid, whereupon she sweetly plaid.

Mournfully [she sung this Song,] etc.

[*Passim.*]

The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

THE wild Bull and savage Bear roaring came this voice to hear;
 When they heard fair *Daphne's* voice, suddenly they ceas'd their noise:
Mournfully she sung this song, etc.

Out of the Woods the nimble Deer tripping came this voice to hear;
 All about her they did throng, and did listen whilst she sung.

Tygers, Wolves, and Lyons strong, came to hear fair *Daphne's* song;
 And they all stood in amaze when her voice she once did raise.

With her voyce her Lute kept time, whilst she sung this doleful rhyme;
 Long she lookt, and long did wait, still she thought her Love too late.

On the grassy Plain she sate, sore bewailing her sad fate,
 Still expecting of her Dear, wishing then he had been there.

"Sure thou hast forgot me quite, or hast found some new delight;
 That I here must sit alone, for thy absence making moan."

Still she sung this mournful Song:

"O my Love, O my Love, O my Love,
 thou stay'st too long!"

"Some disaster at this time hath befallen the Lover of mine,
 That thou art so long me fro'; and so fills my heart with woe."

Thus she did bewail her case, as she sat upon this place;
 Whilst the Savage Beasts, so grim, tamely stood to hear her sing.

When her Lover came at last, at this sight he was agast:
 Then she bid him fear no harm, for these wild Beasts she would charm:

Suddenly she chang'd her Song,

Singing, "O my Love, O my Love, O my Love,
 thou stay'st too long!"

Then they sweetly did imbrace in that flow'ry shady place,
 Whilst the frighted beasts did skip to the Woods, and nimbly trip:

Then she sung, melodiously,

"O my Love, O my Love, O my Love,
 Welcome to me!"

Printed for R. B., and sold by *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.*

[Black-letter. Burden in white-letter, printed as three lines throughout. The woodcut is the same as on p. 110 of vol. vi (viz., the same J. P.'s 'Love in the Blossom' = "One Summer evening"): a Knight in armour and a Cavalier. Lady, with a suggestive little cradled *papoose* floating down the stream towards them presaging "What the ship might be expected to bring to them" in the future. R. B., for whom it was printed, was Richard Burton. His name appears, in full, on J. P.'s 'Coy Shepherdess' = "Phillis on the new-made Hay" (*Roxb. Ballads*, iii, 619). The *Roxb.* exemplar of J. P.'s "One Summer evening fresh and fair" (vi, 110) is duplicated in Jersey Coll., i, 260, printed for W. Thackeray, T. Passenger, and W. Whitwood.]

Thanks to the Rev. Andrew Clark's Transcript of the Countess of M—'s Shirburn MS., we recover for this place the sequel of *Dulcinea* (cf. p. 794), that had been lost since 1615. The original ballad entitled 'The Shepherd's Wooing Dulcinea,' beginning "As at noon Dulcinea rested," we twice reprinted: first in *The Westminster Drollery*, Part Second, p. 59, and again in *Roxb. Ballads* (with Introduction, and variorum notes, collating the inaccurate Percy Folio MS.), vol. vi, pp. 164-9. Either to Sir Walter Raleigh's original, or to the present Sequel, the entry in Stat. Registers refers: "22nd May, 1615: John White, Thomas Langley: Received of them for printing the ballet of 'DULCINA' to the tune of, *Forgue me nowe, come to me some*. . . . vi^d."—*Transcripts*, vol. iii, 567.

[MS. Shirburn, North Lib. 119, D. 44, fol. 124, verso.]

An excellent newe Dyttye, wherein fayre *Dulcina* complagneth for the absence of her dearest *Coridon*, but at length is comforted by his presence.

To the Tune of, *Dulcina* [vol. vi, p. 164].

THE golden god *Hyperion* by *Thetis* is saluted,
Yet comes as Shephard *Coridon* in Brydall cloathing suited.

Dulcina then did say that Men

Were changing like the silver moone :

“ And now, I feare, I buy too deare,

‘ *Forgoe me now, come to me soone !* ”

“ Wand’ring by the silver mountaines, seeking my sweet Shephard swain,
I heard the christal humming fountaines mourningly with me complaine ;

How I am slayne by Love’s disdaine,

And all my musick out of tune ;

Yet will I singe no other thinge :

‘ *Forgoe me now, come to me soone !* ”

“ Love is in her blooming blasted, deceived by a golden tongue,
Vaine delights have fondly tasted, sweets that brings me bytter wrong.

Yet he ’s a creature, for his feature,

More jocund than the sunne or moone ;

Sweet, turn againe, the flowre of men,

Forgoe me now : come to me soone !

“ Let Satyrs sing the Roundelays, and fayryes daunce their twilight’s round ;
Whilst we in *Venus* sugred playes, doe solace on the flowery ground.

The darkest night, for our delight,

Is still as pleasant as the moone ;

Within thy armes, when *Cupid* charmes,

Dulcina cannot be too soone.

“ A Sheep-hooke all of good red gould, my *Coridon*, I ’le thee provide,
To drive my lambes vnto their folde, soe I may be thy wedded bride ;

And for thy sake, I ’le garlands make

Of Rosye buds and Hawthorne bloome :

Make noe delay, but sweetly say,

‘ *I ’le come to my Dulcina soone.* ’ ”

As she in sorrow then sat weeping, goulden slumber clos’d her eyes ;

The Shephard came and found her sleeping, saying, “ Fayre *Dulcina*, rise !

Let Love adorne our bridall morne,

Now bells doe ring a silver tune,

And pretty faunes daunce o’re the Lawnes,

To thinke what joyes will follow soone. ”

The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

A Hundredth Shephards come with him, attyred all in country gray :
With Oaten reeds they piped trim, in honour of Love’s holyday ;

Their bonnets fayre embrod’red were,

In beauty lyke a winter’s moone ;

Which set on fire the sweet desire

Of wished joyes that follow’d soone.

“ Loyalty with Love ’s requited, yf that Lovers have contentinge,
 And Pleasure stolne will be affrighted soone by jealous head tormentinge.
 For styll there lyes, in lovers’ eyes,
 A fancy changing like the moone;
 Yet in my bre[a]st a constant nest
Of sweet delight that comes full soone.

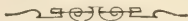
“ Our wood-nymphs on their summer greenes, God *Cupid* kindly to content,
 Will foote it like the nimble Queenes that daunct in Lady *Venus* tent;
 And *Hymen*’s hands tye holy bands,
 This Bridall day, before hye noone;
 [To] fayrer Dame did never swain [MS. ‘A.’
 Say, ‘*Come, Dulcinea, to me soone!*’

“ The day is spent with sweet desires, our wishes welcome gentle night,
 And Virgins’ lamps of *Hymen*’s fires doe lead the way to Love’s delight:
 Come, nymph, and rest upon my brest,
 Tyll cockes do crow their morning tune;
 Then let ’s awake, and pastime make,
And taste the ioyes we shall have soone.

“ *Aurora*, blushing white and redde, now lends us pleasure in our sleepes,
 And bright *Apollo* from his bed between the silken Curtaines keepes;
 And with his face gives sweeter grace
 Than *Phoebus* doth at cheerful Noone:
 Leave off to say ‘*Away, away!*’
And I’le be still thy comfort soone.”

Thus hand in hand desire did meete, as men and maydens vse to doe:
 If you attempt a Lady sweete, come learne of *Coridon* to wooe;
 The country swain is alwayes plaine,
 And sings to love the sweetest tune;
 “ Be not too coy, but say with ioy,
 ‘*Forgoe me now: come to me soone!*’ ”

Finis.



The fair Dulcinea and her Coridon end their ‘foregoing’ in a happy wedding. She could never lose the charm of her maiden bloom.

¶ ‘*CUPID’S CONQUEST*’ completes the Group that holds ‘*Cupid’s Power*’ and ‘*Cupid’s Revenge*,’ on pp. cxxxiv* and cxxxvi* of this *Prefatory Note*.

Note.—Both the tune-names refer to the same ballad, viz., the one beginning:

“*As I walkt forth to take the air*, one morning musing all alone,
 I heard a young man full of care, thus to himself did make great moan:
 ‘*My dearest Dear and I must part,*’ ” etc.

It is the *Roxburghe* ballad entitled ‘*True Love Rewarded with Loyalty*’ (already reprinted in vol. vi, p. 260). It has ‘a new West-Country Tune called *O hark, my Love!* or, *Flora, farewell!*’ (written by Laurence Price, before 1629; see vol. vi, p. 105: it is No. 158 in William Thackeray’s List of Ballads).

Another alternative tune is *A thousand times my Love commend* (see vol. i, 277):

“*Why should I thus complain on thee? so cruelly thou murderest me.*”

Written by William Blunden (reprinted in vol. vi, p. 257), ‘*The Faithful Lovers of the West*’ (Stat. Comp. Registers, D, fol. 392, in 1635).



[Jersey Collection, I, 142 = Lind., 882; Huth, I, 57.]

Cupid's Conquest; Or,
Will the Shepherd and Fair Kate of the Green; both
united together in pure Love.

When Damsels Fair doth thus Ensnare
 And win their Lover's heart,
 Thus with a Frown can run him down,
 Then *Cupid* takes his part.

This may be Printed, **R. L[e] S[trange].**

To the Tune of, *As I went* [=walk'd] *forth to take the Air; or, My dearest*
dear and I must part. [See the preceding *Note*, and vol. vi, p. 260.]

Now am I tost on waves of Love,
 here like a Ship that's under Sail;
 No kind entreaties will not move
 my Love to send one pleasant Gale.

She is an Angel in mine Eye,
 and Beauty flows in e'ry vein,
 Yet I lye wounded fatally,
 and by the Dart of her Disdain.

The lusture of her Beauty bright
 hath kindled such a secret flame
 Within my breast, that, day and night,
 I needs must call upon her name.

Fair *Katee*, *Katee*, too unkind,
 why am I banisht in exile?
 If thou wilt ease a troubled mind
 then send me here a gentle smile.

W[ere] she as kind as she was fair
 she soon would send me some relief,
 And ease my mind of grief and care,
 and banish all the clouds of Grief.

[*text*, 'Was.')

But yet, alas! it is in vain,
 my Love she ever more defies;
 Though I in sorrow here complain,
 yet she resolv'd to Tyrannize.

Assist me, *Cupid*, with thine aid,
 and let me not be overthrown;
 Do thou her gentle heart invade,
 when she is silent all alone.

When her Enchanting eyes doth close,
 and all her senses are at rest,
 When she is in her Night repose,
 then seize the closet of her Breast.

[Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.]

When *Cupid* took his Dart in hand,
 not fearing then to make her yield ;
 He did not long disputing stand,
 e're he subdu'd and won the field.

When *Katee* found her heart betray'd,
 and yet no creature could she see,
 She like a Pensive Lover said,
 " What sudden change is wrought in me ? "

Then many sighs and tears she spent
 in sorrow for her dearest Dear ; [misp. 'it sorrow.']

Her yielding heart did then relent,
 " Sweet *William*, O would thou wert here !

" Sure pride did over-sway my heart,
 causing *Ambition* for to reign ;
 But since I feel Love's fatal smart,
 for sweet *William* I do complain."

Now when it plainly did appear
 that she in sorrows did condole,
 This joyful tydings to his ear
 revived then his fainting Soul.

The vail of grief and heaviness
 no longer seemed to remain,
 No tongue was able to express
 the joys of her beloved Swain.

He then embrac'd her in his arms,
 and joyfully they did compleat
 The most [ador] pleasant Charms, [misp. 'indorsed.']
 with vows and tender kisses sweet.

Thus, many fair expressions past,
 and *Katee* vowing thus did say :

" As long as ever life doth last,
 I 'le be as constant as the day."

Printed for *J. Deacon* at the *Angel* in *Guilt-spur-street* without *Newgate* [1685].

[Black-letter. Five cuts, in *Roxburghe Ballads*: 1st, Gravesend damsel, p. 652 ; 2nd, man, iv, 62 ; 3rd, Lady, vii, 29 ; 4th, fat *Cupid*, iv, 457 ; 5th, Lovers shot by *Cupid*, vii, 654. Date of original, circa 1635 ; but of reprint, 1685.]

Tom D'Urfey's 'New Song of State and Ambition' (see vol. iv, p. 561) had been sung at the Duke's Theatre, Dorset Gardens, in 1683, and was followed in 1684 by sundry political parodies, to the same tune, one of them beginning :

" Faction and Folly, alas ! will deceive you,
 The Loyal man still the best Subject does prove.
Treason of reason, poor *Whig*, will bereave you ;
 You cannot be bless'd till this curse you remove," etc.

It was in praise of High-Admiral James Duke of York, " the Ocean's defender, the joy of his friends and the dread of his foes," viz., Clayton, Ferguson, Richard Baxter, Sir Patience Ward, and the pretender Monmouth.



[Jersey Coll., III, 72, unique; Trowbesh Trans., 4to., B. XXI, p. 111.]

The

Protestant Father's Advice to his Ambitious Son.

To the Tune of: *State and Ambition, alas! will deceive ye,
[there's no solid Joy but the blessing of Love;
Scorn does of Pleasure, fair Sylvia, bereave ye:
your fame is not perfect till that you remove.]*

[—T. D'URFEY. See preceding *Note*.]

STATE and Ambition, alas! will deceive you,
there's no solid joy but in Blessings above;
Of all comforts here [Death] soon will bereave you, ['heav'n']
your Estates and your Bags it will shortly remove.
But he that inherits a portion of Grace,
he may lye down in Peace, and take his sweet rest;
If after this life his footsteps you'll trace,
you will find that with Saints and with Angels he's plac'd.

His Portion is lasting, his Pleasures are certain,
his Joys are unmixt, and his Blessings are sure;
When the comforts of Earth are all fading and parting
his peace and his pleasures shall ever endure.
His Labours shall meet with a Kingdom and Crown,
his Glory and Joy shall never have end;
When the Sun, Moon, and Stars shall all tumble down,
with glorious Arch-Angels his time he shall spend.

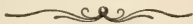
Oh! then let us mount our Hearts up to Heaven!
let our Souls be rouz'd up above this dull earth;
In *Sion* our sins shall all be forgiven:
it is there, only there, we can have our true Mirth. [= Joy.
The World, alas! at best is a Bubble,
a Shadow, a Dream, a thing of no worth;
At best, it breeds vexation and trouble,
and sorrow and misery often brings forth.

Then live such a Life as you would wish, dying,
a Life of Religion, of Truth, and of Zeal;
For your time it has wings, and you'll find it still flying,
't will suddenly post you to woe or to weal.
O happy's that Man, thrice happy is he,
whose end and whose aim are of Blessings above;
The Beauty of *Sion* he shortly shall see,
and still be surrounded with heavenly Love.

What heavenly Raptures and Anthems are sounding
 in ears of the Saints and the Angels [at] rest! [t. 'in.']
 Loue, kindness, and sweetness in Heaven's abounding :
 unspeakable Joy is attending the Blest.
 Lute, Timbrel, and Harp, with [Anthems of Praise],
 are filling the Heaven with glorious Delight,
 And the blest Son of Man with his beauteous rays
 adorns all his Saints, makes them glorious and bright.
 Since Heaven is so glorious, and Earth's such a trouble,
 it's madness and nonsense to dye unprepar'd ;
 The Richest have found the whole Globe but a bubble,
 they that great Lands and great Fortunes have shar'd.
 No joy that is real the World can allow,
 no comfort, no pleasure, no Mirth nor Content :
 Then why to this Wealth do men foolishly bow,
 and why are our days so sordidly spent ?

London : Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-Ball* in *Pye-corner*.

[White-letter, in two columns. It has the woodcut of p. cliii*. Date, 1684.]



A New-made Medley composed of Songs.

WE give here a clever 'New-made Medley' which was, in 1688-89, sung to the same tune, '*State and Ambition*.' It is in Pepys, v, 411, naming many songs that were then in favour. Nearly all of these we have identified, as shewn in our marginalia. Most of them we had reprinted.

In vol. i of these *Roxb. Ballads*, 1869 (pp. 51-61), Mr. William Chappell reprinted other 'Medleys,' but without making a similar attempt at identification. He believed that almost all the songs mentioned had perished: "Medleys like this [Martin Parker's] and the following [by F. D.], made up from cross-readings of old ballads and interspersed with proverbs, show us the immense proportion of ballads that have perished, while they supply dates of current popularity for the few that remain" (vol. i, p. 51). J. W. E. editorially holds a more hopeful view, after many years given unaidedly to the search. Even of Martin Parker's Medley there remained three other exemplars that were unknown to Mr. Chappell, viz., *Fuing* Collection, No. 86; *Huth*, 9 $\frac{1}{4}$; and *Jersey*, 36 $\frac{1}{4}$, now *Lindes*, 680. *Comparatively few ballads, after having once been popular, are absolutely Lost*; they are merely temporarily NOT FOUND. Thus, of songs mentioned in the third stanza of F. D.'s 'Medley,' 1620, we have recovered many, one being "Within oure towne faire *Susan* dwells" (see p. clxiii*).

¶ We have also recovered '*Merrily and Cherrily*' (p. clxv*): a ballad by John Lookes (who wrote '*The Ragman*,' p. 778). It is dated May, 1641. The burden is, "*Merrily and Cherrily let's drink off our Beere; Let who as will run for it, wee will stay here.*"

This is the tune and burden named in '*The Parliament Routed*' of June, 1653 (compare p. cc*, *post*). The ballad by Lookes is entitled 'Keepe thy head on thy shoulders, and I will keepe mine.' It begins, "Though *Wentworth*'s beheaded, should any repyne, There's others may come to the Blocke besides he" (*sic*). Music is in Playford's *Dancing-Master*, 1651.

A New-made Medley, compos'd of sundry Songs, For Sport and Pastime for the most ingenious Lovers of Wit and Mirth.

To the Tune of, *State and Ambition*. [Two lines of music. See *Pills*, v, 11.]

STATE and Ambition,—all joy to Great *Cæsar*!
Sawney shall ne'er be my—*Colly* my Cow;
All Hail to the Shades; all Joy to the Bridegroom
And call upon *Dobbin* with Hi, Je, ho.
Remember, ye *Whigs*, what was formerly done;
And *Jenny*, come tye my bonny Cravat!
If I live to grow old, for I find I go down:
For I cannot come every day to woo.

Jove in his throne was a Fumbler, *Tom Farthing*,
A[s] *Jockey* and *Jenny* together did lie;
Oh Mother! *Roger*: Boys, fill us a Bumper,
For why will you die, my poor *Cælia*, ah why?
Hark! how thund'ring Cannons do roar!
Ladies of *London*, both wealthy and fair;
Charon, make haste, and ferry me over:
Lilli burlero bullen a lah.

Chloris, awake! *Four pence half-penny farthing*:
Give me the Lass that is true Country bred;
Like *John* of *Gaunt* I walk in *Covent-Garden*,
I am a Maid, and a very good Maid.
Twa bonny Lads was *Sawney* and *Jockey*;
The Delights of the Bottle & charms of good Wine:
Wading the water so deep, my sweet *Moggy*,
Cold and Raw, let it run in the right line.

Old *Obadiah* sings *Ave-Maria*,
Sing Lulla-by-Baby, *with a Dildo*:
The old Woman and her Cat sat by the Fire,
Now this is my Love, d'ye like her, ho?
Old *Chiron* thus preach'd to his pupil *Achilles*,
And under this stone lies *Gabriel John*;
Happy was I 'at the sight of fair *Phillis*':
What should a Young Woman do with an Old Man?

There's old Father *Peters* with his Romish creatures,
There was an Old Woman sold Pudding-Pies;
Cannons with thunder shall fill them with wonder,
I once lov'd a Lass that had bright rowling eyes.
There's my maid *Mary*, she does mind her Dairy,
I took to my heels and away I did run;
And bids him prepare to be happy to-Morrow;
Alas! I don't know the right end of a Gun.

[vol. v, 56.
iv, 14; iii, 601.
v, 422; *Pep.*, iv, 93.
'As I w. driving.'
iv, 254.
p. 466.
iv, 507.
p. lxix*.

[pp. 670, 856.
p. 460.
p. 201; v, 90.
Cf. iii, 387: 1677.
v, 366.
iii, 369.
vi, 24.
Bagford, 370.

[vi, 128; p. 710.
iv, 402.
vii, 447.
v, 613.
vol. ix, p. clxvi*.
Liggan Water.
vii, 233.

[Obad. Walker.
Note, p. clxii*.
See p. 199, "Hi ho."
vol. v, p. 514.
Purcell: *Catch Ch.*
Choice Ayres, i, 24.
p. 679.

[Edward Petre.
p. 776; vii, 77.
vii, 338.
vii, 29.
vii, 273?
Lindesiana, 527.

My Life and Death does lye both in your Power,
 And every Man to his Mind, *Shrewsbury* for me :
 On the Bank of a Brook as I sate fishing :
 Shall I die a Maid, and never married be ?
 Uds bobs ! let *Oliver* now be forgotten !
Joan is as good as my Lady in the Dark ;
 Cuckolds are Christians, Boys, all the world over :
 And here 's a full Bumper to *Robin John Clark*.

(vii, 47.
 vi, 359.
 p. xcvi***.
 vi, 238.
 v, 267.
 Pepys, i, 236.
Cf. p. clxv*.
 ? Pills, vi, 327.

[In the Pepys Collection, V, 411. White-letter. No cut, or p. name, 1688-9.]
 Lord Macaulay quotes the line ridiculing Obadiah Walker at Univ. Coll., Oxon., in 1687: *Hist. E., c. viii.* "Old Father *Peters*" is the Jesuit and councillor :

"Of *Magdalen* College he thought it most fit [Vol. v, 725.
 To turn out the Fellows, a very fine trick,
 And place Father *Walker*, that curst Jesuit :
Sing, hey, brave Chancellor ! ho, brave Chancellor ! [= *Jeffreys*.
 "In *Rome* there is a most fearful rout,
 And what do you think it is about ?
 Because the Birth of the Babe is come out :
Sing Lulla-by, Baby, by, by, by." [Vol. iv, 304.

This was the 'Warming-Pan' story (compare p. 299, *ante*). See vol. i, p. 47, for the other burden named, *With a Dildo*; also *Bagford Ballads*, pp. 551-3.

Not many of the best popular ballads are absent from the Roxburghe and the Bagford Collections. Fifty pages would suffice to hold them all, additionally, viz. :—(1) 'The Childe of Elle' = "On yonder hill a castle stands." (2) 'The Heir of Linne' = "Lithe and listen." (3) 'Adam Bell, Clym of the Cloughe, and William of Cloudislee' : begins, "Merry it was in grene forest, amonge the leaves grene" (*Introd.*, p. xxxviii***). (4) 'The Boy and the Mantle' = "In the third day of May," to accompany (5) "As it fell out on a Pentecost day." (6) 'Gernutus the Jew of Venice,' from the Pepys Collection, "In Venice towne, not long agoe," to the tune of *Blacke and Yellow*. A ballad imitative of Shakespeare, (7) 'The Frolicksome Duke; or, The Tinker's Good-Fortune' : "Now as Fame does report, a young Duke keeps a Court." (*Taming of Shrew.*)

"*Jack* shall have *Jill*, nought shall go ill :
 The Man shall have his Mare again, and all shall be well." [i.e. *Mosse*.
 — *A Midsummer Night's Dream* : Epilogue.

In F. D.'s 'Medley' (vol. i, p. 57, line 29) is "The Man shall have his Mare again." Mention is made of "Methinks it is a pleasant thing to walk on Primrose-hill" : 'The Cut-purse'; 'The Wife of Bath'; 'Simon Suckeggs' ["who sold his mother for duck-eggs, bought her agen for a bottle of gin," etc.]; "When Fair Jerusalem" (Warning to London, 1603 : vii, 798); 'Troy Town' (vi, 548); 'Trial of True Love' (ii, 87); "Diana and her darlings dear" (ii, 520); "Who list to lead a Soldier's life?" ; "Friend, ye may have a Bacon flich at Dunmow"; "Poor Lazarus lies at Dives' gate, half-starved," etc. Compare p. lxxxv* for 'Primrose-Hill'; also pp. cli*, clii*, and vol. iii, p. 492, for Ben Jonson's 'Cutpurse.' Vol. vii, 213, holds "In Bath a wanton Wife did dwell." F. D., *circa* 1620, in his seventeenth line, mentions the elder ballad, now recovered, printed on the opposite p. clxiii, viz. "Within ourc Towne faire *Susan* dwells."

[The Countess of Macclesfield's Shirburn MS., North Lib., 119, D. 44.]

An Excellent new Ballad of a Young Man in Prayse of his beloved sweet *Susan* of *Ashford*.

IN this towne fayre *Susan* dwelleth :

I loue her and she loues me ;

Hellen's beauty she excelleth,
white her forehead, brown her eye.

More soft than silke, her Ivory hands,
and her fingers long and slender :

Ther's neuer a Lady in thys lande
is by nature halfe so tender.

My Loue can sport, my Loue can playe,
my Loue can tricke, daunce, and syng ;

My Loue can sytt with me all daye,
and tell me many a pretty thinge.

Like pretty birds and turtles true,
each other still we [doe] delight ;

We spend the tyme in pleasant sports
from the morning to the night.

When she meetes me she will kysse me,
and will take me by the hand ;

Protesting that she wou'd not misse me
for the wealth of *Tagus* land.

Then, lyke *Venus*, she will bring me
to some pleasant place of pleasure,

And give my h[e]art the whole commaund
of all her Beauty's pleasing treasure.

When she hath made this courteous offer,
I must needes fulfill her minde ;

Who can refuse a Mayden's proffer ?
Maydens love not men unkinde.

Like *Mars* I thus my *Venus* greete,
and her champion doe I prove ;

There is no pleasure halfe so sweete
as my *Susan's* in her loue.

Thus Loue and Beautye are agreed
to give me both her h[e]art and hand ;

She's true to me in word and deede,
and I am hers for to commaund.

At last she sayd : " Good Syr, alack !
oh, my h[e]art is wondrous ill !

Your loue hath made your *Susan* sicke :
Death will shortly have his will."

But now she is becom'd a woman,
and of death is not afraide ;

She is my wife, and I her husbande,
[she] noe longer lives a mayde :

But as a mother she hath prooved
a lusty soldier good and tall :

The stoutest champion in the world,
she nothing feareth now at all.

[a.l. " Within our
... dwells."

[a.l. " witty."

Thus of my *Sue* I make an end,
 my darling and my turtle true;
 No young man e'er found dearer friend
 than I have found of my sweet *Sue*.
 You Maydes that fayne would married be,
 of her and me this lesson take:
 When kindnes once is offered you,
 vnkindly do it not forsake.

Finis.

[Rawlinson Collection, 566, fol. 22; Wood, E. 25, fol. 123.]

The Rich and Flourishing Cuckold well Satisfied.

Plenty of Cuckolds now, why? that's no News,
 They Christians are, or else your Fathers Jews;
 But yet amongst them all there's none that thrives,
 But those that give free License to their Wives
 To trade with whom they please: the jealous man
 Must still a Cuckold be, do what he can,
 And never live to see a happy day,
 But waste with jealousie, and pine away.

[p. clxii*.

TUNE IS, *The delights of the Bottle*. [Note, p. clxv*; Music, iv, 43.]

J. W. E.

THe delights of a Cuckold, that doth not repine,
 Is his bag's full of Gold and his cellar of Wine;
 All things he enjoyeth, and nothing can want,
 But with his Wife's friends he may revel and rant:
A churlish young Cuckold shall ever be poor,
Whilst we that are willing shall tumble in store.

[Passim.

My Wife she doth horn me, I know 't very well,
 Nor I am not asham'd all my neighbours to tell,
 For a strange alteration in my liking I find,
 I may thank my fine wife, and her friends that are kind.

Whilst jealous I was, I was then full of woe,
And abroad to hard labour I was forced to go;
When at night I came home I had little content,
But I of my folly did quickly repent.

Fine Gallants each day were desirous to know me,
I wonder'd why they so much kindness should owe me:
Then home along with me these Gamesters must go,
And there make me drunk for a trick that I know.

When once to the house I had shew'd them the way,
I had store of their companies every day:
And I being quiet, my wife she grew kind,
And under the Candlestick gold I could find.

He bought me fine *cloaths*, new hat and lac'd bands,
With rich fringed Gloves for to put on my hands;
One pocket had Silver, the other had Gold,
We took a new house, and disdained the old.

Those gallants to please me will often provide
Rich dinners for me and the Harlot my Bride;
When my belly is full, and with Sack I am drunk,
Then away I do march whilst they play with my punk.

This pleases the youngsters that I leave them alone,
With my wife they can frolique so soon as I'm gone;
And I'll swear she's a damnable cunning young Jade,
For without store of Guineys she scorns for to trade.

I am a rich Cuckold, and 't is known all about,
My Horns are so full that the Gold doth run out;
Broad-pieces and Guineas come tumbling in,
And to give them a welcome I count it no sin.

[Picture.

If my neighbours cry 'Cuckow!' just at my own door,
And swear that my spouse is a wanton young whore,
I'll take them by th' hand, and cry 'Welcome!' I trow,
We needs must be brothers, for we dwell in a row.

[*Cf.* p. 668.

Then let me advise all those that are wed,
With patience to bear it if their wives horn their head;
A jealous young Coxcomb shall scarce be forgiven,
But a Cuckold contented goes sure to Heaven.

A Heaven on earth we do daily enjoy,
And another when death shall our bodies destroy;
There's none that such happiness ever could find
As we who are ever contented in mind:

*But a churlish young Cuckold shall ever be poor,
Whilst we that are willing shall tumble in store.*

Finis. With Permission. By R. L'Estrange.

[Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clark. Wood's copy was printed for E. Oliver at the Golden Key on Snow-hill, etc. Two cuts: 1st is on the preceding p. clxiv*; 2nd, vol. iv, p. 472, left. Date, 1675.]

¶ The tune-name of '*The delights of the Bottle*' was mentioned on p. lxxviii*. The two stanzas by Thomas Shadwell, 1675, were reprinted, with music and prolongation, in vol. iv, p. 44. Many were the 'Mock-Songs' on it. The chief woodcut originally bore on the label these words, "*This it is to be contented, Brother!*" words erased when the cut was reissued by J. Blare, in '*The Dyer's Destiny*' (see vol. iv, p. 405). The original song is on next page.

The Delights of the Bottle.

THe Delights of the Bottle and Charms of good Wine,
To the power and the pleasures of Love must resign :
Though the night in the joys of good drinking be past,
The debauches but till the next morning will last.

But Love's great debauch is more lasting and strong,
For that often lasts a man all his life long.

Love and Wine are the bonds that fasten us all ;
The World, but for these, to confusion would fall :
Were it not for the pleasures of Love and good Wine,
Mankind for each trifle their lives would resign :
They'd not value dull life, nor could live without thinking,
Nor would Kings rule the world, but for love and good drinking.

By **Thomas Shadwell**, in *Psyche*, 1675.

Thomas Duffet mocked it, by the licentious song beginning "The delights of the Bottle and charms of a Drab," sung in '*Psyche Debauched*,' 1678.

That the race of 'Contented' wittols or 'Rich flourishing Cuckolds' was not extinct in 1813, was deftly shewn in '*Le Sénateur*' by Béranger,' beginning thus :

" Mon épouse fait ma gloire : *Rose* a de si jolis yeux !
Je lui dois, l'on peut m'en croire, un Ami bien précieux."—**K. T. A.**

We have seen on p. lxxxii*** 'An easy way to tame a Shrew.'

Another way, 'The Woman Outwitted,' is in vol. vii, p. 190 : a late version of twofold story of 'a Weaver's Wife cunningly catch'd in a Trap by her husband, who sold her for ten pounds, and sent her to Virginny.' The Rawlinson original has seventeen stanzas, and is believed to be unique. It is entitled, 'A Net for a Night-Raven; or, A Trap for a Scold.' The tune is *Let us to Virginny go*. Begins, "Here is a merry song, if that you please to buy it."

He entraps her on board a vessel "to see him off," after he had sold her for ten pounds—she fetches five times the sum, when she reaches Virginny, seven weeks later : at good profit to the merchant, who "as a maiden sold her, for fifty pounds in money, and she another husband got, when she came to *Virginny*." The Weaver, quieted, is nicknamed "a merchant of Virginny." The motto is :

" My honest friends, if you the way would know
How to be quiet from a scolding Shrow,
And to get money now in these hard times,
Then pray give ear, and listen to these rhymes."

~~~~~

We 'hark back' to a notorious case of mistaken identity, where an unfaithful husband who had plotted evil "was deceived in the dark." It belongs to the old French *Fabliaux*, as shewn on pp. 475, 476 : whereby the Husband makes himself his own Cuckold.

One version of the tale has been given in *Bagford Ballads*, p. 530, 'The Unfortunate Miller,' beginning, "All you that desire to hear of a jest." It is of date 1685. The earlier version of it here follows, named 'A Cuckold by Consent.' The same incident is related elsewhere in vol. viii, pp. 477, 479, 'The Westminster Frolic' and 'The Wanton Vintner.' It needed the present ballad to complete the fourfold history of a night's misadventures. Jack's gift of the Ram was a bribe of evil augury. Such revelations were common enough among the saintly elect. Many doubt that Master Ford, of Windsor, escaped from wearing the 'Bull's-Feather': when his jealous pate ached again.



[Pepys Collection, IV, 124 ; Rawlinson, 566, fol. 172.]

## A Cuckold by Consent ; or,

The Frollick Miller that inticed a Maid,  
As he did think, to lodge in his lawless bed ;  
But she deceived him of his intent,  
And in her room his Wife to bed she sent.

THE TUNE IS, *The Bed's making*. [See pp. 259, 572, 850.]

**F**RIENDS, will it please you to hear me tell of a merry jest that late befell,  
By as good a Miller as ever laid stone, yet was not contented with his own :  
*But he was deceived in the dark,*  
*And took his own for another's mark.*

Upon a time it chanced so, a proper Maid to the Mill did go,  
To grind her father a batch of corn: the Miller's heart with her did burn :  
*Yet he was deceived in the dark, etc.* [Passim.]

And to obtain his purpose right, he caused the Maid to stay all night,  
And said it would be almost morn before that he could grind her Corn.

So when the day was done and spent, Home to his house the Miller went ;  
He took the Maid with him along, to whom he thus did use his tongue :

“ Sweet-heart,” quoth he, “ I tell thee now, that I have made a secret vow,  
That I this night will lye with thee, and thou shalt have thy Grist Toll-free.

“ At home I have a special room, where none but my chief guests do come,  
Thy lodging there alone shall be, and I will come to bed to thee.

“ Sweet soul, I pray thee be content ! with Maidens silence is consent :  
It is no purpose to say No, for I have sworn it shall be so.”

Then to his wife the Miller said : “ I pray thee make much of this Maid,  
And lodge her in the Parlor below, for she's a good man's child, I know.”

So to the Mill again he went, but to return was his intent,  
For to perform what he had swore, unto the Maid, not long before.

Then shortly after he was gone, unto his Wife the Maid made known ;  
Quoth she : “ Your husband hath this night sworn to deprive you of your right.

“ Unto your lodging let me go, and lye yourself in the room below ;  
If in the Parlor bed you be, he'll lye with you, and think 't is me.” *So he, etc.*

His Wife, considering of the thing, to her own bed the Maid did bring ;  
And, for to have the thing, you know, she laid her[self] in the room below.

Then towards the mid-time of the night, the Miller came to the Chamber right,  
His promise which he made to keep, and he thought he found the Maid asleep,  
*But he was deceived in the dark, etc.*

For joy the Miller nothing said, but off with his cloaths and into bed,  
And, colours in the dark being 'like, he at his work did briefly strike.

His Wife speaks not a word at all, but took all kindly that would fall,  
And that did prove so good a part, she thank't the Maid with all her heart.

The Miller out of bed again, and to the Mill he went amain ;  
But in his mind he was almost wild, for fear he had got the Maid with child.

He did devise to cause the mother to father the child upon another,  
And, pausing on the thing awhile, his man he thought for to beguile.

With that he cast his wits about, to work the project past all doubt,  
Then (with all wisdom on this wise) he told his man of a dainty prize.

“*Jack*” (quoth the Miller), “by the Mass! I’le tell thee of a curious Lass,  
With a cherry cheek, and a dainty chin, with snow-white breasts, & a silken skin;

“With nut-brown hair, and a forehead high, with Ruby lips, and a pleasant eye;  
With a pretty lisping prattling tongue, soft hands, and fingers small and long;

“With a slender middle, & a body straight; both back & belly proportion’d right;  
With a handsome leg, and a dainty foot, and finer than all if thou can’st do o’ t.

“And *Jack*, if thou wilt credit me, a sweeter wench thou ne’er did’st see; [fill.”  
What wilt thou give me for my good will? and thou shalt have belly-bait thy

“It is?” quoth the Miller. Then quoth his man, “Good master, do the best  
you can

To bring it about, and for the same I’le give unto you my old Ram.”

“A match!” quoth the Miller, “the Ram is mine; and then the Wench she  
shall be thine!”

And so the Miller, like an Ass, sent him to his wife instead of the Lass.

When *Jack* did come where she did lye, into the bed then *Jack* did hye;  
You know so well, I need not name what *Jack* would do unto his Dame.

When *Jack* had finisht up his game, unto the Miller he went amain,  
He thank’t his Master, and to him swore, that he never had such sport before.

Betimes i’ th’ morning the Maid arose, and to the Miller straight she goes;  
Her horse she ready saddled found, beside her corn was Toll-free ground.

The Miller then desired the Maid that she would remember the Parlor bed.

Quoth she: “Good Sir, you are deceiv’d; you kist your [own] wife in my stead,  
*And you were deceived in the dark,*” etc.

“Alas!” quo. the Miller, “what shall I do? for then our *Jack* hath been there too.  
And for this trick a vow I make, I’le never trust Maid for thy sake.”

*But he was deceived in the dark,*

*And took his own for another’s mark.*

[Rawlinson’s: Printed for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, and *J. Wright*; Pepysian for *J. W.*,  
*J. C.*, *W. Th.*, *T. P.* Black-letter. Woodcut on p. cxxviii\*. Date, circa 1674.]

It was befitting that this earlier version of the wanton miller’s misadventures should be given here, to admit of comparison with ‘The Unfortunate Miller’ of ten years’ later date, 1685 (*Bagford Ballads*, p. 530): “All you that desire,” See also vol. viii (First Division), pp. 475-480, ‘The Westminster Frolic’ and ‘The Wanton Vintner.’ In all four versions, retribution swiftly follows the premeditation of sin; no need that “prudish readers should grow skittish.”



¶ In vol. vii, p. 429, was quoted another Rawlinson ditty (4to., 566, fol. 14): ‘SHE IS BOUND, BUT WON’T OBEY; or, The Married Man’s Complaint in choosing a Wife, desiring other Young-men to have a care and to look before they leap.’ To the tune of *The West-Country delight*. Woodcut of Shrew wielding her ladle (vol. vii, p. 188). He says, “O good Wife!” She, “Out, Rogue! spend thy money.” A duplicate is in Wood’s Coll., E.<sup>25</sup>/<sub>67</sub>, circa 1674. The tune (*Popular Music*, p. 543) is named also *Hey for Zommerset-shire*! beginning, “In Summer-time, when flowers do spring”: burden is, *Caper and firk it*.

I Am a poor Married-man truly, and I lead a weary life,  
As I will plainly here declare, by marrying with a Wife;  
At bed and board, still word for word, she'll give me two for one;  
You Married-men and Batchelors, come listen to my Song.

I was a Batchelor void of care, and I had a good estate,  
And I, forsooth, must presently go seek me out a Mate;  
Which at the last, unto my cost, I light on such a one,  
Search all the Country round about the like is not agen.

Now I will plainly here declare, unto your open view,  
And if that I were put to my oath, I'll swear that it is true:  
Then give good ear, while I declare the wicked weary life  
Which I sustain both night and day, by marrying with a Wife.

Each morning I must rise betimes, to make my wife a fire,  
And, alas! make her a posset too, if it be her desire.  
Then up she'll get at ten a clock, whether it be day or no,  
*Pray which of all you women-kind are us'd for to do so?*

And when that she is up and drest, to the Ale-house she will trot,  
And there she'll stay, and be as drunk as ever was a Rot:  
With pipe and pot she will suck to 't, while she can stand or go,  
*Pray which of all you women-kind are us'd for to do so?*

But when that she is drunk come home, she'll put me in such fears,  
She'll pull my nose, and pinch my arms, and wring me by the ears:  
By the hair of the head, out of the bed, she'll pull me on the floor,  
And when that I have turn'd my back, she's given to play the w.o.e.

She'll call me Cuckold to my face, and I cannot it deny,  
But yet I know in our Town, there's more as well as I;  
There's neighbour *John*, an honest man; but what if that he be,  
He may dry clouts upon his horns, as well as thee or me.

I dare not in the Ale-house peep, no not for both my ears,  
But she will presently after creep, and put me in such fears;  
With the Flagon lid, upon my head, she'll ring me such a peel,  
I think in heart that she is worse than all the devils in hell.

I must be man and Maid at home, and do the work within,  
And when that I have made the Cheese I must sit down and spin:  
Which grieves me to the very heart to think of the weary life  
Which I sustain both night and day, by marrying with a Wife.

And when that she at supper sits, I must stand looking on,  
And after she hath eat the meat then I must pick the bone:  
I cannot have one bit of bread, but what she doth me cut,  
And yet I'll swear, both day and night she keeps me hard at work.

What course to take I cannot tell, I lead such a weary life,  
That I could e'en find in my heart to hang me with my knife;  
Or else go put on a clean-shirt, and drown me immediately:  
That all young men both far and near may example take by me.

You Batchelors all, both great and small, example take by me,  
And when you look these lines upon, think on my misery;  
And also look before you leap, for fear you catch a fall:  
If your wives prove no better than mine, I would they were buried all.

You Married-men that have good wives, I would wish you make much on them,  
And also see in any wise you do not seek to wrong them;  
For a Good Wife, upon my life, is worth both Gold and Pearl,  
And happy is that Married-man that lights on such a Girl.

*Finis.*

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.* With Allowance.

¶ Page xxx\*\*\* of our *Introduction to Vol. Eight* should have held the complete first stanza of "*Gallants, all come mourne with me!*" Compare p. 758, *Additional Notes to Vol. VII*, where this tune-name is mentioned, for Edward White's 'Petigree of King James the First of England' (registered 11 June, 1603). Robert Hassall's 'Lamentable Mone of a Soldier for the losse of his derely beloved Lorde,' is dated '1601,' and begins thus:—

"G Allants, all come mourne with me [MS., 16 stanzas.  
 For youre Knight of Chivalry.  
 Souldiers, all come traile your pikes,  
 Let tricklinge teares run downe your cheekes;  
 For he is gone that was your Frende,  
 Untymely death hath wroughte his ende.  
*Oh hone, hononorero hononorero,  
 Terararero, Terararero, hone."*

A similar burden on p. 758, *O Hone, honinoneero, tarrarararra tarraareera hone*.

The earliest date in the MS. vol. is "xxviii die junij : 1591 : Robert Hassall." His ballad, marked 1601, could scarcely be identical with the later-dated ballad of 1606, entitled 'The Souldier's Lamentacon for the Deathe of the honourable-minded man the Lord MOUNTJOY' (*cf.* Introduction to vol. viii, p. xiv\*\*\*).

We turn to a different sort of Soldier, *circa* 1638. He is a man of musical and amatory tendencies; not usually a safe guide by land or sea to his innumerable Peggies, when they chanced to 'lose their way.' They were seldom coy, being in Rosalind's "holiday humour, and like enough to consent."

'*Peggy and the Souldier*' had many distinct ballads. One held the tune cited on p. 859, *Laugh and Lie down*. Another (tune, *Oyle of Barley*) began thus: "Not long ago, walking alone." The witty pretty Damosel to a Souldier often made this answer: "*I dare not do no more than the back of your hand, Sir.*"

[Rawlinson Collection, 4to., 566, fol. 67, mutilated; Pepys, IV, 41.]

## The Nightingale's Song; Or, The Souldier's rare Musick, and Maid's Recreation.

This song adviseth Maidens to have a care,  
 And of Souldier's Snap-sacks to beware. [ = Knapsacks.

Tune is, *No, no, no, not I* [vol. iii, 42: April, 1636]; or, *Pegg and the Souldier*.

AS I went forth, one Sun-shining day,  
 A dainty young couple were gathering *May*:  
 The one a fair Damosel of beauty most clear,  
 The other a Souldier, as it doth appear.  
 With kisses and compliments to her he said:  
 "Good-morrow, sweet Honey, thou well-favour'd Maid!  
 I think myself happy I met with you here,  
 As you are a Virgin, and I a Souldier.  
 "And now, if you pleased be, I will you bring  
 Whereas you shall hear the sweet Nightingale sing;  
 With other rare pastimes my skill shall be try'd,  
 If you will walk with me to the merry greenwood side."  
 "Sweet Sir" (said the Damosel), "if you will do so,  
 Then hand in hand with you along I will go.  
 It is Recreation for Maids in the Spring  
 To see flowers grow and hear Nightingales sing."

And having thus spoken, together they went  
Unto a merry Green-wood, where some time they spent  
In walking, and talking of many an odd thing,  
But yet could not hear the Nightingale sing.

A dainty clear River was running thereby,  
A bank of sweet violets and primroses nigh;  
Then said the young Gallant, "Sit down by the spring,  
We'll here take our pleasure till the Nightingale sing."

The Maid seem'd unwilling, and said she'd be gone,  
And yet she was loath for to leave him alone;  
At last she resolved her self to this thing,  
To stay till they heard the sweet Nightingale sing.

Amongst the sweet flowers they straightway sat down,  
The young man in kindness gave her a green-gown;  
He also presented to her a gold Ring,  
'Cause she should stay to hear th' sweet Nightingale sing.

[p. 689.

And having thus done, he took her about the middle,  
And forth of his *Knap-sack* he pull'd a rare fiddle,  
And play'd her a fit, made the valleys to ring:  
"O now" (quoth she) "I hear the Nightingale sing."

"Then now," said the Souldier, "'t is time to give o'er."  
"Nay, prethee" (quoth she), "play me one lesson more:  
I like both the setting and tuning the string,  
Far better than hearing the Nightingale sing."

He struck up his Musick vnto a high strain,  
And plai'd the tune over, again and again:  
"Gramercy, brave Souldier!" (quoth she) "that did'st bring  
Me hither, to hear the rare Nightingale sing."

Their sport being ended, then homewards they went,  
Each one thought the time to be very well spent:  
"It was" (quoth the Damosel) "a very rare thing,  
Whilst thou plaid'st thy part, to hear th' Nightingale sing."

At last, with a deep sigh, these words spake she:  
"I pray thee, good Souldier, wilt thou marry me?  
Else my hasty pleasure sweet sorrows will bring,  
And I may repent I heard the Nightingale sing."

"Oh no," quoth the Souldier, "I may not do so,  
Along with my Captain to-morrow I must go;  
But if I come this way again the next Spring,  
We'll walk once more to hear the Nightingale sing."

"You Maids of the City, and Country, that be  
Addicted to pleasure, take warning by me:  
Let no flattering Young-men tempt ye to this thing,  
To go to the wood to hear the Nightingale sing.

"Make bargain beforehand, for fear you miscarry,  
Know whether or no they are minded to Marry:  
If I had been wise, and had done such a thing,  
I need not repent I heard the Nightingale sing."

[R. Clymsall?

Printed for J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger.

[No record is here that 'Peggy's gone over the Seas with a Souldier.' Cf. vol. vii, pp. 546, 550, 'Valiant Virgin,' and "My Love, I come to take my leave."]



On p. lxxxvii\* was named the tune of *The Maid that had lost her way*. Of this important ballad six stanzas were given on p. lxxxviii\* (the 1st, 2nd, 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th only). We now add the remainder. It began thus:—

W<sup>I</sup>thin the North-Country, as true report doth yeild,  
There stands an ancient country town is called merry *Wakefield*.  
Within this Country town, a lively lass doth dwell,  
She goes unto the Market her h'uswifery to sell.

And walking all alone, upon a certain day,  
For to be short, it so fell out, this fair maid lost her way.  
So wand'ring all alone, upon the hill so high,  
At last it was her lucky chance a Shepherd for to spy :  
[He] was sitting all alone upon the mountain top,  
Singing bravely under a bush, and viewing of his flock.  
To him this fair maiden hyed, and over the hill crost :  
That he might put her in the way which she so long had lost.

So walking thus apace, at length she came him nigh,  
Whereas he sat under a bush, and did him curtesie.  
“ God speed, Shepherd,” she said, “ Merry days to thee God send !  
I am undone, Shepherd,” she said, “ if you stand not my Friend.  
I am going now,” quoth she, “ unto yon market towne,  
But by mischance have lost my way, upon this hilly downe.  
I wand'ring here have beene e're since 't was break of day ;  
Yet could I never finde which was to mee the nearest way.”

T<sup>H</sup>E Shepherd then reply'd, “ Faire maid, sit downe a while,  
And I 'le shew you the nearest way, at least by half a mile.”  
“ O no, Shepherd ! ” she said, “ if I should stay here long,  
I should not reach the market town, till all the market 's done.”  
“ Feare not ! ” the Shepherd said, “ but sit thou on this grass,  
For thou shalt hear my Bagpipes goe, before thou further pass.”

[Here follow the stanzas given on p. lxxxviii\* : “ So downe the Maiden sate.”]

“ Farewel, Shepherd ! ” she said, “ adieu, nay, twice adieu ;  
If e're I chance to loose my way, I 'le come again to you.”  
The Shepherd then reply'd : “ O no, O no, not so ;  
You shall taste some of my brown beer, e're that you further go ;  
And some of my white loaf, and some of my green cheese.”  
“ If I should stay,” the Maid reply'd, “ the Market I should leese :  
And then my Dame ” (quoth she) “ will storm, and swear, and frown,  
If I sell not my h'uswifery before that I come home.”

“ What is your h'uswifery ? fair Maiden, shew to me ! ”  
“ Two pair of stockings,” she reply'd ; “ come buy them now of me.”  
“ What is the price,” quoth he, “ of this your h'uswifery ? ”  
“ Half a Crown,” the Maiden said. “ Hold, take ! here is thy money.”

The Lass she was so glad, her h'uswifery was sold ;  
“ To stay longer, Shepherd,” she said, “ I dare be somewhat bold.”  
So down she sate again, untill the day was spent :  
And he had folded up his sheep, then both together went  
Each to his severall home : where what became of them  
I doe not know, and therefore now here will I stay my pen. Finis.

Printed at London for H. Gosson.

[Black-letter. Two woodcuts : 1st, the Bagpiper, in *Bagford Ballads*, p. 217 ;  
2nd, the merry Wideawakefield girl, vol. vii, p. 29. Date, circa 1640.]

To the same tune (*Within the North-country: the Lass that lost her way*) they sang this ballad (see p. lxxxvii\*), with its varying burden, *Let Father angry be.*

## The Merry Maid of Middlesex;

OR,

A pretty Song made by a pretty Maid,  
Which had seven suitors, she herself so said,  
And yet (poor soul) she hath been strangely crost,  
And through her Mother's means her sweet-hearts lost;  
But yet she is resolved in this Sonnet  
To have a Husband, whatsoe're comes on it.

To a dilicate [*sic*] Northern Tune; or, *The Maid that lost her way.*

IT was not long ago, since *Cupid* with his Dart  
Shot through my tender skin, and prickt my love-sick heart.  
And since that desperate time I am so love-sick grown,  
I neither can nor will no longer lye alone:

*Let Father angry be, let Mother brawl and chide,  
A Husband I will have, what ever me betide.*

It is well known that I am fifteen years of age,  
Yet live as weary a life as a Bird penn'd in a Cage.  
Therefore, young-men, I pray, give ear unto my Song,  
And you shall know in what my parents did me wrong.

*But now let Father frown, etc.*

Seven suitors in one day unto me came a wooing,  
And every one of them would fain with me be doing:  
First *Will* the Weaver came, with Silks and Ribands brave,  
And out of his pure love these Tokens to me gave.

*Let Father fret and frown, etc.*

Full many a hurried kisse the Weaver did me give  
Which was enough to make a dying maid to live;  
But yet my Parents would not give me their consent,  
That I should marry with him: which makes me to lament.

*But now let Father frown, let Mother brawl, etc.*

### The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

NEXT *Tom* the Taylor trim, he brought me a brave new Gown,  
And would have gave it me, for to have laid me down.  
My Mother, standing by, would not thereto agree,  
Whereby I did both lose my gown and sweet-heart: Woe is me!

*But now let Father frown, let Mother brawl and chide,  
A Husband I will have, what ever me betide.*

Then *Sam* the Shoemaker brought me a pair of Shooes,  
To fit my pretty feet, as he did often use:  
But at the drawing on, his hand by chance did slip,  
Which made my Mother frown, and rarely bite the lip.

*But now let Father grieve, etc.*

*George* Glover he gave me a pair of dainty gloves,  
Such as your bravest batchelors do use to give their Loves;  
And therewithal, kind heart, he kist me tenderly;  
And then my Mother she did soon break up our company.

There came a bonny Lad, a Vintner neat and fine,  
And in his hand he brought a bottle of *Muskadine*.  
And bade me for to drink as long as I could pull :  
For he had an intent to fill my belly full.

*At which my Mother she began to frown and chide, Yet I, etc.*

A nimble Tapster next gave me a gay gold Ring,  
And promised to bestow on me a better thing ;  
But in the bringing he had wonderous ill-luck,  
My Mother she did chance to see, and would not let us truck.

Then came a noble spark, a Souldier stout and bold,  
And quickly cast into my lap full seven-score pound in gold ;  
O he was a brave Young-man, I lov'd him as my life ;  
And yet my Mother she would not now let me be his Wife.

The Cobler [*Sam,*] poor Lad, fell sick, and needs must dye, [‘*he.*’]  
Except my Love would grant him love as a remedy.  
“Cobler !” my Mother said, “you have of late been dipt ;  
Before you shall my daughter have I’le see you soundly whipt.”

A Maiden-head it is a load too heavy for me to carry,  
Therefore I will make all the speed that ever I can to marry.  
No matter for his wealth, nor trade, what e’er it be,  
For I will dearly love the Man, if he could fancy me.

*So now you know my mind, although my Mother chide,  
A Husband I must have, what ever me betide.*

**Finis.**

*London, Printed by E. Crouch, for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.*

[Black-letter. Five cuts: two women, vol. vi, pp. 329, 582. Date, 1656-74.]

¶ Another ‘Longing Maid’ was probably by L. White, *circa* 1698, or earlier.

**T**Here was a Maid the other day that sighed sore, God wot !  
And said that wives might sport and play, but maidens they might not.  
“Full fifteen years I lived” (she said), “poor soul ! since I was born,  
And if I chance to die a Maid, *Apollo* is forsworn  
*Oh, oh, oh, for a Husband !*” (*still this was her song*) ;  
“*I will have a husband ! will have a husband, husband old or young.*”

An ancient Suitor to her came, his head was almost gray,  
Though he was old yet she was young, and would no longer stay :  
But to her Mother went the Maid, and told her presently  
That she a Husband needs must have, and thus began to cry : “*Oh, oh, oh !*” etc.

She had not been a wedded Wife one quarter of a Year,  
But she was weary of her life, and grew unto a Jeer :  
For the Old Man lay by her side, he could nought but sigh and groan ;  
Did ever woman so abide ? ’t were better to lie alone.

“*Oh, oh, oh ! with a Husband, what a life lead I !  
Out upon a husband, such a husband, a husband ? fie, fie, fie !*”

“To be a wedded wife” (she said), “a twelvemonth is too long ;  
As I have been, poor soul !” (she said), “that am both fair and young,  
When other wives may have their will, that are not like to me : [p. lxxxii\*]  
I mean to go and try my skill, and find some remedy.

“*Oh, oh, oh ! with a husband, what a life lead I !  
Out upon a husband, such a husband, a husband ? fie, fie, fie !*”



## A Rhapsody.

**N**ow I confess I am in Love,  
 Although I thought I never should;  
 But 'tis with one dropt from above,  
 Whom Nature made of better mould:  
 So faire, so good, so all divine,  
 I 'de quit the world to make her mine. [p. ci\*]

Did not you see the Stars retreat,  
 When *Sol* salutes the Hemispheres?  
 So shrink the Beauties we call great,  
 When sweet *Roscilla* she appears:  
 Were she as other Women are  
 I should not love her, nor despaire. [MS. 'I'le.'  
 [a.l. 'Have you not seen.'  
 [Cf. Wotton's  
 "Ye meaner."

But I could never beare a minde  
 Willing to stoop to common faces,  
 Nor confidence enough could finde  
 To aime at one so full of graces.  
 Fortune and Nature did agree  
 No woman should be fitt for me. [a.l. 'wed by.'

## An Epithalamium upon the Nuptialls and Names of Mr. EDMUND TOOKE, Esq., and his honoured Bride.

Eternitie and heauen, two royall guests,  
 Shake hands with Love, lodged in two married breasts.  
 Divine was the Conjunction where two hearts  
 Vnited sing one marriage Song in parts:  
 Made blest by prosperous heauen, till they on high  
 Shall wedd again and kisse Eternitie.  
 Vpon this rocke may you securely stand,  
 And gain the blessings of this Suffering Land.  
 Nulling all pristine cares, that here no feares,  
 Nor ought that's ill may blast your tender yeares.  
 Delighted thus, may heau'n and earth shower down  
 New ioyes on you each day, and those ioyes crown,  
 That times to come may see you in your Loves  
 Appear more chast[e] than vnpolluted doves:  
 Ordayn'd by happie fate, that heere you may  
 All your whole Life make one sole wedding day.  
 O may your blisse encrease, and may you bee  
 Blest with a high and full felicitie,  
 Keeping detractors dumb, while heauen shall breede ['bride.'  
 In you more joy than all the world beside.  
 Espoused thus, may you with full successe  
 On poles of grace display your happinesse,  
 Held vp by all those powers which ascend,  
 Numb'ring your Blessings, which shall know no end.

So the world went on marrying and giving in marriage, but with less frequency, amid all the grievances and tyrannies of the too Long Parliament.

The miscellaneous character of the Roxburghe Collection of Ballads made students neglect its importance politically and historically. Mr. Wm. Chappell cared little for any that did not illustrate the *Popular Music of the Olden Time*. He left the political ballads to his chosen successor, who has given them all. Hereafter, as a revelation of the Stuart days, both socially and historically, the *Roxb.* must be found valuable. It numbers 8,162 pp. (when conjoined with the earlier completed *Bagford Ballads* = 1,274 pp.): *Roxb.* alone, 6,888 pp. 8vo.

One firm friend of the Editor, Miss J. H. L. de V., of Updown, Thanet, generously quotes, as being applicable to our *Roxburghe* and *Bagford Ballads*, what 'the Gleeman narrated,' in Arthur Gerald Geoghan's dramatic poem, '*The Monks of Kilcrea*.' (Not published complete until 1861: begun in 1845.)

" 'Many a lay and ballad gay, many a song have I,  
Which I have play'd to youth and maid, to lords and ladies high :  
Legends old, of Chivalry, loved by knights of proud degree ;  
Hunting-chimes, for groom and squire, when they sit by winter fire ;  
Jolly Trolls for yeomen stout, as they shove the Ale about.  
Carols light for wanton page,  
Lulls for childhood, Chants for age ; [ = Lullabies.  
Lauds for clerics, Keens for woe :  
With Roundelays and clinks also, [ *Cannakin-Clink*.  
But some, mayhap, too scant of grace  
To suit this holy time and place '  
(Here the Glee-man donned a decent face,  
And seized the wine-pot, and then quaff,  
With modest zeal, a goodly draught)."—*The Monks of Kilcrea*.

*Note*.—" *Kilcrea Abbey*, county Cork, was dedicated to St. Bridget, and founded A.D. 1465, by Cormac, Lord of Muskerry ; its monks belonged to the Franciscan Order, commonly called 'Grey Friars.' In the present day its ruins are extensive, and though considerably mutilated by Cromwell, who stabled a troop of horse in its refectory, are still both picturesque and interesting."—*Irish Annals*; quoted by the Hon. Charles Gavan Duffy in 39th edition of his excellent *Ballad Poetry of Ireland*, p. 207, 1866. The original '*Monks of Kilcrea*,' Fytte I, began thus:—

" THREE monks sat by a bogwood fire !  
Bare were their crowns, and their garments grey ;  
Close they sat to that bogwood fire,  
Watching the wicket till break of day ;  
Such was ever the rule at *Kilcrea*.  
For whoever passed, be he Baron or Squire,  
Was free to call at that abbey, and stay,  
Nor guerdon, nor hire for his lodging pay,  
Tho' he tarried a week with its holy choir ! "

## Ends Prefatory Note of the Final Division : Virtually Volume Ninth.

JOSEPH WOODFALL EBSWORTH.

THE PRIORY, ASHFORD, KENT, 1898.



CONTENTS AND CORRIGENDA  
TO THE  
SECOND DIVISION OF VOL. VIII,  
**Rorburghe Ballads**  
(VIRTUALLY VOL. IX).



(Gotham Tale-piece: see pp. cxxviii\*, and 747, ADD. NOTES.)

OMAR KHAYYĀM INTERVENES, AS CHORUS.

*STILL* the 'Wise Man of Gotham' rules, who sought  
To hedge-round the pert Cuckoo, when she thought  
To flee away to other londes betymes  
(The portraicture of both was deftly wrought).

Mescems we have few better Tales, e'en now,  
Than those they told of yore: when the worn brow  
By toil grew furrowed, then light sportive rhymes  
Were gladly hailed, at council-board and plough.

'Too quickly slit from us the songs of Spring;  
Youth lingers not; Love fades!' our small bards sing.  
Would they detain each guest? poor silly mimes!  
Relentless as the Cuckoo, Joy takes wing.

Vain murmurers! We keep the childlike trust  
That welcometh all good gifts, that deemeth just  
Th' award apportioned in our varying climes;  
Fearless, although the end be 'Dust to Dust!'

## CORRIGENDA.

"When the rich carpet is soiled the fool pointeth to the stain;  
The wise man covers it with his foot."—*The Talisman*, cap. xviii.

THANKS to unremitting attention, throughout twenty years, and the able assistance generously given by a succession of excellent Press-Readers, the *Errata* in our 'Roxburghe Ballads' have been few. In breaking up new ground uncertainty lingered, regarding dates, authorship, or variations. Temporary omissions have been supplied in '*Additional Notes*,' on pp. 800-882. The worst error ever yet passed was a misprint, "O cruel *Fate*!" instead of "O cruel *Fair*!" in 'Cromlet's Lilt' on p. 396 of vol. vii.

*Introduction*, p. x\*\*\*.—'Memory Woodfall' (according to Mr. A. Hall, of 27, Stavordale Road, Highbury, N.) was William; died in 1803, younger brother of Henry Sampson Woodfall; died 12 Dec., 1805, "the celebrated publisher of the Letters of *Janus*." (See Chelsea tombstone in *The Sketch*, No. 307, p. 283; vol. xiv.) With Macaulay, we accept Sir Philip Francis as the true *Junius*.

## ADDENDA.

THE varying impulses of Queen Anne, beset by intriguers of the Anti-Jacobite Whig faction and by the emissaries of her acknowledged brother James, were those of a weak double-dealing woman. The pertinacity of the 'Princess-Palatine of the Rhine,' the Electress Sophia, imperilled her own claim. It is proved by the Royal letter addressed to her, beginning, "Madam, Sister, Aunt."

"These transactions gave great offence to the Queen, whose mind had long vacillated between a wish to relieve her conscience from a load of ingratitude to her injured father, and what she considered her duty to God and the nation [*i.e.* 'The Protestant Succession' politic compromise]. To her last moment it is believed that she sincerely wished for the restoration of her brother, while all her public conduct and royal declarations held forth a very different language. But the idea of having a prince of the house she so thoroughly detested near her person, was a subject to her, of all others, the most distressing."—*Annals of the House of Hanover*. (Collected by Sir Andrew Halliday, 1826, vol. ii, p. 538.)

*Text*, vol. viii, p. 240.—Lines are quoted from Tom D'Urfey's song in ridicule of Sophia, Dowager Electress of Hanover. Bishop White Kennet restores the earlier portion and date:—"Nov. 24, 1713. A letter from a lady at *Windsor*, that *Tom D'Urfey* had been several days dancing about Court, and was at last admitted to the honour of presenting a song to the Queen upon Her Majesty's vigorous state of health and prospect of long life: wherein he told the Princess *Sophia* there was no hope of her succession. These lines, among others:—

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |                         |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| <p>" " S</p> <p>Tay, mind your <i>German</i> nation !</p> <p>Never think of our Succession :</p> <p>Our Crown is too weighty</p> <p>For your [shoulders] of Eighty ;</p> <p>They could not sustain such a Trophy.</p> <p>Her hand too, already,</p> <p>Has grown so unsteady,</p> <p>She can't hold a Sceptre,</p> <p>So Providence kept her</p> <p>Away : poor old Dowager <i>Sophy</i> !</p> | <p>[<i>Hanover</i>.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------|

"And that for his good manners he [*i.e.* *D'Urfey*] had a token of fifty guineas."—*The Wisdom of Looking Backward*, p. 320, 1715. By W. Kennet.

The Princess Sophia, indignant at being forbidden to reside in England, died on the next 8 June, 1714, to the satisfaction of Queen Anne, who was to die seven weeks later, on the 1st of August. The Whigs around her deathbed had laid their plans to secure a Protestant triumph, and defeat the claim of the Chevalier de St. George. As Paracelsus was made to say, in 1835:

"W E get so near—so very, very near!  
 'T is an old tale: Jove strikes the Titans down,  
 Not when they set about their mountain-piling,  
 But when another rock would crown the work.  
 And Phaeton, doubtless his first radiant plunge  
 Astonished mortals, though the Gods were calm,  
 And Jove prepared his thunder: all old tales!"

It is evident that Anne, who was nervous and superstitious, held an intermittent conscience of remorse for her connivance with her ungenerous sister Mary, '*Tullia*.' (See vol. vii, p. 716.) She felt lonely in her false position: the loss of all her children weighing on her—as Mary had been cursed with sterility. They were the Goneril and Regan of their day. Each might complain:

"Nought's had, all's spent, where our desire is got without content."

"Better be with the dead, whom we to gain our place have sent to peace,  
 Than on the torture of the mind to lie in restless ecstasy."

It was as 'the toss of a coin' how the choice fell at Anne's last moment. To the tricksters who surrounded her, failure meant total ruin if she decided in favour of her brother, 'James III.'

From the very day of his birth he had been assailed by calumny as a supposititious child. His future success was imperilled by treachery of his sisters and their allies. His legitimate claims were recognized by brave and stalwart men, by women chaste and devout. But hireling spies betrayed to his enemies every movement of his loyal adherents. His own imprudence weakened him, and no secret was kept. The Jacobite cause was foredoomed to failure, and the Stuart race became extinct. 'The White Rose' is cherished in memory. *Floreat sempiterna!*

If a momentary triumph had been won for James III at the death of Anne in 1714, he could not long have held supreme power. Partisan intrigues had undermined everything with treason, or paralyzed with vacillation. The nation was not to be trusted to support him. Sectarian prejudice and fear of Romanist ascendancy caused it to be a disloyal rabble. "Things must be as they may!"

"They always said, 'Such premature  
 Beginnings never could endure!'  
 So, with a sullen 'All's for best,'  
 The land seems settling to its rest."  
 'Ourselves are lucky, we opine:  
 Much worse befell in 'Forty-nine.'



## CLOSE OF THE FIRST DIVISION: VOL. VIII.

*Text*.—At pp. 480, 481, we found it convenient to separate the bulk of 1,296 pages into FIRST AND SECOND DIVISIONS of vol. viii (viz. 624 pp. and 672 pp.). They form respectively vol. viii and ix; each with its own distinct Frontispiece, Title-page, 'Contents,' and *Introduction*: that of the Second Division, named '*Prefatory Note*,' holding '*Restoration Ballads*' of 1660, with other rarities.

## VOL. IX BEGINS:

*Prefatory Note to Second Division* = Vol. ix, p. ix\*.—Read: J. W. E.'s own total of pp. is 6,052 (*plus* 26 pp. *Additional-Notes* and *Ballad-Index* to vol. iii); combined of *Bagford Ballads* (1,274 pp.) and *Roxburghe* (4,778 pp.). The total of *Roxburghe* (W. C.'s 2,084 *plus* J. W. E.'s 4,804) = 6,888. Add to these J. W. E.'s *Bagfords*, and the sum-total of the triple series is 8,162. Former enumerations, made while in progress, are cancelled.

*Prefatory Note*, p. xxxvi\*.—LAW LIES A BLEEDING. Instead of the words, "No early broadside known," read, "*One early broadside is known*." It is reprinted on opposite page. By its printed date, "London, 1659," and record of the antecedent tune, *Love lies a Bleeding* (1656, or at latest 1658: see p. 730), it confirms our Editorial statement of the chronological sequence: that 'Love' came before 'Law.' It is an earlier and superior text to that of p. xxxvi\*.

On the broadside are four cuts: 1st, an armed Cavalier, looking to his left, where his hand is on his heart, broad sword at side, belt over shoulder, right hand on thigh, trails a pike; 2nd, an Official in gown, representative of Law, holding a mace (see p. exciv\*, *Frontisp.* vol. i); 3rd, a Soldier, left hand fires a pistol, right arm akimbo; 4th, a Horseman and a Pikeman: see p. excviii\*.

Finally, compare *Text*, p. 729. We denounce the common error, although shared by the late William Chappell, in *Popular Music*, 1855, p. 431: "*Love lies a Bleeding* in imitation of *Law lies a bleeding*." This is exactly contrary to the fact: "*Love lies a bleeding*" being the original, with its own motto: "By whose mortal wounds you may soon understand | What sorrow we suffer since Love left the land." '*Love lies a Bleeding*' is given completely here, on p. 730, *post*; therefore both ballads are convenient for comparison. A later parody, or 'Mock-Song,' was sung to this tune, in August, 1684, against Lord Shaftesbury, beginning, "Lay by your reason, Truth is out of season," etc.

*Prefatory Note*.—Title on p. xxxix\* should read 'EPINICIA.'

*Prefatory Note*.—In p. xcix\*, line 38, delete the name of 'Bradshaw.'

*Additional Notes*, p. 749.—Two ballads, injuriously excluded, 'The Maid's Comfort' and 'The Merry Cuckold,' with all their woodcuts, can be more conveniently studied vivisectionally on pp. cxxix\* and cxxxii\*, this *Prefatory Note* to vol. ix virtually cancelling any other reprint of them. We offer no apology for the admission of so many 'Cuckolds-all-a-Row' in this final volume. In popular street ballads they were what garlic is in *potage à la Français*.

*Additional Notes*, p. 758.—First stanza is on *Prefatory Note*, p. clxx\*.

*Additional Notes*, p. 863.—'Auld Robin Gray,' original and sequels: compare not only p. 679. See also our appropriate woodcut on p. lxxxii\* of *Pref. Note*.

*Addit. Notes*, p. 874.—'Choice of a Noose': compare *Bagford Ballads*, p. 896.

*Ballad-Index*, p. 908, *sub voce* 'Lucina,' read thus:—  
Lucina ("Sweet Lucina, lend thine aid") t., 650, 794; *Pref.*, xlvii\*, cxlvii\*.

[Unique Black-letter broadside. Wood's, 401, fol. 167, verso.]

## Law lies a Bleeding.

Since the Sword hath so much prevail'd of late,  
What troubles and discentions do befall the State !

[In earliest text, only.]

THE TUNE IS, *Love lies a Bleeding*. [Compare pp. xxxvi\*, 730.]

**L**ay by your Pleading, Law lies a bleeding,  
Burn all your studdies down, and throw away your reading ;  
Small power the word has, and doth afford us  
Not so many privileges halfe as the Sword does ;

It foysters your Masters, and plasters Disasters,  
And makes the servants quickly greater th[a]n their masters.

It venters, it enters, It circles, it centres,  
And makes an Ap'rentice Free in spite of his Indenters.

This takes down tall things, and sets up small things ;  
This masters mon[e]y too, though mon[e]y masters all things.

It is not in season for to talk of reason,  
Or call it Loyal when the Sword will have it Treason.

It conquers the Crown too, the Cloak and the Gown too ;  
This sets up a Presbiter, and pulls him down too.

The subtle Deceiver turns Bonnet into Beaver,  
Down drops a Bishop and up starts a Weaver.

## The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

**T**his makes a Layman to Preach and to Pray, man :  
This will make a Lord of him, that was but a Dray-man. [p. xevii\*.]

Forth from the dull-pit, of Follies' full-pit,  
This brought an Hebrew Iron-monger unto the Pulpit ; [Ed. Saxby.]

Such pitifull things be, Happier than Kings be ;  
Here comes in the Heraldrie of *Thimble[bre]* and *Slinjsby*. [Sir Hy. S.]

No Gospel can guide it, No Law can decide it,  
Either in the Church or State, till the Sword hath Sanctified it.

Down go your Law-tricks, forth from the Matrix  
Sprung holy *Huson's* power, and tumbled down Saint *Patrick's*. [*Hewson's*.]  
The Sword did prevail so mightily in *Wales* too,  
*Shinkin ap Powel* cries and swears 'Cuds-plu-ter-nails' too.

In *Scotland* this waster did breed such disaster,  
[Tha]t they brought their money back, for which they sold their Master.

They battered my Gun-dock, and so they did my Dum-Fork, [*Donkirk*.]  
That he is fled and swears that the Devil is in *Dunkerk*.

He that can tower over him that is lower  
Would be thought a Foole to give away his power.

Take Bookes and rent them, Who would Invent them,  
When as the Sword replies '*Negatur Argumentum*' ?

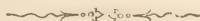
The Grand-Colledge Butlers must vail to the Sutlers ;  
There's not a Library like unto the Cutlers' ;

The blood that is spilt, sir, is turned into guilt, sir : [i.e. gilt?]  
Thus have you seen me run my Sword up to her hilts, sir.

Finis.

London, Printed Anno Domini 1659.

[Black-letter broadside. Four woodcuts. See Note on opposite p. clxxx\*.]





Of the 'Godly-Man's Instructions,' seven stanzas with the motto-verse were reprinted in our vol. vii, p. 830.

The eleven stanzas there relinquished (viz., stanzas 3, 5, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17) ought not all to be lost. (We sacrifice four stanzas, 7, 11, 12, 13.) The tune is, *Ain not too high*. Printed for P. Brooksby, circa 1673.

Good People all, I pray, hear what I read : etc,  
[See vol. vii, p. 830.]

Our sins and wickedness they so abound, [3rd stanza.  
It is for this that God he curst the ground :  
Therefore, good people, let us weep and pray,  
To mend our lives before the Judgment Day . . .

But yet that very grievous sin of Pride [5th stanza.  
Offends the Lord, it cannot be deny'd :  
Which is a grievous thing for me to tell,  
For want of Grace that we should so rebell . . .

But yet we have no love to one another [8th stanza.  
We care not if we could destroy our Brother ;  
To make us rich for to maintain our Pride,  
We 'danger soul and body too beside.

And yet consider what I say to you, [9th stanza.  
I 'le say no more but what I know is true ;  
We take God's name in vain so every day  
We 'danger our poor souls this wicked way . . .

But yet there 's many people, I do say, [15th stanza.  
Do never think upon their dying day :  
But still goes on [their road] in wickedness,  
And follows whoredome, pride, and drunkenness.

Which is a grievous thing for to behold, [16th stanza.  
That Man and Woman dare to be so bold :  
For little pleasure of this worldly wealth,  
That we should 'danger so our own Soul's health.

Once more, I say, now call to God for Grace, [17th stanza.  
That all poor sinners may God's love embrace ;  
For earthly things will vanish and decay,  
When Death doth come, and we are clad with clay. [See vii, 830.]

Writers of these dreary monologues found custom. They held no warmth or love of religion : nothing beyond a morbid fanaticism. There was a false ring in their coinage. They proffered sour beverages that slaked no thirst. They exhorted sinners, with threatenings, but failed to comfort the afflicted, and yielded neither hope nor joy. Their sole eloquence was to scold, and bear false witness against their neighbours. It was an unquiet world. Habitual hypocrisy, with unclean spirits lurking not unseen. Their womenkind were shrews, and seldom virtuous after marriage. Husbands were betrayed, in retributive justice swift and sure :

"Sick of grim saints, short commons, and long graces ;  
Welcome wild sinners, laughter, and gay faces."

Short was the respite. Sectarianism triumphed at the Revolution.



## ADDITIONAL FIRST LINES, TITLES, AND TUNES,

OF 'PREFATORY NOTE'\*

(Not in *Ballad-Index* on pp. 883-931: which were printed earlier.)

N.B.—All the page-numbers of this Pref. Note are singly asterisked (\*).

- Alack! for my love I must die* . . . burden, given, Pref. Note, lxxxiii\*
- "Alas! my Love, you do me wrong." (Greensleeves.) . . . cxii\*
- "Alone as I was walking down by yon river side" . . . cxxxviii\*
- Arraignment of the Devil for stealing away President Bradshaw tit. qu., cl\*
- "As I lay musing on my bed, all in my great prosperity" (Cf. cxli\*), cxl\*
- "As I went forth one sunshining day." ["As I walk'd": see clvi\*.] . . . clxx\*
- "Assist me, Muses, with your power divine!" . . . quoted, cxxiii\*
- Auld Robin Gray. (Continuations.) . . . quoted, lxxii\*, lxxv\*
- "Beat on, proud billows! Boreas, blow" . . . ciii\*
- Blacksmith, The. (= "Of all the Trades.") . . . tune, c\*
- Brewer, The Protecting. ("Of all the Trades": distinct ballads.) title, c\*
- "By walking in the hall, his Highness did call." (MS.) . . . xevii\*
- "Cheer up, kind Country-men!" (By S. Sheppard.) . . . xlvii\*; given, cxlv\*
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- "Come, follow my love, come over the strand" . . . tune, 120, 573, lxxxiii\*
- "Come, friends, and unto me draw near" . . . lxxv\*
- Constancy, Kind Nancy's . . . part-title, cxxxvii\*
- Cupid's Conquest. ("Now am I tost.") . . . title, clvii\*
- Cupid's Power. ("To cure melancholy.") . . . cxxxiv\*
- Cupid's Revenge. ("Now, now, you blind Boy.") . . . cxxxv\*
- Digby's Farewell. (See also *Ballad-Index*, p. 894.) . . . cxliii\*
- "Down in a garden sits my dearest Love." (Broadside version.) . . . cxix\*
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- "Friends, will it please you to hear me tell" . . . clxvii\*
- "From hops and grains let us purge our brains." (a.l. "Let us.") . . . cxv\*
- "Gallants, all come mourn with me!" . . . quoted, clxx\*; tune, 758
- "Good people all, I pray hear what I read" . . . continued, clxxxii\*
- "Good people, attend! I bring a relation" . . . quoted, lxxx\*
- Green-sleeves*, New courtly Sonnet of the Lady . . . title, burden, tune, cxiii\*
- Here is a House to be Let! . . . sub-title, cxlv\*
- "I am a married-man truly" . . . clxix\*
- "I am so deep in love I cannot bear it" . . . tune, lxxxvi\*, lxxxvii\*
- "I am the King and Prince of Fairies." (MS., 1634.) . . . cxi\*
- "I read, for Constant Thisbe's fatal lapse." (Dream of Un-Fair Women.) . . . cxv\*
- In my freedom is all my Joy. (Vol. vi, p. 144.) . . . tune, lxxv\*
- "It is not long agone, since Cupid with his dart" m., lxxxvii\*; given, clxxxii\*
- Kate of Edinburgh*. (Garland continuation of vii, 144.) bur. and title, cxli\*
- Kentish Yeoman and Susan of Ashford . . . part-title, given, lxx\*
- "La Vie est vaine: un peu d'amour" . . . cxliii\*
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- Maids a-washing themselves. (See *Ballad-Index*, p. 909.) . . . tune, cxxxiv\*

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" Since it hath lately been enacted High-Treason " . . . . . ci\*  
" Slumbering as I lay one night in my bed." (Orig., Maiden's Dream.) . . . . . cxli\*  
" State and ambition, alas ! will deceive you " . . . . . tune, clix\*, clxi\*  
" State and ambition, all joy to great Cæsar." (A Medley.) . . . . . clxi\*  
" Still the wise man of Gotham rules, who sought " . . . . . clxxvii\*  
" Tell me, ye wand'ring spirits." (By Sam Sheppard.) . . . . . given, cxliii\*  
" The delights of a Cuckold " . . . . . clxiv\*  
" The delights of the bottle." (Music in iv, 43.) . . . . . tune, clxiv\*; song, clxvi\*  
" There was a Maid, the other day." (Longing Maid.) . . . . . clxxiv\*  
" They loved him best who knew him best " . . . . . cxev\*  
" Though father angry be. (See 'Maid of Middlesex.') . . . . . tune, lxxxvi\*  
" Though Fortune made me poor, I'll not complain " . . . . . cviii\*  
" Though Wentworth's beheaded." (= *Merrily*, etc.) . . . . . quoted, clx\*, cc\*  
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| Kissing goes by Favour: The Kiss of a Seaman. (By S. S.)          | 861          |
| The Old Man kill'd with a Cough. ( <i>Cf.</i> pp. 678, 679.) .    | 862          |
| The Discontented Ploughman . . . . .                              | 864          |
| The Longing Shepherdess: Laddy, lie near me. (Completed.)         | 865          |
| The Scornful Maid and the Constant Young Man . . . . .            | 867          |
| The Young-Man's Careless Wooing. (Quoted largely.) .              | 869          |
| A Mock-Song; or, Love and No Love. Bartholomew Fair .             | 870          |
| "I wish I were where Helen Lies": Helen of Kirkconnell            | 872          |
| Choice of a Noose: Wiving or Hanging. By Michael Banim .          | 874          |
| Recovery of lost lines, 'Two Inseparable Brothers' (p. 26) .      | 876          |
| Nuptial Sleep. By Dante G. Rossetti. ( <i>Edit. princeps.</i> ) . | <i>Ibid.</i> |
| End of J. Thompson's "Alace! that samyn sweit face" .             | 877          |
| The Ballad Society's "Ten Black-letter Ballad vols.," etc. .      | 878          |
| A Gossip at Deptford on Samuel Pepys, in 1684 . . . . .           | 879          |

|                                                                                                                                  |              |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------|
| List of Accredited Authors: Vols. VIII–IX. (See p. xciii*.)                                                                      | 881          |
| Woodcut, and Additional Note, of 'Robin Hood's Chase' .                                                                          | 882          |
| Woodcuts of 'The Jolly Welshwoman' and Sheffery Morgan,<br><i>alias</i> Taffy, the 'Welsh Fortune-Teller' (of vol. vii, p. 722). | 883          |
| BALLAD-INDEX TO VOLS. VIII–IX. (Compare p. clxxxiii*.)                                                                           | <i>Ibid.</i> |
| List of Subscribers in 1897 to the Ballad-Society . . . . .                                                                      | 933          |
| " <i>Mais, où sont les neiges d'antan?</i> " The Court Beauties .                                                                | 935          |
| List of the completed Vols. of <i>Roxb. and Bagford Ballads</i> .                                                                | 936          |



# Additional List of Accredited Authors.

*Note.*—Owing to the *Ballad-Index*, pp. 883–936, having been for safety printed before this long ‘*Prefatory Note*,’ there are a few omissions in the ‘LIST OF ACCREDITED AUTHORS,’ which are here supplied:—

|                                                                         | <i>Prefatory Note</i> , pp.                                    |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------|
| Birkenhead, Sir John . . . . .                                          | xlviij*, clviij*                                               |
| Brome, Alexander . . . . .                                              | xxv*, cii*                                                     |
| Davies (of Hereford). John, 1609 . . . . .                              | 785                                                            |
| Fancy, Peter (probable <i>alias</i> ‘Philo-Fancy’ elsewhere) . . . . .  | lxi*                                                           |
| Farrar, Richard . . . . .                                               | xxii*                                                          |
| Gouge, E. (Portrait painter) . . . . .                                  | cxlii*                                                         |
| L’Estrange, Roger (afterwards Sir R. L’Estrange) . . . . .              | ciii*                                                          |
| N., N. (surname not identified : perhaps = ‘Nemo’) . . . . .            | <i>Introd.</i> , lxii***                                       |
| P., J. (First List, p. 881, John Playford, or John Phillips.) . . . . . | <i>Pref. N.</i> , cliii*                                       |
| S., A. (imperfect signature?) . . . . .                                 | cxliii*                                                        |
| S., S. (= Sheppard, Sam.) . . . . .                                     | <i>Introd.</i> , civ***; <i>Note</i> , xlvii*, cxliii*, cxlvi* |
| S., T. (= Thomas Shadwell) . . . . .                                    | clxvi*                                                         |
| Tomson, I. (or J.) . . . . .                                            | cxvii*                                                         |
| Trowbesh : Editorial . . . . .                                          | vii*, cxviii*, cxx*, cxliii*, cxliv*, cxcv*, 935               |
| W., J. (= Wade, John) . . . . .                                         | xxxiv*, lviii*, lxvi*                                          |
| White, Edward . . . . .                                                 | <i>Introd.</i> , xxviii***, 759                                |
| White, L. (Laurence, or Leonard) . . . . .                              | clxxiv*, 562                                                   |
| Yolkney, Walter . . . . .                                               | <i>Pref. Note</i> , xv*, xx*                                   |

“THE Minstrel and the Ballad-Singer are the first poets ; the race never dies out, except, indeed, when literature shrivels up into the cult of a sect or a group of cliques. And the form of a story or ballad, with fine reirains lingering in the ears of simple men, Kipling, like other great artists, has shown [to be] quite compatible with depth of meaning, to which writers far more pretentious and didactic have no true claim.”—*The Times*, No. 35,768, p. 11.

THE NINE VOLUMES OF ROXBURGHE BALLADS (three of them edited by the late William Chappell, F.S.A., the other six by J. W. Ebsworth, sole editor of the earlier completed Two VOLUMES OF BAGFORD BALLADS, with their Supplement entitled THE AMANDA GROUP OF BAGFORD POEMS) show in vivid portraiture the men and women, their political intrigues, warfare, misadventures, courtships and social amusements, errors, crimes or punishments, their alternations between happiness and misery during the successive reigns of our Stuarts. The Valediction of another ‘time-expired man’ is echoed here.

“ For to admire, and for to see,  
For to behold this world so wide :  
It never ’d done no good to me,  
But I can’t drag it if I tried.”

Followed by the Final Group of  
Robin Hood Ballads.



## Completion of Roxburghe Ballads.

FRONTISPICES FOR THE FIRST THREE VOLUMES.

THIS Final Part XXVII contains Restoration Ballads, 1660, and Miscellaneous Ballads of the greatest rarity, that had been hitherto unattainable; also Special Frontispieces, Title-page, and Table of Contents to the Second Division of Vol. VIII.

The EDITOR, J. W. Ebsworth, announces that the *Roxburghe Ballads* are now completed. Ready for Binding.

The total issue since Vol. VII numbers no less than 1,296 pp.: double title-pages, frontispieces, *General Introduction* (pp. cxii\*\*\*), *Prefatory Note* (pp. cc\*), *Additional Notes to the entire Work*, with two *Ballad-Indices*, given on pp. 737-880. XXVI holds 256 pp., and XXVII also has 256 pp.: their total 512 pp. ending Vols. VIII and IX, *issued two years in advance*.

Nothing is lacking, except one Supplementary Part, XXVIII, to contain A GENERAL INDEX OF HISTORICAL NAMES AND EVENTS: with two Portraits. It depends solely on the Editor, and special subscribers. He has laboured to accelerate the Finish by two years. Fresh discoveries were frequent. Few enigmas remain unsolved: many losses have been retrieved.

Among the acquisitions are sundry supplementary to the first three volumes. These are now included among the *Additional Notes* on pp. 737-753, and elsewhere. No Frontispieces were given with the three volumes, sent out by their own Editor, Mr. William Chappell; but such have always preceded J. W. E.'s own eight volumes. The three Frontispieces are now supplied for insertion.

The Ballad Society's reprint of *Roxburghe Ballads* began in 1869. The First Volume of the British Museum original Roxburghe Collection folio (corresponding to Mr. W. Chappell's Parts I to VII inclusive, or vols. i, ii, and half of vol. iii) was rich in popular old ballads, narratives, dialogues, and social merriments; their subjects remote from historical or party politics.

Unfortunately there was a rash stipulation, early recorded, that nothing should be omitted, howsoever worthless or offensive: it was not to be a selection from Roxb. Collection, but to hold each individual item. The senseless order of sequence imposed on the folios by Major Pearson's bookbinder (who saved his type-ornament *bordure*, instead of the ballad colophons, mutilating them ruthlessly) was copied slavishly. It was merely alphabetical, based on a leading word in each ballad-title.

But when Part X was reached, the new Editor found that political ballads became frequent, and a fresh arrangement was indispensable, by grouping together chronologically such anti-Papal and other historical ballads as would have been comparatively wasted, if left entangled, as others had been in the folio volumes. Thence with vol. iv practically began the **SECOND SERIES**, including the Restoration Ballads of 1661, that are now given in vol. ix.



[This woodcut of Master Guess-right, in Edward Ford's 'Dialogue' (vol. i, p. 230) reappeared in 1659, as one of the four illustrations to 'Law lies a Bleeding' (see p. clxxx\*). Another of the four is on p. exeviii\*, horseman and footman, to represent 'the Power of the Sword': the present Macer stood lamely personifying the humiliated hireling of the Civil and Ecclesiastical Law.]

## THIS FRONTISPIECE IS SUPPLIED FOR VOL. I.

\* \* \* *The first three volumes of Roxburghe Ballads were issued without any Frontispieces, by W. C., in 1871, 1874, and 1880. But vol. iv, in 1883, and the five following volumes each have held a special Frontispiece; as had also the Two Divisions of Bagford Ballads and the Amanda Group, by the later Editor, in 1878 and 1880, thus completing the series. The Roxburghes being similarly completed, at Easter, 1899, the same Editor adds, for uniformity in combination, these three suitable Frontispieces of vols. i, ii, and iii, Roxb. Ballads: to be inserted by the bookbinders, facing each title-page.*

The present Editor adds the omitted three *Frontispieces*, making up the round dozen: not only for the sake of symmetry and completeness, at conclusion of the thirty years' work, but also in honour of his friend and predecessor, the late William Chappell, F.S.A., to whom the gratitude of our Ballad Society is due, for the inauguration of its supreme achievement: *The Roxburghe Ballads*. Of all his family he was our sole helper: the one man who had loved literature and music, unselfishly, not sordidly as a trade. Had he survived—these last ten years—he would have rejoiced to welcome the End.

## In Memoriam: W. C.

Obiit, 20, viii, 1883.

**THEY** loved him best, who knew him best;  
*They mourn him day by day:*  
*Courteous and kind, with taste refined;*  
*Would that such friends could stay?*  
*Nay! better fate, than lingering late,*  
*To glide in peace away.*

“Oh cara, cuori così non si trovano più in questo mondo—  
 nò, non si trovano più!”



FRONTISPICE TO VOL. I, ROXBURGHE BALLADS.



[This woodcut had once adorned the title-page of Thomas Heywood's *Philocothonista: the Drunkard Opened, Dissected, and Anatomized*. Printed by J. Raworth, London, 1635, 4to.] R. Harper shewed taste in the selection and purchase of 'remainder' blocks from foreign booksellers. He used this one for Humfrey Crowell's ballad, '*The Industrious Smith*,' which begins thus:—

“**T**Here was a poor Smith liv'd in a poor Town,  
 That had a loving Wife, bonny and brown,  
 And though he were very discreet and wise,  
 Yet would he do nothing without her advise.  
 His stock it grew low, full well he did know,  
 He told his Wife what he intended to do.  
 Quoth he: “ Good Wife, if I can prevail,  
 I will shoos Horses, and thou shalt sell Ale.”

—*Roxb. Ballads*, vol. i, 469.



# FRONTISPIECE SUPPLIED TO VOL. II.

(Issued without one in 1872.)

\*.\* Robert Greene's '*The Ground-work of Coney-Catching*,' 1591, held the mice-and-leverets woodcut reprinted in *Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. ii, p. 81. It was chosen by the ballad-publisher, Henry Gosson, to illustrate 'The Mad Merry Pranks of Robin Good-Fellow': "From Oberon in Fairy-Land" (compare *Prefatory Note* to vol. ix, pp. cx\* and cxii\*, for a later version, with different woodcuts: "I am the King and Prince of Pharies").

Instead of repeating the unwieldy cut as the *Frontispiece* of vol. ii, another of Gosson's woodcuts is selected here, because it illustrates p. clxxxi\* of vol. ix.

When gratuitously editing the first three volumes of '*The Roxburghe Ballads*,' 1869-79, the late William Chappell, F.S.A., was chiefly interested in them for their connection with his renowned '*Popular Music of the Olden Time*,' more than as poetry, scarcely at all for their illustrations. Thus, so early as 1872, on p. 80 of his vol. ii, he wrote: "Upon the history of the woodcuts to ballads I do not venture. It is the especial province of those who write upon what is popularly called 'Fine Art.' " On this subject Frederic George Stephens is the greatest living authority: as shewn in his most valuable volumes, the *Catalogue of Satirical Prints and Drawings in the British Museum*, issued by the Trustees, 1871-1882: First Division, *Political and Personal Satires*. It is a perfect treasure-house for archæologists and biographers, deserving highest praise; but, the five volumes being costly, it is comparatively unknown. His art-criticism, in the *Athenæum* and elsewhere, is always eloquent and sound.—J. W. E.

## FRONTISPIECE OF VOL. II, ROXBURGHE BALLADS.



[This woodcut belonged to the time of James I. It was used for many ballads, circa 1633, by Henry Gosson. Later, it passed to other publishers, who printed it until the eve of the Restoration, even to 1659; as in the "Lay by your pleading, Law lies a bleeding" (see Prefatory Note to vol. ix, p. clxxxi\*). Gosson made it the chief cut of Martin Parker's ballad, circa 1630, *Roxb. Ballads*, vol. ii, p. 565, beginning, 'There's nothing to be had without money.']

“ You Gallants and you swag’ring Blades,  
     give eare unto my Ditty;  
 I am a boon Companion knowne  
     in Country, Towne, and City:  
 I alwayes lov’d to weare good cloathes,  
 And ever scorned to take blowes:  
 I am beloved of all me knowes,  
     But God ’a mercy, Penny!”

FRONTISPIECE TO VOL. III.

\* \* The woodcut now added on p. cc\* had come early with 'A merry new Song,' detailing certain unlikely events: "*And when these changes come, the worst is past.*" Printed for Richard Harper. The 'Explanatory Couplets' were not given there. They are on a broadside (Bagford Coll., III, 93) entitled '*Rome's Thunderbolt,*' signed R. S.; printed by H. B. for J. Conyers, at the sign of the Black Raven in Duck-Lane, 1682. They may have appeared at earlier date.

" *These following Couplets to your sense makes good  
What by the Emblem may be understood.*

- A. The World's Redeemer in the Clouds above,  
Amidst the Angels doth in Glory move.
- B. The *Pope* attempts to fix his lofty throne  
As high, and Head's ambitious *Babylon*.
- C. Then see the Whore is mounted on the Beast,  
Whose character at large is manifest.
- D. An armed *Popish Army* may be seen,  
Furnish'd from *Rome* and Hell's vast *Magazeen*.
- E. Suppose this *Smithfield Pounds*, where you may see  
An Emblem of the *Marian Cruelty*.
- F. Behold the *Beast* on which the *Strumpet* rides,  
And the false *Prophets* kneeling by its sides.
- G. Then see the Gulf, devouring Crowds of those  
Who were to *Christ* and to his people *Foes*.
- H. And if you'll be inform'd from whence they come,  
Look to the other Corner; there stands *Rome*.

R. S."

Without the 'EXPLANATORY COUPLETS,' the woodcut accompanied a ballad named 'The Loyal Protestants' New Litany,' 1680 (reprinted in *The Bagford Ballads*, p. 659).

## FRONTISPIECE TO VOL. III, ROXBURGHE BALLADS.

A



"For she saith in her heart, 'I sit a Queen, and am no Widow, and I shall see no sorrow.' Therefore shall her plagues come in one day."

—Rev., xviii, 7, 8.

"If that all false Traytors were banisht our Land,  
And that from all Popery it once might be free,  
Then *England* and *Scotland* might joyne hand in hand,  
Then times will prove better to thee and to me.

*So merrily and cherrily wee'l drink wine and beere,  
Let who as will run for it, we will stay here."*

—JOHN LOOKES, 1641. (See p. clx\*, vol. ix.)

Second and Final Group  
OF  
**Robin Hood Ballads**  
(ROXBURGHE COLLECTION).

DEDICATED

TO TWO MOST WARMLY ESTEEMED FRIENDS,

FREDERIC GEORGE STEPHENS AND JOSEPH GREGO,

VALUED FOR THEIR SUPREME KNOWLEDGE OF

“The Humourists in Art,”

PRACTICE AND HISTORY;

AND AS

TRUE HELPERS IN ALL WORTHY LITERATURE.



“*Lytille Ihon and Robyne Hude*  
Waythmen ware, commendyd gude;  
In *Yngilwode* and *Barnysdale*  
Thai oysyd all this tyme thare trawale.”

—Wyntoun's *Scottish Chronicle*, circa 1420.

“‘*Robin Hood, Robin Hood*,’ said Little John,  
‘Come, dance before the Queen a!  
In a red petticoate, and a greene jacket,  
A white hose and a greene a.’”

—*A Round*, in *Pammelia*, 1609.



## Robin Hood's Story.

"The merry pranks he play'd would aske an age to tell,  
And the adventures strange that *Robin Hood* befell.  
When *Mansfield* many a time for *Robin* hath bin layd,  
How he hath cosned them that him would have betrayd ;  
How often he hath come to *Nottingham* disguisd,  
And cunningly escapt, being set to be surpris'd.

In this our spacious Isle, I think there is not one  
But he hath heard some talke of him and Little *John* ;  
And to the end of time the Tales shall ne'r be done,  
Of *Scarlock*, *George a Greene*, and *Much* the Miller's sonne,  
Of *Tuck* the merry Frier, which many a Sermon made  
In praise of *Robin Hood*, his Out-lawes, and their Trade.

An hundred valiant men had this brave *Robin Hood*,  
Still ready at his call, that Bow-men were right good,  
All clad in *Lincolne-Greene*, with Caps of red and blew.  
His fellowes' winded Horne not one of them but knew ;  
When setting to their lips their little Beugles shrill,  
The warbling *Eccho*'s wakt from every dale and hill.  
Their *Bauldricks* set with studs, athwart their shoulders cast,  
To which, under their armes, their Sheafes were buckled fast,  
A short Sword at their belt, a Buckler scarce a span :  
Who strooke below the knee not counted then a man.

All made of *Spanish* Yew, their Bowes were wondrous strong ;  
They not an Arrow drew, but was a cloth-yard long.  
Of Archery they had the very perfect craft,  
With Broad-arrow, or But, or Prick, or Roving-shaft,  
At Markes full fortie-score they us'd to Prick and Rove,  
Yet higher than the breast, for *Compass* never strove ;  
Yet at the farthest marke a foot could hardly win.  
At Long-buts, short, and hoyles, each one could cleave the pin ;  
Their Arrowes finely pair'd, for Timber and for Feather,  
With Birch and Brazill peec'd to flie in any weather ;  
And shot they with the round, the square, or forked pyle,  
The loose gave such a twang, as might be heard a myle.  
And of these Archers brave there was not any one,  
But he could kill a Deere his swiftest speed upon ;  
Which they did boyle and rost, in many a mightie wood,  
Sharpe hunger the fine sauce to their more kingly food.  
Then taking them to rest, his merry men and hee  
Slept many a Summer's night under the *Greenewood* tree.

From wealthy Abbots' chests, and Charles' abundant store,  
What oftentimes he tooke, he shar'd amongst the poore.  
No lordly Bishop came in lusty *Robin's* way,  
To him, before he went, but for his Passe must pay.  
The Widdow in distress he graciously reliev'd,  
And remedied the wrongs of many a Virgin griev'd.  
He from the husband's bed no married woman wan,  
But to his Mistris deare, his loved *Marian*,  
Was ever constant knowne, which, wheresoere shee came,  
Was soveraigne of the Woods, chiefe Lady of the Game.  
Her clothes tuck'd to the knee, and daintie braided haire,  
With Bow and Quiver arm'd, shee wandred here and there

Amongst the Forrests wild : *Diana* never knew  
Such pleasures, nor such Harts as *Mariana* slew ! "

— MICHAEL DRAYTON's *Poly-Olbion*, Song 26, 1613.

## The Robin Hood Ballads.

“The Minstrell he was called in, some pretty jest to play;  
Then *Robin Hood* was called for, and *Malkin* ere they went,  
But *Barnard* euer to the mayde a louing looke he lent,  
And he would uery fayne haue daunst with hir, if that he durst;  
As he was offering, *Galfryd* caught hir by the hand at furst.”

*The Pityfull Historie of two louing Italians, Gaufrido and Barnardo le rayne, which arrined in the countrey of Greece, in the time of the noble Emperoure Tespasian. Translated into Englishe meter by Jhon Drout, of Thavis Inne, gentleman. Anno 1570. Imprinted at London by Henry Binneman. (Reprinted by John Payne Collier, 1844.)*

**F**OURTEEN ‘Robin Hood Ballads’ are reproduced in this Final Group. Twelve were mentioned on pp. 177, 178; in addition to the other five, which had formed the First Group, reprinted in vol. ii, pp. 418 to 453. Collectively these are the seventeen ‘Robin Hood Ballads’ represented in the Roxburghe Collection.

Of the former group, reprinted in *Roxb. Ballads*, vol. ii, duplicates or other editions are found elsewhere, viz. of No. 1, ‘Renowned Robin Hood’=“Gold ta’en from the King’s Harbengers,” in Wood’s Collection, 402, 10, and 401, 31; Pepys II, 103; Euing, No. 300; Douce, III, 114. Of No. 2, ‘Robin Hood and the Stranger’=“Come listen a while”: see Wood, 401, fol. 27; Pepys, II, 101; and Douce, III, 120 *verso*. Of No. 3, ‘R. H., Scadlock, and Little John’=“Now Robin,” etc.: see Pepys, II, 120; Douce, III, 117; and Jersey, II, 308=Lindes., 900. Of No. 4, ‘A new Ballad’=“Kind gentlemen”: see Pepys, II, 116, 118; Douce, III, 112. Of No. 5, ‘R. H. and the Bishop,’=“Come, gentlemen all”: see Wood, 401, 11; Pepys, II, 109, 122; Euing, No. 303. The Roxb. Collection holds no exemplar of ‘Robin Hood and the Tanner’=‘Arthur a Bland,’ p. 502, “In *Nottingham* there lives a jolly Tanner.”

To trace to their respective sources the Thames and the Rhine was easy; to do as much for the Nile or the Niger has been merely a question of time. But to ascertain the *fons et origo* of Robin Hood song and legend seems hopeless. Cross-currents, fogs and crevasses, deadly swamps and poisonous canebrakes, have to be encountered, and the whetstone for liars had been too often used actively. Surely no one can imagine that, early though it be (*circa* 1520–1550), Wynkyn de Worde’s or William Copland’s impression of ‘*A Lytell Geste of Robyn Hode*,’ or ‘*A Mery Geste*,’ is other than a recasting of long antecedent materials. As we have it, in eight “Fyttes,” it numbers fully four hundred and forty-five stanzas. It is not in the Roxb. Coll., but begins thus:—

“Lithe and lysten, Gentylnen, that be of frebore blode,  
I shall you tell of a good ye[o]man, his name was *Robyn Hode*.  
*Robyn* was a proude Outlawe, whyles he walked on grounde,  
So curteyse an outlawe as he was one was neuer none y founde.  
*Robyn* stode in *Bernysdale*, and lened hym to a tree,  
And by hym stode *Lytell Johan*, a good ye[o]man was he,  
And also dyde good *Scathelock*, and *Much* the Miller’s sone.  
There was no ynche of his body but it was worthe a grone.” Etc.

The superabundance of Robin Hood literature can be explained thus. *First*.—The hero was representative: a man well born and well nurtured, of good disposition, habitually kind; who had been aroused to resist the oppression of cruel laws, and redress grievances by his own personal influence, triumphant even when in retreat. He gathered around him a band of merry outlaws, who loved and obeyed him as their leader, yet still their comrade. With him they had fought individually, before their initiation into the free-masonry of the woodlands: a man who could prize them for standing up manfully to guard their heads with their own hands, taking and giving hard blows, but never a foul stroke. He waged war against vindictive and rapacious sheriffs or luxurious bishops, yet never became morose, never ceased to protect and relieve the poor, or to comfort the suffering. While he tried to rectify some of the failures made by churchmen and statesmen, he was neither atheist nor rebel. He sought no tub, as a cynic Diogenes; no pillar of seclusion or ostentatious sanctity, as a St. Simeon Stylites. His Cave of Adullam was the freedom of the green forest at Sherwood. He had strength and skill, yet was without cruelty or rapacity. His frequent defeats, borne good-humouredly, helped to make him popular. He stood forth boldly as the type and embodiment of an ideal that men could understand, and prize highly. If through successive years were told too frequently, as new adventures, the selfsame cudgellings and friendly reconciliations after battle, this repetition was in accord with our habitual tendency, thus defined by Sir John Falstaff—"It was alway yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common." Robin Hood was worn threadbare. Each wandering minstrel in early time, or ballad-monger in later days, sought to add another stone to the cairn; another "fytte," plagiarized from those already sung.

*Second*.—The several Trades were to be propitiated individually, and thus tempted to buy the new ballad. The tanners had been told that Robin Hood acknowledged the prowess of Allan a Bland the tanner, and they bought the ballad. Similarly the butchers, the shepherds, the fishermen, the tinkers, the potters, even the beggars, who could find a coin to spare when necessary, were successfully flattered by some obscure laureate of their own craft. Every rhymester chose a member of his own calling to be the conqueror of this genial outlaw. Men who heard or read some few local ditties knew not the other ballads. They were purchasers and admirers, not carping critics or Tennyson's "indolent reviewers."

Robin Hood was faithful in his love to the amazon Maid Marian, as in his friendship with Little John, Allan a Dale, or the prisoners whom he rescued from the gallows-foot. He prized his comrades unselfishly, and met his death at last by too frankly confiding in his cousin the treacherous Prioress of Kirklees. He became a national myth, and is still enshrined in memory. His resistance

of iniquitous Forest-laws won approval; his 'equitable adjustment of property,' to relieve the poor, met rebuke from the ecclesiastical hierarchy. Compare the Interlude of *Thersites*, 1537—

"Where is *Lytell John* and *Robyn Hode*?  
Approche hither quickly, if you think it good.  
I will teache such outlawes, with Christe's curses,  
How they take away hereafter Abbotes' purses."

Innumerable contradictions and discrepancies impair the credit of every recognized antiquarian or popular theory to personally identify the original Robin Hood, his date and social rank. It is better to dismiss the interminable controversies from present notice. He was a masculine Mrs. Harris, often named, but unseen and apocryphal. He belonged to folk-lore, not to history. His very name and existence have been doubted. Some declare that it meant no more than 'Robin o' the Wood,' but this is sheer imbecility. Scraps of versical allusions to him and his adventures are of an early date. A brief summary of these, sufficient to prove his popularity as a representative of the 'Commons,' is given in the 'Introduction to the Robin Hood Ballads,' in the invaluable *Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript*, 1867. This we quote:—

"He is first mentioned in literature in the 'Vision of William concerning Piers the Ploughman,' written probably about 1362 [1377], and is there mentioned [*sic*] as the well-known hero of a well-known [*sic*] Popular Song. Says Sloth:—

'I kan noght parfitly my pater-noster  
As the priest it syngeth,  
But I kan rymes of *Robyn Hood*,  
And *Randolph Erl* of *Chestre*.'—Wright's *P. P.*, 3275-78.

"His next mention is in Wyntoun's '*Scottish Chronicle*,' written about the year 1420. Wyntoun, writing of the year 1284, says [*cf.* p. 481]:—

'*Lytell Ihon* and *Robyne Hude* | waythmen ware, commendyd gude;  
In *Yngilwoode* and *Barnysdale* | thai oysyd all this tyme thare trawale.'

"Some thirty years afterwards one of the additions to Fordun's '*Scotichronicon*' . . . speaking of the De Montford period, informs us—'Hoc in tempore de exhereditatis et bannitis surrexit et caput erexit ille famosissimus sicarius *Robertus Hode* et *Littill Johanne* cum eorum complicitibus, de quibus stolidum vulgus hianter in comediis et tragoediis prurienter festum faciunt et super ceteras romancias mimos et bardanos cantitare delectantur' (Goodall's *Forduni Scotich.*, ii, 104)."

The dance-tunes and melodies belonging to these traditional ballads were given by the late Edward F. Rimbault, in *Musical Illustrations of the Robin Hood Ballads* (published in vol. ii, pp. 433-447 of the gullible J. M. Gutch's '*Lytell Geste of R. H.*' 1847). This is a distinct work from Rimbault's subsequent and better known '*Musical Illustrations of Bishop Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*,' published by Cramer, Beale, & Co., in 1850.

We are spared reproducing both the interminable '*Lytell Geste*' and a dozen of the less important Robin Hood ballads by their being unrepresented in the Roxburghe Collection. These cinereal mounds resemble Monte Testaccio at Rome, a heap of broken shards; our half is greater than the whole—Euclid notwithstanding. It is enough to have edited all that we were bound to give.



[Roxburghe Collection, II, 370, III, 524; Pepys, II, 108, 123; Wood, 401, 25 *vo.* and 402, 18; Bagford, II, 22; Rawlinson, 159; Euing, 301, 302; Huth, II, 68; Douce, II, 370; Jers., II, 271 = Lind., 683; Garlands, 1663, 1670.]

## The Noble Fisher-Man;

Dr, *Robin Hood's* preferment: shewing how he won a [great] prize on the Sea, and how he gave one half to his dame and the other to the building of Alms-houses.

TO THE TUNE OF, *In Summer-time*, etc. [See *Note*, p. 487.]



**I**N Summer-time, when leaves grow green, [*Down a down*, etc.  
When they [doe] grow both green and long,  
Of a bould Out-law call'd *Robin Hood*,  
It is of him I sing my song.

[*al. lect.* this song.]

When the Lilly leaf and the Elephant  
Doth bud and spring with a merry [good] cheer,  
This Out-law was weary of the wood-side  
And chasing of the fallow deere.

[*a.l.* Eglantine.]



"The Fisher-men brave more money have  
Th[a]n any merchants, two or three;  
Therefore I will to *Scarborough* go,  
That I a Fisher-man might be."

[See *Note*, below.

This Out-law call'd his merry men all,  
As they sat under the green-wood tree :  
"If you have any gold to spend,  
I pray you heartily spend it with me."

[ = instead of.

"Now," quoth *Robin*, "I'le to *Scarborough* go,  
It seems to be a very fair day";  
[He] took up his inn at a widdow's house,  
Hard by upon the waters gray;

[*text*, Who.

Who asked him, "Where wert thou born?  
Or tell to me where thou dost fare?"  
"I am a poor Fisher-man," said he then,  
"This day intrapped all in care."

"What is thy name, thou fine fellow?  
I pray the[e] heartily, tell it to me."  
"In mine own country where I was born,  
Men call me *Simon over the Lee*."

"*Simon, Simon*," said the good wife,  
"I wish thou may'st well brook thy name."  
The Out-law was 'ware of her courtesie,  
And rejoiced he had got so good a dame.

"*Simon*, wilt thou be my man?  
And good round wages I will give thee;  
I have as good a ship of mine own  
As any sails upon the sea.

"Anchors and planks thou shalt not want,  
Masts and ropes that are so long."  
"And if thou thus furnish me,"  
Said *Simon*, "nothing shall go wrong."

---

*Note*.—This ballad was entered to *Francis Coules* and 'partners in that stock' 13 June, 1631, in the Registers of the Stationers Company (Transcript, iv, 254). The tune (*Popular Music*, p. 393), often named *In Summer-time*, is believed to be the same as *King Edward the Fourth and the Tanner of Tamworth*. Line 5 mentions a scabious plant, 'the Elephant,' but modernized versions substitute 'the Eglantine.' Line 11 names Scarborough, and to the present day a bay of a mile broad, on the coast between Scarborough and Whitby, is known as 'Robin Hood's Bay.' A view of it is given in the *Abbotsford Edition of Waverley Novels*, vol. iv: '*Ivanhoe*,' p. 595. The noted village of fishermen is six miles from Whitby, where Robin Hood generously founded the almshouses: in olden time they were the best of gifts or bequests; now, alas! 'confiscated.'

They pluckt up anchor and away did sail,  
 More of a day than two or three ; [text, then.]  
 When others cast in their baited hooks,  
 The bare lines into the sea cast he.

“ It will be long,” said the master then,  
 “ E’re this great lubber do thrive on the sea ;  
 I ’le assure, he shall have no part of our fish,  
 For in truth he is [of] no part worthy.”

“ O wo is me ! ” said *Simon* then,  
 “ This day that ever I came here ;  
 I wish I were in *Plumpton* Park, [ Cf. vii, p. 604. ]  
 [A] chasing of the fallow-deer.

“ For every clown laughs me to scorn,  
 And they by me set nothing at all :  
 If I had them in *Plumpton* Park,  
 I would set as little by them all.”

They pluckt up anchor and away did sail,  
 More of a day than two or three ;  
 But *Simon* espyed a ship of war,  
 That sailed toward them valourously.

“ O woe is me ! ” said the master then,  
 “ This day that ever I was born ;  
 For all our fish that we have got  
 Is every bit lost and forlorn.

“ For yon *French* robbers on the sea,  
 They will not spare of us one man ;  
 But carry us to the coast of *France*,  
 And lay us in the prison strong.”

But *Simon* said : “ Do not fear them ;  
 Neither, master, take you any care :  
 Give me my bent bow in my hand,  
 And never a *French-man* will I spare.”

“ Hold thy peace, thou long lubber,  
 For thou art nought but brags and boast :  
 If I should cast thee over-board,  
 There’s but a simple lubber lost.”

*Simon* grew angry at these words,  
 And so angry then was he,  
 That he took his bent bow in his hand,  
 And to the ship-hatch go doth he.

" Master, tye me to the mast," [saith he,]  
 " That at my mark I may stand fair;  
 And give me my bent bow in my hand,  
 And never a *French-man* will I spare."

He drew his arrow to the very head,  
 And drew it with all might and main,  
 And in the twinkling of an eye  
 Doth the *French-man's* heart the arrow gain.

The *French-man* fell down on the ship-hatch,  
 And under the hatches [t]here below; [text, here.]  
 Another *French-man* that him espy'd,  
 The dead corps into the sea doth throw.

" O master, loose me from the mast," he said,  
 " And for them all take you no care;  
 And give me my bent bow in my hand,  
 And never a *French-man* will I spare."

Then [streight] they boarded the *French* ship,  
 They lying all dead in their sight;  
 They found within the ship of war  
 Twelve thousand pound in money bright.

" The one half of the ship," said *Simon* then,  
 " I'll give to my Dame and [her] children small;  
 The other part of the ship I'll give  
 To you that are my fellows all."

But now bespake the master then:

" Forso[oth], *Simon*, it shall not be; [text, For so.]  
 For you have won it with your own hands,  
 And the owner thereof [you] must be."

" It shall be so as I have said;  
 And with this gold for the opprest  
 An habitation I will build,  
 Where they shall live in peace and rest."

Printed for *W. Thackeray* and *T. Passenger*.

[Black-letter. 1631. Roxb. Coll., II, 370 has two woodcuts: 1st, three men, not the same as on p. 486; 2nd, ships and rocks, of vol. vii, p. 505. Wood's two exemplars, distinct, were printed respectively for *F. Coles*, in the *Old Bailey*, circa 1631; and (*Wood's* 401) *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, and *W. Gilbertson*, circa 1648-63. Rawlinson's, instead of *Gilbertson*, adds the names of *J. Wright* and *J. Clarke*. The 1st Pepysian has *Alex. Milbourn*, *Will. Owenley* (sic), and *Thom. Thackeray*, at the *Angel*. 2nd Pepysian has *Wright*, *Clarke*, *W. Thackeray*, and *T. Passenger*. 2nd Roxb. Coll. (III, 524) is modern: printed and sold by *J. How*, in *Petticoat Lane*. Numerous editions.]

[Roxburghe Collection, II, 392, III, 284; Wood, 401, 13 *verso*; Pepys, II, 115; Douce, III, 115; Jersey, II, 267 = Lindes., 27; Garlands, 1663, 1670.]

## Robin Hood and the Shepherd: Shewing how *Robin Hood*, *Little John*, and the Shepherd fought a sore Combate.

[The Shepherd fought for Twenty Pound,  
And *Robin* for Bottle and Bag;  
But the Shepherd stout gave them the rout,  
So sore they could not wag.] [= Wood's exemplar.]

TUNE IS, *Robin Hood and Queen Katherine*. [See p. 177 and vol. ii, p. 419.]

**A** LI Gentlemen and Yeomen good, *Down a down a down*, [passim.  
I wish you to draw near,  
For a story of gallant bold *Robin Hood* unto you I will declare:  
*Down a down, a down, a down.* [Sic passim.]

As *Robin Hood* walkt the Forest along, some pastime for to spy,  
There was he aware of a jolly Shepherd, that on the ground did lye.

“Arise, arise!” said jolly *Robin*, “and now come let me see  
What is in thy bag and bottle; I say, come tell it unto me.”

“What ’s that to thee? thou proud fellow! tell me, as I do stand,  
What thou hast to do with my bag and bottle? Let me see thy  
command.” [i.e. thy authority.]

“My Sword, that hangeth by my side, is my command, I [tr]ow.  
Come and let me taste thy Bottle, or it may breed thy woe.”

“The Devil a drop, thou proud fellow! of my bottle thou shalt see,  
Until thy Valour here be try’d, whether thou wilt fight or flee.”

“What shall we fight for?” cries *Robin Hood*: “come, tell it soon  
to me.

There’s twenty pound in good red gold: win it, and take it thee!”

### The Second Part: TO THE SAME TUNE.

The Shepherd stood all in a maze, and knew not what to say:

“I have no money, thou proud fellow! but bag and bottle I’le lay.”

“I am content, thou Shepherd Swain: fling them down on the  
ground!

But it will breed the[e] mickle pain to win my twenty pound.”

“Come, draw thy Sword, thou proud fellow! thou standest too  
long to prate.

This Hook of mine shall let thee know, a coward I do hate.”

So they fell to it full hardy and sore: it was on a Summer's day :  
From ten till four in the Afternoon the Shepherd held him play.

*Robin's* Buckler prov'd his chiefest defence, and sav'd him many  
a bang,  
For every blow the Shepherd gave made *Robin's* sword cry twang !

Many a sturdy blow the Shepherd gave, and that bold *Robin* found;  
Till the blood ran trickling from his head, then he fell to the ground.

“ Arise, arise, thou proud fellow ! and thou shalt have fair play,  
If thou wilt yield, before thou go, that I have won the day.”

“ A boon, a boon ! ” cry'd bold *Robin*, “ if that a man thou be :  
Then let me take my Bugle-horn, and blow but blasts three.”

Then said the Shepherd to bold *Robin* : “ To that I will agree ;  
For if thou should blow till to-morrow morn I scorn one foot to flee.”

Then *Robin* he set his Horn to his mouth, and he blew with  
might and main,  
Until he espyed Little *John* come tripping over the plain. [*Cf.* p. 496.

“ O, who is yonder, thou proud fellow ! that comes down yonder hill ? ”  
“ Yonder is *John*, bold *Robin Hood's* man, shall fight with thee  
thy fill.”

“ What is the matter ? ” says Little *John* ; “ Master, come tell to me.”  
“ My case is bad,” cries *Robin Hood*, “ for the Shepherd hath  
conquer'd me.”

“ I am glad of that ! ” cries Little *John*. “ Shepherd, turn thou to me !  
For a bout with thee I mean to have : either come fight or flee.”

“ With all my heart, thou proud fellow ! for it shall never be said  
That a Shepherd's hook of thy sturdy look will one jot be  
dismay'd.”

So they fell to it, full hardy and sore, striving for victory.

“ I will know ” (says *John*), “ e're we give o'er, whether thou  
wilt fight or flee.”

The Shepherd gave *John* a sturdy blow, with his Hook, under  
the chin.

“ Beshrew thy heart ! ” said Little *John*, “ thou basely dost begin.”

“ Nay, that is nothing ! ” said the Shepherd : “ either yield to me  
the day,  
Or I will bang thy back and sides before thou goest thy way.



“What, dost thou think, thou proud fellow! that thou can'st conquer me?”

Nay, thou shalt know, before thou go, I'll fight before I'll flee.”

Again the Shepherd laid on him blows, [as] the Shepherd he [had] began.

“Hold! hold!” cry'd bold *Robin Hood*, “I will yield the wager won.”

“With all my heart!” said Little *John*; “to that I will agree:  
For he is the flower of Shepherd Sw[ains]; the like I did never see.”

¶ Thus have you heard of *Robin Hood*: *Down a [down, a down]*; also of Little *John*;

How a Shepherd swain did conquer them: the like was never known: *Down a down, a down, a down.*

[Black-letter. Roxb. colophon lost, but Wood's exemplar gives omitted motto-verse, and 'London, Printed for John Andrews, at the *White Lion*, in *Pye-Corner*.' Of date *circa* 1656, probably earlier. Pepysian exemplar is later, 'for William Thackeray, at the *Angel*, in *Duck-Lane*.' It is No. 11 in his List of Ballads, 1685. Roxb. has two woodcuts: 1st, the centre figure of p. 486, but with bow; 2nd, the Ploughman or Shepherd with staff, vol. vii, p. 31.]



## Robin Hood and Allen a Dale.

THERE seems to be little doubt that Allen a Dale, or 'Allin of Dale' as he is named in the Roxb. broadside, is the same person who is elsewhere called 'Scarlet,' from his attire, and 'Will Seadlock.' Robin himself sometimes bears the name Locksley, assumed from his supposed birthplace, but apparently it was borne also by one of his men. Even so there were rumours of more than one John the Little or Little John, after the original stalwart champion thus entitled had passed to "where beyond these voices there is peace." 'Much, the Miller's son,' Midge, is here called *Nick*. We speedily enter a visionary world if we attempt to trace their respective genealogies.

The present ballad holds in solution the elements of a charming Love-tale, romantic and suggestive. It is not, like the majority of the Robin Hood cycle, a mere sporting-calendar of swash-buckler buffetings and cudgellings, anticipative of the P.R.; except the Noble Fisher-man, or the Rescue of Stutley and the Widow's sons. The tune is named *Robin Hood in the Greenwood stood*. Compare the seventh line, and the second stanza of 'Robin Hood's Golden Prize,' p. 509. The music given for 'Allen a Dale' by Rimbault is the first half of *Drive the Cold Winter away*: see *Popular Music*, p. 193.

[Roxburghe Collection, II, 394 ; Pepys, II, 110 ; Euing, 299 ; Douce, II, 185 ; III, 119 ; Jersey, II, 223 = Lindes., 260.]

## Robin Hood and Allin of Dale ;

Or,

A pleasant Relation how a young Gentleman being in Love with a Young Damsel, which was taken from him to be an Old Knight's Bride, and how *Robin Hood*, pittyping the young man's case, took her from the Old Knight, when they were going to be married, and restored her to her own Love again.

Bold *Robin Hood* he did the Young Man right,  
And took the Damsel from the Dot[e]jing Knight.

TO PLEASANT NORTHERN TUNE ; or, *Robin Hood in the Green-Wood stood*. [492.



Come listen to me, you Gallants so free,  
All you that love mirth for to hear ;  
And I will you tell of a bold Outlaw,  
That lived in *Nottingham-shire*,  
*That lived in Nottingham-shire*. [Repeat 1th line, *passim*.

As *Robin Hood* in the Forest stood,  
All under the Green-wood tree,  
There was he aware of a brave young man,  
As fine as fine might be.

The youngster was cloathed in Scarlet red,  
In Scarlet fine and gay, [Cf. p. 492, *Introd*.  
And he did frisk it over the plain,  
And chanted a roundelay.

As *Robin Hood* next morning stood  
 Amongst the leaves so gay,  
 There did he espy the same young man  
 Come drooping along the way.

The *Scarlet* he wore the day before,  
 It was clean cast away,  
 And every step he fetcht a sigh,  
 "Alack, and a welladay!"

Then stepped forth brave Little *John*,  
 And *Nick* the Miller's Son, [*al. lect. 'Much.'*]  
 Which made the young man bend his bow,  
 When as he see them come.

"Stand off! stand off!" the young man said,  
 "What is your will with me?"  
 "You must come before our Master straight,  
 Under yon Greenwood Tree."

And when he came bold *Robin* before,  
*Robin* askt him courteously:  
 "O hast thou any money to spare  
 For my merry men and me?"

"I have no money," the young man said,  
 "But five shillings and a Ring;  
 And that I have kept this seven long years,  
 To have it at my wedding.

"Yesterday I should have married a Maid,  
 But she was from me ta'ne,  
 And chosen to be an old Knight's delight;  
 Whereby my poor heart is slain."

"What is thy name?" then said *Robin Hood*;  
 "Come tell me without any fail!"  
 "By the faith of my body," then said the young man,  
 "My name it is *Allen a Dale*." [*Cf. p. 492.*]

"What will thou give me," said *Robin Hood*,  
 "In ready gold or fee,  
 To help thee to thy true Love again,  
 And deliver her unto thee?"

"I have no money," then quoth the young man,  
 "No ready gold nor fee;  
 But I will swear upon a book  
 Thy true Servant for to be."

“ How many miles is it to thy True-Love ?  
Come tell me without any guile ! ”  
“ By the faith of my body,” then said the young man,  
It is but five little mile.”

Then *Robin* he hasted over the plain,  
He did neither stint nor lin, [ = tarry.  
Until he came unto the Church  
Where *Allin* should keep his wedding.

“ What dost thou here ? ” the Bishop then said ;  
“ I prithee now tell unto me.”  
“ I am a bold Harper,” quoth *Robin Hood*,  
“ And the best in the North Country.”

“ O welcome ! O welcome ! ” the Bishop he said ;  
“ That musick best pleaseth me.”  
“ You shall have no Musick,” quoth *Robin Hood*,  
“ Till the Bride and the Bridegroom I see.”

With that came in a wealthy Knight,  
Which was both grave and old ;  
And after him a finikin Lass, [ = dainty, slender.  
Did shine like the glist’ring gold.

“ This is not a fit match,” q[uo]d bold *Robin Hood*,  
“ That you do seem to make here ;  
For since we are come unto the Church,  
The Bride shall chuse her own dear.”

Then *Robin Hood* put his horn to his mouth,  
And blew blasts two or three ;  
When four and twenty bowmen bold  
Came leaping over the Lee.

And when they came into the Church-yard,  
Marching all on a row,  
The first man was *Allin a Dale*  
To give bold *Robin* his bow.

“ This is thy true Love,” *Robin* he said,  
“ Young *Allin*, as I hear say ;  
And you shall be married at the same time,  
Before we depart away.”

“ That shall not be ! ” the Bishop he said,  
“ For thy word shall not stand :  
They shall be three times askt in the Church,  
As the Law is of our Land.”

*Robin Hood* pull'd off the Bishop's coat,  
 And put it upon Little *John* :  
 " By the faith of my body," then *Robin* said,  
 " This cloath doth make thee a man !"

When Little *John* went into the Quire,  
 The people began to laugh ;  
 He askt them seven times in the Church,  
 Lest three times should not be enough.

" Who gives me this maid ?" said Little *John*.  
 Quoth *Robin*, " That do I ;  
 And he that doth take her from *Allin a Dale*  
 Full dearly he shall her buy,  
     *Full dearly he shall her buy.*"

And thus having ended this merry wedding,  
 The Bride she lookt like a Queen ;  
 And so they return'd to the merry Green-wood,  
 Amongst the leaves so green,

*Amongst the leaves so green.* [With Allowance.

Printed for *Alex. Milbourn, Will. Ownley, Tho. Thackeray*, at the  
*Angel in Duck-Lane.*

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts : 1st, small figure of a Bowman ; 2nd, the woman and prim man, as on p. 493. This ballad is No. 2 in Wm. Thackeray's List, but printed earlier. Pepys, for *Alex. Milbourne*, in *Green Arbour Court*, in the *Little Old Bailey*. Douce, for *Coles, Vere, Wright, and Clarke*.]

## Little John and the Four Beggars.

" In Nottingham lived a jolly Tanner."—*Ballad*: see p. 502.

THE tune of the following ballad, 'The Four Beggars,' is in *Popular Music*, p. 392. It is the same tune as *Robin Hood Revived*; or, *R. H. and the Stranger* (= "Come listen a while, you gentlemen all: with a hey down," etc., vol. ii, 426). The Tanner, known as Arthur à Bland, belonged to Nottingham, whereunto the 'Progress' leads (p. 500), an earlier event in Robin's life. The Tanner claims to be a kinsman of Little John (p. 503), *alias* John Little, *alias* Greenleaf, of the *Lytel Geste*. That he had won the name of 'Little John' by his burly stature, accords with the facetious contrariety of the 'merry men,' who nicknamed their miller's son 'Much,' because he was small as a Midge.

"*Robin Hood* took them both by the hands, and dane'd round about the Oak tree :  
 ' For three merry men, and three merry men, and three merry men we be !' "



[Roxburghe Coll., III, 10; Wood, 401, 33 *verso*; Pepys, II, 119; Garlands of 1663, 1670.]

## Little John and the Four Beggars;

Or,

A new merry Song of *Robin Hood* and *Little John*, shewing how *Little John* went a begging, and how he fought with four Beggars, and what a prize he got of the Four Beggars.

THE TUNE IS, *Robin Hood and the Begger* [= *Arthur a Bland*], etc. [p. 496.]

Al you that delight [for] to spend some time  
(*With a hey down down, a down down*) [*Sic passim.*]

A merry Song [for] to sing,  
Vnto me draw near, and you shall hear how *Little John* went  
a begging.

As *Robin Hood* walked the Forest along, and all his yeomandree,  
Says *Robin*: "Some of you must a begging go; and, *Little John*,  
it must be thee."

Says *John*: "If I must a begging go, I will have a Palmer's weed;  
With a staff and a coat, and bags of all sorts, the better then  
shall I speed.

"Come, give me now a bag for my bread, and another for my cheese;  
And one for a penny, when as I get any, that nothing I may leese."

Now *Little John* is a begging gone, seeking for some relief;  
But of all the Beggars he met on the way, *Little John* was the chief.

But as he was walking himself alone, four beggars he chanced  
to spy,  
Some deaf, and some blind, and some came behind: says *John*,  
"Here's brave company!"

"Good morrow," said *John*, "my [breth]ren dear; good fortune I  
had you to see: [*t. children.*]

Which way do you go? pray let me know, for I want some  
company.

"O what is here to do then?" said *Little John*; "why rings all  
these bells?" said he.

"What dog is a hanging? come let's be ganging, that we the truth  
may see."

“Here is no dog hanging!” then one of them said, “good fellow,  
we tell unto thee;  
But here is one dead will give us cheese and bread, and it may be  
one single penny.”

“We have brethren in *London*,” another he said; “so have we in  
[*Coventry*], [misp. the country.]  
In *Barwick*, and *Dover*, and all the world over; but nere a crookt  
carrill like thee!

“Therefore stand thou back, thou crooked carel, and take that  
knock on the crown.”

“Nay,” said *Little John*, “I’le not [yet] be gone, for a bout  
will I have with you round.

“Now have at you all then,” said *Little John*, “if you be so full  
of your blows.

Fight on, all four, and ne’re give o’re, whether you be friends  
or foes.”

*John* nipped the Dumb, and made him to rore; and the Blind  
that could not see,

And he that a Cripple had been seven years—he made them run  
faster than he.

And flinging them all against the wall, with many a sturdy bang,  
It made *John* sing to hear the gold ring which against the wall  
cry’d twang!

Then he got out of the Beggars’ clo[a]k three hundred pound  
in gold.

“Good fortune had I,” then said *Little John*, “such a good sight  
to behold!”

[For] what found he in a Begger’s bag, but three hundred pound  
and three!

“If I drink water while this doth last, then an evil death may I die.

“And my begging trade I now will give o’re, my fortune it hath  
been so good;

Therefore I’le not stay, but I will away to the Forest of merry  
*Sherwood*.”

But when to the Forreast of *Sherwood* he came, he quickly there  
did see

His Master good, bold *Robin Hood*, and all his company.

“What news? what news?” then said *Robin Hood*; “come,  
*Little John*, tell unto me!

How hast thou sped with the Beggar’s trade? for that I fain  
would see.”

“ No news but good,” then said Little *John*. “ With begging full well I have sped :  
Six hundred and three I have here for thee, in silver, and gold so red.”

Then *Robin Hood* took Little *John* by the hand, and danced about the Oke-tree :

“ If we drink water while this doth last, then an ill death may we die ! ”

So to conclude my merry new Song  
(*With a hey down, down a down down*),  
All you that delight it to sing,  
'Tis of *Robin Hood*, that Archer good,  
And how Little *John* went a Begging.

*London* : Printed for *W. Thackeray*, *T. Passenger*, and *W. Whitwood*.

[Roxb. in White-letter. First, woodcut, Four Beggars threatening Little John, who is cloaked, and wields his staff ; 2nd, three men. Wood's B.-L. printed for *W. Gilbertson* ; Pepys for *Wright*, *Clarke*, *Thackeray*, and *Passenger*.]

\* \* Compare fragment in Percy Folio MS., i. 47. We give '*Robin Hood and the Tanner*,' extra, on p. 502. It is one of the best, and was needed here.



## Robin Hood's Progress to Nottingham.

“ I read '*A Lytell Geste of Robin Hode*'

Within an ancient forest far withdrawn.

The story rapt me in a wondrous mood,

And I outread the dawn.

There was a trembling light upon the page,

The meeting of the morning and the day ;

The dewdrop shook not on the silent spray,

The world forgot its age—

The silent golden world, that morn in May.”

—J. D. HOSKEN'S *Verses by the Way*.

THIS ballad tells of Robin Hood's early exploit in avenging the insults of 'Fifteen Foresters,' who mocked him on account of his being "fifteen winters old," and defrauded him of the wager, when he was going quietly to Nottingham to compete for a prize.

An early life of Robin Hood, in Sloane MS., 715, 7, fol. 157 (cited by W. J. Thoms, *Early Prose Romances*, II, *Robin Hood*), gives an account of this quarrel, and explains better the laughter of the Rangers or Foresters. Robin is mocked by them for carrying such a massive bow as that which they deem no man can use. He declares that it is merely for birding-bolts, a slight thing compared to two others that he owns ; and he wagers his head on the success of his shot against their marks. After his success he returns their money to each of them, except the man who had showed a vicious desire to secure his failure and death. A quarrel ensues ; they support their comrade, and are slain.

[Roxb. Collection, III, 270, 845 ; Wood, 401, 87 ; 402, 14 *verso* ; Pepys, II, 104 ; Euing, 306 ; Douce, III, 114, 120 ; Lind., 1031 ; Garlands of 1663, 1670.]

## Robin Hood's Progress to Nottingham.

Where hee met with fifteen Forresters, all on a row,  
And hee desired of them some News for to know ;  
But with crosse grain'd words they did him thwart,  
For which at last hee made them for to smart.

TO TUNE OF, *Bold Robin Hood and Q. Katherine* [= *The Three Ravens*, etc.].  
Licensed and Entered according to Order.

**R**OBIN HOOD hee was and a tall young man, *Derry derry down*,  
And fifteen winters old ;  
And *Robin Hood* he was a proper young man,  
Of courage stout and bold. *Hey down, derry derry down.*

*Robin Hood* he would and to fair *Nottingham*, [*Derry*, etc. *passim*.  
With the general for to dine ; [general = common-folk.  
There was he ware of fifteen Forresters,  
And a drinking bear ale and wine. *Hey down*, etc. [=barley-ale.

“What news ? what news ?” said bold *Robin Hood*, “what news,  
fain would'st thou know ?  
Our King hath provided a Shooting-match ; and I'm ready with  
my bow.”

“We hold it in scorn,” then said the Forresters, “that ever a boy  
so young  
Should bear a Bow before the King, that's not able to draw one  
string.”

“I'le hold you twenty marks,” said bold *Robin Hood*, “by the  
leave of Our Ladye,  
That I'le hit a mark a hundred rod, and I'le cause a Hart to dye.”

“We'll hold you twenty mark,” then said the Forresters, “by the  
leave of Our Ladye,  
Thou hit'st not the marke a hundred rod, nor causest a Hart to dye.”

*Robin Hood* he bent up a noble bow, and a broad arrow he let flye ;  
He hit the mark a hundred rod, and he caused a Hart to dye.

Some said hee brake ribs one or two, and some said hee brake three ;  
The arrow within the Hart would not abide, but it glanc'd in to  
[a tree]. [text, two misp. 'two or three.'

The Hart did skip, and the Hart did leap, and the Hart lay on the  
ground :

“The Wager is mine !” said bold *Robin Hood*, “if 't wer for a  
thousand pound.”

"The Wager's none of thine," then said the Forresters, "although thou beest in haste :

Take up thy bow, and get thee hence, lest we thy sides do baste."

*Robin Hood* hee took up his noble Bow, and his broad Arrows all amain,

And *Robin Hood* he laugh'd and begun to smile, as hee went over the plain.

Then *Robin Hood* hee bent his noble Bow, and his broad Arrows he let flye,

Till fourteen of these fifteen Forresters vpon the ground did lye.

He that did this quarrel first begin went tripping ouer the plain ;  
But *Robin Hood* he bent his noble Bow, and hee fetcht him back again.

"You said I was no Archer," said *Robin Hood*; "but say so now again !"

With that he sent another arrow, that split his head in twain.

"You have found me an Archer," saith *Robin Hood*, "which will make your wives for to wring,

And wish that you had neuer spoke the word, that I could not draw one string."

The people that lived in fair *Nottingham* came running out amain,  
Supposing to haue taken bold *Robin Hood*, with the Forresters that were slain.

Some lost legs, and some lost arms, and some did lose their blood ;  
But *Robin Hood* hee took up his noble Bow, and is gone to the merry Greenwood.

They carry'd these Forresters into fair *Nottingham*, as many there did know ;

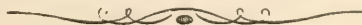
They dig'd them graues in their churchyard, and they bury'd them all a-row.

*London* : Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.*

[Black-letter. Two woodcuts: 1st, a deer chase—hunting match ; 2nd, one man slaying a multitude. Wood's exemplars printed at *London*: 402, for *Fran. Grove*, and entered according to Order, 1620-50 ; 401, 87 = Roxb., before 1681. Pepysian, for *J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger.*]

\* \* This ballad accounts for Robin taking to the greenwood, in avoidance of punishment for killing the Rangers. Long before the Restoration it was popular. This is proved by the second stanza having been quoted (perhaps more accurately than it is found in extant broadsides or 'Garlands') by the Duke of Newcastle, in his comedy 'The Variety,' printed in 1649, but written earlier, *circa* 1639—

"When *Robin* came to *Nottingham*, his dinner all for to dine,  
There met him fifteene jolly Forresters, were drinking ale and wine."





## Robin Hood and the Tanner; Or, Robin Hood met with his Match:

A merry and pleasant Song relating the gallant and fierce Combate  
fought between *Arthur Bland*, a Tanner of *Nottingham*, and  
*Robin Hood*, the greatest and most noblest Archer of *England*.

THE TUNE IS, *Robin [Hood] and the Stranger*. [See p. 496.]

**I**N *Nottingham* there lives a jolly Tanner, with a hey down, down a down down;  
His name is *Arthur a Bland*:

There is ne're a 'Squire in *Nottinghamshire* dare bid bold *Arthur* stand.

With a long Pike-staff upon his shoulder, so well he can clear his way,  
By two and by three he makes them to flee, for he hath no lust to stay.

And as he went forth on a Summer's morning, into the Forrest of merry *Sherwood*,  
To view the red Deer, that range here and there, met he with bold *Robin Hood*.

As soon as bold *Robin Hood* did him espy, he thought some sport he would make;  
Therefore out of hand he bid him to stand, and thus to him he spake:

"Why, what art thou, thou bold fellow, that ranges so boldly here?  
In sooth, to be brief, thou look'st like a thief, that comes to steal our King's deer.

"For I am a Keeper in this Forrest, the King puts me in trust  
To look to his deer, that range here and there; therefore stay thee I must."

"If thou be'st a Keeper in this Forrest, and hast such a great command,  
Yet thou must have more partakers in store before thou make me to stand."

"Nay, I have no more partakers in store, or any that I do need,  
But I have a Staff of another Oke graff; I know it will do the deed."

"For thy sword and thy bow I care not a straw, nor all thine arrows to boot;  
If I get a knop upon thy bare scop, thou canst as well s—— as shoot."

"*Speak cleanly*, good fellow!" said jolly *Robin*, "and give better terms to me;  
Else I'll thee correct for thy neglect, and make thee more mannerly."

"Marry, gep with a wenion!" quoth *Arthur a Bland*, "art thou such a goodly man?  
I care not a fig for thy looking so big: mend thou thy self, where thou can."

Then *Robin Hood* he unbuckled his belt, he laid down his Bow so long,  
He took up a Staff of another Oke graff, that was both stiff and strong.

"I'll yield to thy weapon," said jolly *Robin*, "since thou wilt not yield to mine;  
For I have a Staff of another Oke graff, not half a foot longer than thine.

"But let us measure," said jolly *Robin*, "before we begin our fray;  
For I'll not have mine to be longer than thine, for that will be call'd foul play."

"I pass not for length," bold *Arthur* reply'd, "my staff is of oke so free,  
Eight foot and a half, it will knock down a calf; and I hope it will knock down  
thee."

Then *Robin Hood* could no longer forbear; he gave him such a knock,  
Quickly and soon the blood came down, before it was ten a clock.

Then *Arthur* he soon recover'd himself, and gave him such a knock on the crown,  
That on every hair of bold *Robin Hood* the blood came trickling down.

Then *Robin Hood* raged like a wild Boare, as soon as he saw his own blood;  
Then *Bland* was in hast[e], he laid on so fast, as tho' he had been sta'king of wood.

And about and about and about they went, like two wild Boars in a chase;  
Striving to aim each other to maim—leg, arm, or any other place.

And knock for knock they lustily dealt, which held for two hours and more;  
That all the wood rang at every bang, they ply'd their work so sore.

"Hold thy hand! hold thy hand!" said *Robin Hood*, "and let our quarrel fall;  
For here we may thresh our bones into mesh, and get no coyn at all:

"And in the forrest of merry *Sherwood* hereafter thou shalt be free!"

"God-'a-mercy for nought! my freedom I bought, I may thank my good staff  
and not thee."

"What Tradesman art thou?" said jolly *Robin*, "good fellow, I prethee me show;  
And also me tell, in what place thou dost dwell, for both these fain would I know."

"I am a Tanner," bold *Arthur* reply'd, "in *Nottingham* long have I wrought;  
And if thou 'lt come there, I vow and do swear, I will tan thy hide for nought."

"God-'a-mercy, good fellow!" said jolly *Robin*, "since thou art so kind to me;  
And if thou wilt tan my hide for nought, I will do as much for thee.

"But if thou 'lt forsake thy Tanner's trade, and live in green-wood with me,  
My name's *Robin Hood*, I swear by the Rood I will give thee both gold and fee."

"If thou be *Robin Hood*," bold *Arthur* reply'd, "as I think well thou art,  
Then here's my hand; my name's *Arthur à Bland*: we two will never depart.

"But tell me, O tell me, where is Little *John*? of him fain would I hear;  
For we are ally'd by the mother's side, and he is my kinsman near."

Then *Robin Hood* blew on the Beugle-Horn, he blew both loud and shrill;  
But quickly anon appear'd Little *John*, come tripping down a green hill.

"O, what is the matter?" then said Little *John*; "Master, I pray you, tell:  
Why do you stand with your staff in your hand? I fear all is not well."

"O man, I do stand, and he makes me to stand, the Tanner that [is] thee beside:  
He is a bonny blade, and master of his trade; for soundly he hath tann'd my hide."

"He is to be commended, then," said Little *John*, "if such a feat he can do;  
If he be so stout, we will have a bout, and he shall tan my hide too."

"Hold thy hand! hold thy hand!" said *Robin Hood*, "for, as I do understand,  
He's a yeoman good, and of thine own blood, for his name is *Arthur à Bland*."

Then Little *John* threw his staff away, as far as he could it fling,  
And ran out of hand to *Arthur à Bland*, and about his neck did cling.

With loving respect there was no neglect, they were neither nice nor coy;  
Each th' other did face, with a lovely grace, and both did weep for joy.

Then *Robin Hood* took them both by the hand, and danc'd round about the Oke  
tree:

"For three merry men, and three merry men, and three merry men we be! [Note.

"And ever hereafter, as long as I live, we three will be all one;  
The wood shall ring, and the old wife sing, of *Robin Hood*, *Arthur*, and *John*."

Printed for *W. Gilbertson*. [Wood's Coll., 401, 9 verso; Pepys, II, 111.]

[Variations: stanza 18, *raved*; cleaving wood: s. 29, *over the hill*.]

After fighting two hours with the Tanner, Robin had won no victory, except of good temper. He relished a cudgelling as the best of introductions, and never despised an opponent, either before or after, but admired his prowess and made him a friend. (It was otherwise with bishops, or proctors, or sheriffs; they being accounted noxious vermin, disentitled to law or mercy.) He laughs at a threat of having his hide tanned, and says, "I will do as much for thee."

Note.—"Three merry men we be!" is quoted in *Twelfth Night*, act ii, 3.

[Roxburghe Collection, III, 728; Lindes., 1320; Douce, III, 125.]

## Robin Hood and Little John :

Being an Account of their First Meeting, and fierce Encounter. Likewise their Friendly Agreement, and how he came to be call'd *Little John*.

[TO THE TUNE OF, *Arthur à Bland*; or, *Robin Hood and the Tanner*, p. 502.]

WHEN *Robin Hood* was about twenty years old,  
*With a hey down, down, and a down,*  
 He happen'd to meet *Little John*,  
 A jolly brisk Blade, right fit for his Trade, [al. l. for the.  
 For he was a lusty Young Man.

Tho' he was call'd *Little*, his limbs were large,  
 And his Stature was seven feet high;  
 Where-ever he came, they quak'd at his name,  
 For soon he would make them to fly.

How they came acquainted I'll tell you in brief,  
 If you will but listen awhile;  
 For this single jest, among all the rest, [al. l. simple.  
 I'm sure it will make you to smile.

[Bold] *Robin Hood* said to his jolly Bowmen, [text, For. }  
 "Pray tarry you here in the Grove;  
 And see that you all observe well my call,  
 Whilst thorough the Forest I do rove.

"We have had no sport these fourteen long days,  
 Therefore now abroad I will go;  
 But should I be beat, and cannot retreat,  
 My horn I will presently blow."

Then did he shake hands with his merry men,  
 And bid them at present good-by; [al. l. good b' w' ye.  
 Then, as near to a brook his journey he took,  
 A stranger he [chanc'd] to spy. [al. l. happen'd.

They happen'd to meet on a long narrow bridge,  
 And neither of them would give way;  
 Quoth bold *Robin Hood*, and sturdily stood,  
 "I'll show you right *Nottingham* play."

With that from his quiver an arrow he drew,  
 A broad arrow with a goose wing:  
 The stranger reply'd, "I'll liquor thy hide,  
 If [th]ou offer to draw but a string."

Quoth bold *Robin Hood*: "Thou dost prate like an ass;  
For were I to bend but my bow,  
I could send a dart quite thro' thy proud heart,  
Before thou could'st strike me one blow."

"Thou talk'st like a coward," the stranger reply'd;  
"Well arm'd with a long bow you stand,  
To shoot at my breast; whilst, I do protest,  
I have nought but a staff in my hand."

"The name of a coward," quoth *Robin*, "I scorn,  
Wherefore my long bow I'll lay by;  
And now for thy sake a staff I will take,  
The truth of thy manhood to try."

Then *Robin Hood* stept to a thicket of trees,  
And chose him a staff of ground oak;  
Now this being done, to the stranger he run,  
And thus to him merrily spoke:

"Lo! here, see my staff, it is lusty and tough;  
Now here on this bridge we will play:  
Whoever falls in, the other shall win  
The battle, and so we'll away."

"With all my whole heart," the stranger reply'd;  
"I scorn in the least to give out":  
This said, they fell to't, without more dispute,  
And their staffs they did flourish about.

And first *Robin* gave the stranger a bang,  
So hard that he made his bones ring:  
The stranger he said, "This must be repaid;  
I'll give you as good as you bring.

"So long as I'm able to handle my staff,  
To die in your debt, friend, I scorn":  
Then to it [each] goes, and follow their blows, [text, both.  
As tho' they were thrashing of corn.

The stranger gave *Robin* a crack on the crown,  
Which caused the blood to appear;  
Then *Robin*, enraged, more fiercely engaged,  
And follow'd his blows more sincere.

So thick and so fast he did lay it on him,  
With a passionate fury and ire;  
At every stroke he made him to smoke,  
As though he had been all on fire.

O then in a fury the stranger he grew ;  
And gave him a damnable look,  
And with it a blow, which laid him full low,  
And tumbled him into the brook.

"I prithee, good fellow, where art thou now?"  
The stranger in laughter he cry'd.  
Quoth bold *Robin Hood*: "Good faith! in the flood,  
And floating along with the tide.

"I needs must acknowledge thou art a brave soul ;  
With thee I'll no longer contend ;  
For needs must I say, thou hast got the day ;  
Our battle shall be at an end."

Then strait to the bank he did presently wade,  
And pull'd himself out by a thorn ;  
Which done, at the last, he blew a loud blast,  
Straitway on his fine bugle-horn :

The eccho of which through the vallies did ring,  
At which his stout bowmen appear'd,  
All cloathed in green, most gay to be seen ;  
Then up to their master they steer'd.

"O, what is the matter?" quoth *William Stutely* ;  
"Good master, you are wet to the skin."  
"No matter," said he, "the lad that you see  
In fighting hath tumbled me in."

"He shall not go scot-free," the others reply'd ;  
So strait they were seizing him there,  
To duck him likewise ; but *Robin Hood* cries :  
"He is a good fellow. Forbear !

"There is no one shall wrong thee, so be not afraid ;  
These bowmen upon me do wait.  
There's threescore and nine : if thou wilt be mine,  
Thou shalt have my livery strait ;

[pp. 482, 532.

"And other accoutrements fitting also :  
Speak up, jolly blade ; never fear :  
I shall teach thee also the use of the bow  
To shoot at the fair fallow deer."

"O here is my hand," the stranger reply'd ;  
"I'll serve you with all my heart.  
My name is *John Little*, a man of much mettle ;  
Never doubt me but I shall play my part."



“His name shall be alter’d,” quoth *William Stutely*;  
 And I will his godfather be :  
 Prepare then a feast, and none of the least ;  
 For we will be merry,” quoth he.

They soon did fetch in a brace of fat deer,  
 With humming strong liquor likewise :  
 They lov’d that was good, so in the green wood  
 This lovely sweet babe they baptize.

He was, I must tell you, but seven feet high,  
 And may be an ell in the waist ;  
 A pretty sweet lad : much feasting they had :  
 Bold *Robin* the christening grac’d,

With all his bowmen, that stood in a ring,  
 And were of the *Nottingham* breed.  
 Brave *Stutely* came then with seven yeomen,  
 And did in this manner proceed :

“This infant was call’d *John Little*,” quoth he,  
 “Which name shall be changed anon :  
 The words we ’ll transpose ; where-ever he goes  
 His name shall be call’d *Little John*.”

They all with a shout made the elements ring :  
 So soon as the office was o’er,  
 To feasting they went, in great merriment,  
 And tipled strong liquor golore. [a. l. gillore]

Then *Robin Hood* took the pretty fine babe,  
 And cloath’d him from top to the toe,  
 In garments of green, so gay to be seen ;  
 And g[ave] him a curious long bow. [t. gives.]

“Thou shalt be an archer, as well as the best,  
 And range in the green woods with us,  
 Where we ’ll not want gold, nor silver, behold,  
 Whilst bishops have ought in their purse.

“We live here like squires or lords of renown,  
 Without ever a foot of free land :  
 We feast on good cheer ; with ale, wine, or beer,  
 And every thing at command.”

Then musick and dancing did finish the day ;  
 At length when the sun waxed low,  
 Then all the whole train the grove did refrain,  
 And unto their caves they did go.

And thus ever after, as long as he liv'd,  
 Altho' he was proper and tall,  
 Yet, nevertheless, the truth to express,  
 Still *Little John* they do him call.

Printed and Sold in *Bow-Church-yard, London.* [White-letter.]  
 [Woodcut of a man standing on a bridge; another man struggling in the water.  
*Lindes. is Black-letter 'printed for W. Onley.' Date, circa 1680-5.]*

## Robin Hood's Golden Prize.

"Anon I heard their horns begin to blow :  
 Then, in despite of age and time, arose  
 A woodland song, that leaning on her bow  
*Maid Marian* thus did close :  
 'O mad, mad world ! O happy life of ours !  
 Sing and be merry—evil is a thought  
 Which our own natural lives have brought to nought !  
 O happy, happy hours !  
 Who cares to fret and pine for what is not ?' "

—J. D. HOSKEN'S *Verses by the Way.*

**A**CTING on what Wordsworth called "the good old rule, the simple plan, that they should *take* who have the power, and they should *keep* who can!"—Robin Hood enforced the political economy of equalizing wealth; to point the moral of *Date et Dabitur*.

Joseph Ritson wrote in 1791—"The genius which has been successfully exerted in contributing to the instruction or amusement of society, in even the rudest times, seems to have some claim upon its gratitude for protection in more enlightened ones. It is a superannuated domestic, whose past services entitle his old age to a comfortable provision and retreat; or rather, indeed, a humble friend, whose attachment in adverse circumstances demands the warm and grateful acknowledgements of prosperity. The venerable though nameless bards whom the generosity of the public is now courted to rescue from oblivion and obscurity, have been the favourites of the people for ages, and could once boast a more numerous train of applauding admirers than the most celebrated of our modern poets [written in 1790]. Their compositions, it may be true, have few charms in the critical eye of a cultivated age; but it should always be remembered that, without such efforts, humble as they are, cultivation or refinement would never exist, and barbarism and ignorance be eternal. It is to an *Ennius*, perhaps, that we are indebted for a *Virgil*; to such writers as *Peele* and *Greene*, or others still more obscure, that we owe the admirable dramas of our divinest *Shakespeare*; and if we are ignorant of the comparatively wretched attempts which called forth the deservedly immortal powers of *Homer* or *Chaucer*, it is by no means to be inferred that they were the earliest of poets, or sprung into the world, as has been said of the inimitable dramatist already mentioned, like *Minerva* out of the head of *Jupiter*, at full growth and mature.

'Vixere fortes ante *Agamemnona*  
 Multi; sed omnes illacrymabiles  
 Urgentur, ignotique longâ  
 Nocte.' "—*Preface to Ancient Popular Poetry, 1791.*

Byron paraphrased Horace's Ode, iv, 9 (in *Don Juan*, canto I, st. 5),

"Brave men were living before *Agamemnon*,  
 And since, exceeding valourous and sage;  
 A good deal like him, too, though quite the same, none."

[Roxburghe Collection, III, 12, 486; Wood's, 401, 39 verso; Pepys, II, 114; Douce, III, 121; R. H. Garlands, 1663, 1670.]

## Robin Hood's Golden Prize: Shewing how he robbed two Priests of Five hundred pound.

He met two Priests upon the way,  
And forced them with him to pray:  
For Gold they pray'd, and Gold they had,  
Enough to make bold *Robin* glad.  
His share came to three hundred pound;  
That then was told upon the ground.  
Now mark, and you shall hear the jest,  
You never herd the like exprest.

THE TUNE IS, *Robin Hood was a tall young man* [p. 500].



[ Have heard talk of bold *Robin Hood*, derry derry down,  
and of brave *Little John*;  
Of Fryer *Tuck* and *William Scarlet*, *Loxley*, and *Maid Marion*:  
*Hey down, derry, derry down.*

[*passim.*]

But such a tale as this before—I think there was never none:  
For *Robin Hood* disguised himself, and to the green-wood is gone.

Like to a Fryer bold *Robin Hood* was accoutred in his array;  
With hood, gown, beads, and crucifix, he pass'd upon the way.

He had not gone past miles two or three, but it was his luck to spy  
Two lusty Priests, clad all in black, come riding gallantly.

"Benedicite!" then said *Robin Hood*, "some pitty on me take!  
Cross you my hand with a silver groat, for Our dear Ladie's sake:

"For I have been wand'ring all this day, and nothing could I get;  
Not so much as one poor cup of drink, nor bit of bread to eat."

"Now, by our holy-dame!" the Priests reply'd, "we never a  
penny have;  
For we this morning have been robb'd, and could no money save."

"I am much afraid," said *Robin Hood*, "that you both do tell a lye;  
And now, before you do go hence, I am resolv'd to try."

When as the Priests heard him say so, they rode away amain;  
But *Robin Hood* betook him to his heels, and soon overtook them  
again.

Then *Robin Hood* laid hold on them both, and pull'd them down  
from their horse:

"O spare us, Fryer!" the Priests cry'd out, "on us have some  
remorse!" *Hey down, derry, derry down.*

"You said you had no money!" quoth he; "wherefore, without  
delay,

We three will fall down on our knees, and for money we will pray."

The Priests they could not him gainsay, but down they kneel'd  
with speed:

"Send us, O send us" (then quoth they), "some money to serve  
our need!"

The Priests did pray, with a mournful chear; sometimes their  
hands did ring;

Sometimes they wept and cry'd aloud, whilst *Robin* did merrily sing.

When they had been praying an hour's space, the Priests did  
still lament:

Then quoth bold *Robin*, "Now let us see what money heaven  
hath us sent.

"We will be sharers now, all alike, of the money that we have;  
And there is never a one of us that his fellows shall deceive."

The Priests their hand in their pockets put, but money could  
find none.

"We'l search, our selves" (said *Robin Hood*), "each other one  
by one."

Then *Robin* took pains to search them both, and he found good  
store of gold;

Five hundred pieces presently upon the ground was told.

"Here is a brave show!" said *Robin Hood*, "such store of gold to see;  
And you shall each one have a part, 'cause you pray'd so heartily."

He gave them fifty pounds a piece, and the rest for himself did keep;  
The Priests durst not speak one word, but they sigh'd wondrous deep.

With that the Priests rose up from their knees, thinking to have  
parted so:

"Nay, stay!" (said *Robin Hood*), "one thing more, I have to say  
ere you do go.

"You shall be sworn" (said bold *Robin Hood*), "upon this holy grass,  
That you will never tell lyes again, which way soever you pass.

"The second Oath that here you must take: All the days of your lives,  
You never shall tempt maids to sin, nor lie with other men's wives.

"The last Oath you shall take, it is this: Be charitable to the poor!  
Say you have met with a Holy Fryer, and I desire no more."

He set them on their horses again, *derry*, [*derry down*], and away  
then they did ride;

And he return'd to the merry Green-wood, with great joy, mirth,  
and pride: *hey down, derry, derry down*.

Finis. L[ *Laurence*] P[*rice*]. [Wood's ex.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.*

[Black-letter. Three woodcuts: 1st, the Proctor, with sealed roll in his hand, as on p. 521, *post*, and *Michaelmas Term Bagford Ballad*; 2nd, the circular-plate with six human figures—Bishop, Robin, the Beggar, Little John (very small), Friar Tuck, and Maid Marian—from *Robin Hood Garlands*: copied into J. O. Halliwell's *Popular English Histories*, p. 72, Percy Society publication No. 79, 1848. The third picture, given on p. 509, had originally belonged to 'Robin Hood and the Bishop'; reprinted in vol. ii, 449. Date of this Roxb. broadside, 1674; but the *true* date of the ballad is twenty years earlier, before the Puritanic interdict was removed by Cromwell, and it was entered in Stationers' Registers to *Francis Grove* on 2nd June, 1656. Wood's exemplar, 'printed for *F. Grove* on *Snow-hill*'; entered according to Order,' with *Laurence Price's* initials. Pepysian, printed for *Wm. Thackeray*.]

## Robin Hood's Chase.

WE see no reason to doubt that 'T. R.,' whose initials attest his authorship of the present ballad and of 'Robin Hood and the Beggar,' p. 520 (as well as some other recasts of old materials, in previous vol. vi, 604), was the Thomas Robins, a loyal ballad-singer of Oxford, whom Anthony a Wood knew at the Restoration.

This ballad (No. ix of Thackeray's List) is a sequel to 'Robin Hood and Queen Katherine,' which was reprinted in vol. ii, p. 419.



[Roxburghe Collection, III, 14, 418; Wood, 401, 291 *verso*; Pepys, II, 104; Douce, III, 121 *vo.*; Case, 22, e. 2, fol. 74; Jersey, II, 224=Lindes., 279; *Robin Hood Garlands* of 1663, 1670.]

## Robin Hood's Chase;

Or,

A Merry Progress between *Robin Hood* and King *Henry*:  
Shewing how *Robin Hood* led the King his Chase, from *London* to  
[*Chester*, and back again to] *London*; and when he had spoken  
with the Queen [*Katherine*], he returned to merry *Sherwood*.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Robin Hood and the Beggar*. [See p. 515, *post.*]

Come, you Gallants all, to you I do call  
(*With hey down, down, an a down*)  
That now is within this place,  
For a song I will sing of *Henry* the King,  
How he did *Robin Hood* chase.

[*Sic passim.*]

Queen *Katherine* she a match did make,  
As plainly doth appear,  
For three hundred tun of good red Wine,  
And three hundred tun of beer.

But yet her Archers she had to seek,  
With their Bows and Arrows so good;  
But her mind was bent with a good intent  
To send for bold *Robin Hood*.

And when bold *Robin Hood* he came there,  
Queen *Katherine* she did say:  
"Thou art welcome, *Locksly*!" said the Queen,  
"And all thy Yeomen gay;

"For a match of shooting I have made, *with hey*, etc.,  
And thou on my part must be!"

*Robin*.—"If I miss the mark, be it light or dark,  
Then hanged I will be!"

But when the Game it come to be play'd,  
Bold *Robin Hood* then drew nigh,  
With his mantle of green, most brave to be seen;  
He let his arrows flye.

And when the Game it ended was,  
Bold *Robin* wan it with a grace;  
Then after the King was angry with him,  
And vowed he would him chase.

What though his pardon granted was,  
While he with them did stay,  
Yet, after, the King was vex'd at him,  
When he was gone his way. [See vol. ii, p. 421.

Soon after the King from the Court did hye,  
In a furious, angry mood,  
And did often enquire, both far and near,  
After bold *Robin Hood*.

And when the King to *Nottingham* came  
Bold *Robin* was in the wood :  
"O come now," said he, "and let me see  
Who can find me bold *Robin Hood*."

But when that *Robin Hood* he did hear  
The King had him in chase,  
"Then," said *Little John*, "'tis time to be gone,  
And go to some other place." [Second Part.

Then away they went from merry *Sherwood*,  
With *hey down, down, an a down*,  
And into *Yorkshire* he did hye ;  
And the King did follow, with a hoop and a hollow,  
But could not come him nigh.

Yet jolly *Robin* he passed along, with *hey*, etc.,  
He went to *Newcastle* town ;  
And then stayed he, hours two or three,  
And then he for *Barwick* was gone.

When the King did see how *Robin* did flee,  
He was vexed wondrous sore ;  
With a hoop and a hollow he vow'd him to follow  
And take him, or never give o're.

"Come now, let's away !" then cry'd *Little John*,  
"Let any man follow that dare ;  
To *Carlisle* we'l hye, with our company,  
And so then to *Lancaster*."

From *Lancaster* then to *Chester* they went,  
And so did King *Henry* ;  
Then *Robin* away, for he durst not stay,  
For fear of some treachery.

Says *Robin* : "Let us to *London* go,  
To see our noble Queen's face ;  
It may be she wants our company,  
Which makes the King so us chase."

When *Robin* he came Queen *Katherine* before,  
 He fell low upon his knee :  
 "If it please your Grace, I am come to this place  
 For to speak with King *Henry*."

Queen *Katherine* she answer'd bold *Robin* again :  
 "The King is gone to merry *Sherwood* ;  
 And when he went away, to me he did say,  
 He would go seek *Robin Hood*."

"Then fare you well, my gracious Queen,  
 For to *Sherwood* I will hie apace ;  
 For fain would I see what he would with me  
 If I could meet his Grace."

When as King *Henry* he came home  
 Full weary and vexed in mind, [*t.* and full vexed.]  
 Then he did hear *Robin* had been there,  
 And blamed Dame Fortune unkind.

"You are welcome home," Queen *Katherine* cry'd,  
 "*Henry*, my Sovereign Liege !  
 Bold *Robin Hood*, that archer good,  
 Your person hath been to seek."

And when King *Henry* he did hear, *with hey*, etc.,  
 That *Robin* had been there him to seek,  
 This answer he gave : "He's a cunning knave ;  
 I have sought him this whole three week."

"A boon ! a boon !" Queen *Katherine* cry'd, *with hey*, etc.,  
 "I beg it here on your Grace :  
 To pardon his life, and seek no more strife" :  
 And so endeth '*Robin Hood's Chase*.'

Finis.      T. R. [*i.e.* Thomas Robins : Wood's, *cf.* vi, 604].

*London*, printed for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, *J. Wright*, and *J. Clarke*.

[Black-letter. The woodcut was one used for the ballad on Sir Thomas Stukely of Queen Elizabeth's reign : a woodcut described, in its threefold variations, on p. 575 of the preceding vol. vii, whence the cut was delayed. Its origin is doubtful, as the figures surrounding the sheriff (?) appear to be armed Scotchmen ; but they may nevertheless be intended for Robin Hood's comrades, who were good swordsmen, not always clad in what he styled his "livery" of green, or brown (see p. 532). Compare '*Robin Hood* and Queen *Katherine*' (vol. ii, p. 419), for which this ballad is a substitute or almost a sequel.]





## Robin Hood and the Beggar.

(With the Rescue of the Three Squires at Nottingham.)

THIS is to the same tune of *Robin Hood and the Stranger*, and signed by the same "T.R." who re-cast both ballads, viz. 'Robin Hood's Chase' and the present one of the Beggar. We can trace back the early version, which Thomas Robins adapted.

The woful destruction of the bottom half of the 'Robin Hood' pages (58 in number), at beginning of the *Percy Folio MS.*, has deprived us of much that was valuable, since the later texts were corrupted and vulgarized. The fragments known as 'Robin Hood and the Old Man' agree partly with our Roxb. ballad on 'The Beggar,' but lack beginning and end, and have a gap in the middle. Robert Jamieson was able to print these in 1806, among his *Popular Ballads and Songs*, vol. ii, pp. 49-53, from *Bishop Percy's Folio MS.*; sixty-two years before it became generally accessible. We give them here, for comparison, but run on the half-lines, and add quotational commas: as we have done elsewhere.

" \* \* \* \* \* in faith thou shall have mine, [ *Percy Folio MS.*, p. 5.  
And 20s. in thy purse to spend at t'ale and wine."

"Though your clothes are of light *lincolne* green, & mine gray russett and torne,  
Yet it doth not you besee me to doe an old man scorne."

"I scorne thee not, old man," says *Robin*, "by the faith of my body:  
Doe off thy clothes, thou shalt haue mine, for it may noe better bee."

But *Robin* did on this old man's hose; the[y] were torne in the wrist: [the, *passim*.  
 "When I looke on my leggs" (said *Robin*), "then for to laugh I list."

But *Robin* did on the old man's shooes, and they were clitt full cleane: [=clouted.  
 "Now, by my faith" (sayes Litle *John*), "these are good for thornes keene."

But *Robin* did on the old man's cloake, and it was torne in the necke:  
 "Now, by my faith" (said *Wm. Scarlett*), "here shold be set a specke." [=patch.

But *Robin* did on this old man's hood, it goggled on his crowne:  
 "When I come into *Nottingham*" (said *Robin*), "my hood it will lightly downe."

"But yonder is an outwood" (said *Robin*), "an outwood all and a shade,  
 And thither I reede you, my merry men all, the ready way to take; [=charge.

"And when you heare my litle horne blow, come raking all on a rowte,"  
 \* \* \* \* \* [Half this first p. of Percy Folio MS. destroyed.

[Then *Robin* set his] horne to his mouth, a loud blast co'ld he blow;  
 Full three hundred bold yeomen came rakinge all on a row.

But *Robin* cast downe his baggs of bread, soe did he his staffe with a face,  
 And in a doublet of Red veluett this yeoman stood in his place.

But *Robin* he lope, and *Robin* he throw, he lope over stocke and stone;  
 But those that saw *Robin Hood* run, said he was a liuer old man. [=an active.

"But bend your bowes, and stroke your strings, set the gallow tree aboute;  
 And Christe's curse on his heart" (said *Robin*) "that spares the sheriffe [his  
 rowte]."

When the sheriffe see gentle *Robin* wo'ld shoote, he held vp both his hands;  
 Sayes: "Aske, good *Robin*, and thou shalt haue, whether it be house or land."

"I will neither haue house nor land" (said *Robin*), "nor gold, nor none of thy fee;  
 But I will haue those 3 squires to the green forest with me."

"Now, marry, god forbode," said the sheriffe, "that euer that sho'ld bee;  
 For why, they be the King's Felons, they are all condemned to dye."

"But grant me my askinge" (said *Robin*), "or, by me faith of my body,  
 Thou shalt be the first Man shall flower this gallow tree.

"But I will haue those 3 squires . . . . ."  
 \* \* \* \* \* [Cetera desunt.]

Fortunately we possess the later broadsides and Garlands to finish the tale. *Robin Hood and the Stranger* is another name for the tune of *R. H. and Queen Katherine* (vol. ii, 419): an early version of which ballad is in *Percy Folio MS.*, p. 15; there preceded by this stanza:—

"Now list you, lithe you, Gentlemen, a while for a litle space,  
 And I shall tell you how Queene *Katherine* gott *Robin Hood* his grace.  
 Gold taken from the King's harbengers," etc. [Cf. ii. 419.

With bold defiance of chronology, and heedless of anachronisms, the ballad minstrel has taken Henry VIII and Queen Katharine of Arragon to patronize Robin Hood; unless, indeed, Henry V and his French wife Kate were meant. No other King Henry of England had a queen so named, but Henry VIII had three of them. It could not be Katharine Howard, nor was it probably Katharine Parr.



[Roxb. Coll., III, 20 ; Wood, 401, 23 v. ; Pepys, II, 116 ; Garlands, 1663, 1670.]

## Robin Hood and the Beggar :

Shewing how *Robin Hood* and the Beggar fought, and how he changed Cloaths with the Beggar, and how he went a Begging to *Nottingham* ; and how he saved three Brethren from being hanged for stealing the King's Deer.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Robin Hood and the Stranger* [Pop. Music, p. 392.]



Come light and listen, you Gentlemen all, *with hey down, down,*  
That mirth do love for to hear, [and a down.  
And a Story true I'll tell unto you, if that you will but draw near.

In elder times, when merriment was, and Archery was holden good,  
There was an Out-law, as many did know, which men called *Robin Hood*.

Vpon a time it chanced so, bold *Robin* was merry dispos'd,  
His time to spend, he did intend, either with friend or foe[s].

Then he got up on a gallant fine Steed, the which was worth  
Angels ten, [merry men ;  
With a Mantle of green, most brave to be seen, he left all his  
And riding towards fair *Nottingham*, some pastime for to spy,  
There was he aware of a jolly Beggar, as e're he beheld with his eye.

An old patch'd coat the Beggar had on, which he daily did use for  
to wear;

And many a bag about him did wag, which made *Robin Hood* to  
him repair :

"God speed! God speed!" said *Robin Hood* then; "What country-  
man, tell unto me?"

"I am *Yorkshire*, sir; but, e're you goe far, some charity give  
unto me."

"Why, what would'st thou have?" said *Robin Hood*, "I pray  
the[e] tell unto me."

"No Lands, nor no Livings," the Beggar he said, "but a penny  
for charity."

"I have no money," said *Robin Hood* then, "but a Ranger within  
the Wood;

I am an Out-law, as many do know: my name it is *Robin Hood*.

"But yet, I must tell thee, bonny Beggar, that a bout with thee  
I must try;

Thy coat of gray, lay down, I say, and my mantle of green shall  
lye by."

[*Roxb. wrongly marks here the Second Part.*]

"Content! content!" the Beggar he cry'd,

*With hey down, down, and a down:*

"Thy part it will be the worse;

For I hope this bout to give thee the rout,

And then have at thy Purse!"

The Beggar he had a mickle long staff, and *Robin* had a nut-brown  
Sword;

So the Beggar drew nigh, and at *Robin* let fly, but gave him never  
a word.

"Fight on! fight on!" said *Robin Hood* then; "this game well  
pleaseth me:"

For every blow then *Robin* did give, the Beggar gave buffets  
three.

And fighting there, full hard and sore, not far from *Nottingham*  
Town,

They never fled, till from *Robin's* head the blood came trickling  
down.

"O hold thy hand!" said *Robin Hood* then, "and thou and I will  
agree."

"If that be true," the Beggar he said, "thy Mantle come give  
unto me."

“Nay, a change, a change!” cry’d *Robin Hood*; “thy Bags and Coat give me,  
And this Mantle of mine I’le to thee resign, my horse and my bravery.”

When *Robin* had got the Beggar’s cloaths, he looked round about; “Methinks,” said he, “I seem to be a Beggar brave and stout :

“For now I have a bag for my bread, so have I another for corn; I have one for malt, and another for salt, and one for my little Horn.

And now I will a beg[g]ing go, some charity to find !”

And if any more of *Robin* you’l know, in the Second Part it’s behind.

[The Second Part: To THE SAME TUNE.]

NOW *Robin* he is to *Nottingham* gone, [al. lect. bound.]  
With hey down, down, and a down,  
With his bags hanging down to his knee,  
His staff and his Coat, scarce worth a groat, yet merrily passed he.

As *Robin* he passed the streets along, he heard a pittiful cry :  
Three Brethren dear, as he did hear, condemned were to dye.  
Then *Robin* he hyed to the Sheriffs, some relief for to seek ;  
He skipt and he leapt, and capor’d full high, as he went along the street.

But when to the Sheriff’s door he came, he met a Gentleman fine and brave :

“Thou Beggar,” said he, “come tell unto me, what is it that thou wouldst have ?”

“No meat, nor drink,” said *Robin* then, “that I come here to crave,  
But to beg the lives of youngmen three, and that I fain would have.”

“That cannot be, thou bold Beggar, their fact it is so cleer ;  
I tell to thee, hang’d they must be, for stealing of the King Deer.”  
But when to the Gallows they did come, there was many a weeping eye :

“O hold your peace!” said *Robin* then, “for certainly they shalt not dye.”

Then *Robin* he set his horn to his mouth, and blew but blasts three,  
Till a hundred [of his] bold Archers brave came kneeling down on their knee.

“What is your will? Master!” they said, “we are here at your command.”

“Shoot East, shoot West,” said *Robin* then, “and look that ye spare no man.”

Then they shoot East, and they shoot West, their Arrows were so  
 keen;  
 The Sheriff he and his company, no longer must be seen.  
 Then he stept to these Brethren three, and away he had them  
 ta'ne;  
 But the Sheriff was crost, and many a man lost, that lay dead on  
 the plain.

And away they went into the merry Greenwood,  
*With hey [down, down and a down],*  
 And sung with a merry glee;  
 Then *Robin Hood* took these Brethren good, to be of his Yeomanry.  
[Text, one of.

*London, Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.*

**Finis.** T. R. [probably Thomas Robins or Rawlins.]

[Black-letter. One woodcut, p. 517, Robin with the old woman, and horsemen behind; properly belonging to 'R. H. and the Bishop.' Date, *circa* 1656.]

\* \* The Roxb., Wood's, and Pepysian exemplars do not extend to the long Continuation (beyond what is probably by Thomas Robins, bearing his initials T. R.), "lyth and listen, gentlemen," etc. *Ninety-three extra stanzas*, of no particular merit. They are found in Douce Coll., IV, 88, and were reprinted in Ritson's *Robin Hood*, I, 97, 1795; in J. M. Gutch's *R. H.*, ii, 30; and in J. S. Moore's *Book of British Ballads*, i, 194, 1849. Ritson used "a modern copy, printed at Newcastle" [if one of *John White's* it cannot have been later than 1769, the date of his death], "where it was accidentally picked up, no other edition having been ever seen or heard of." The original title was 'A Pretty Dialogue betwixt *Robin Hood* and a Beggar.' Also an Aberdeen version—Douce, HH, 88. It is mosaic-work of older fragments, without division into stanzas: in fact, a *Robin Hood Garland*, not a continuation of the foregoing ballad. The opening shows it to be an adaptation from the early '*Lytil Geste of Robyn Hode*,' printed by Wynkyn de Worde (see p. 485), beginning, "Lythe and listin, gentlemen, that be of frebore blode." A few lines of the modernization 'Beggar' may suffice:—

"**L**Yth and listen, Gentlemen, that be of high-born blood,  
 I'll tell you of a brave booting that befell *Robin Hood*:  
*Robin Hood* upon a day he went forth him alane,  
 And as he came from *Barnesdale* into a fair evening,  
 He met a Beggar on the way, who sturdily could gang,  
 He had a pike staff in his hand, that was both stark and strong.  
 A clouted cloak about him was, that held him from the cold,  
 The thinnest bit of it, I guess, was more than twenty fold;  
 His meal-pock hung about his neck, into a leathern whang, [a.l. fang.]  
 Well fasten'd to a broad buckle, that was both stark and strang.  
 He had three hats upon his head, together sticked fast;  
 He car'd neither for wind nor wet, in lands where'er he past.  
 Good *Robin* coast him in the way, to see what he might be:  
 If any beggar had money (he thought), some part [of it] had he." Etc.



[Roxburghe Coll., III, 16; Wood, 401, 15; Pepys, I, 78; II, 99; Douce, II, 184; Lind., 682; Huth, II, 69.]

## The Famous Battle between Robin Hood and the Curtal Fryer.

TO A NEW NORTHERN TUNE [= *Tanner of Tamworth*, p. 502].



**I**N Summer time, when leaves grow green  
And flowers are fresh and gay,  
*Robin Hood* and his merry men,  
Were disposed to play.

Then some would leap, and some would run,  
And some would use Artillery;  
“Which of you can a good Bow draw,  
A good Archer for to be?—

[*Artil.* = arrows.  
(1 *Sam.* xx, 40.)

“Which of you can kill a Buck,  
Or who can kill a Doe?  
Or who can kill a Hart of Greece,  
Five hundred foot him fro’?”

[ = grease, grice.



*Will Scadlock* he kil'd a Buck, [ = *Will Scarlet* : *Allen* ?  
 And *Midge* he kil'd a Doe, [ = *Much*, the Miller's Son.  
 And *Little John* kil'd a Hart of Greece,  
 Five hundred foot him fro'.

"God's blessing on thy heart!" said *Robin Hood*,  
 "That shot such a shoot to me;  
 I would ride my horse a hundred miles  
 To find one could match [with] thee."

That caused *Will Scadlock* to laugh,  
 He laugh full heartily:  
 "There lives a curtal Fryer in *Fountain's Abb[e]y*,  
 Will beat both him and thee.

"That curtal Fryer in *Fountain's Abby*  
 Well can a strong Bow draw;  
 He will beat you and your yeomen,  
 Set them all on a row."

*Robin Hood* took a solemn Oath,  
 It was by *Mary* free,  
 That he would neither eat nor drink  
 Till the Fryer he did see.

*Robin Hood* put on his Harness good,  
 And on his head a cap of steel;  
 Broad-sword and Buckler by his side,  
 And they became him weel.

He took his Bow into his hand,  
 It was made of a trusty tree;  
 With a sheaf of arrows at his Belt,  
 To the *Fountain's Dale* went he.

And coming unto the *Fountain's Dale*,  
 No farther would he ride,  
 There was he ware of a Curtal Fryer [ = short-robed *Franciscan*.  
 Walking by the water-side.

The Fryer had on a Harness good,  
 And on his head a cap of steel;  
 Broad-sword and Buckler by his side,  
 And they became him weel.

*Robin Hood* lighted off his horse,  
 And tyed him to a thorn:  
 "Carry me over the river, thou Curtal Fryer,  
 Or else thy life's forlorn."

The Fryer took *Robin Hood* on his back,  
Deep water he did bestride,  
And spake neither good word nor bad,  
Till he came at the other side.

Lightly step'd *Robin Hood* off the Fryer's back ;  
The Fryer said to him again :  
" Carry me over this water, thou fine fellow,  
Or it shall breed thy pain."

*Robin Hood* took the Fryer on his back,  
Deep water he did bestride,  
And spake neither good word nor bad,  
Till he came at the other side.

Lightly leapt the Fryer off *Robin Hood's* back ;  
*Robin Hood* said to him again :  
" Carry me over this water, thou Curtal Fryer,  
Or it shall breed thy pain."

The Fryer took *Robin Hood* on 's back again,  
And stept up to the knee,  
Till he came at the middle stream ;  
Neither good nor bad spake he.

And coming to the middle stream,  
There he threw *Robin* in :  
" And chuse thee, chuse thee, fine fellow,  
Whether thou wilt sink or swim ! "

*Robin Hood* swam to a bush of Broom,  
The Fryer to a wicker wand.  
Bold *Robin Hood* is gone to the shore,  
And [there] took his Bow in hand.

[text, misp. wigger.

One of his best Arrows under his Belt  
To the Fryer he let fly :  
The Curtal Fryer with his steel Buckler  
He put that arrow by.

" Shoot on, shoot on, thou fine fellow,  
Shoot, as thou hast begun ;  
If thou shoot here a Summer's day  
Thy mark I will not shun."

*Robin Hood* shot so passing well,  
Till all his arrows were gone ;  
They took their Swords an' steel Bucklers,  
They fought with might and main.

From ten o'th clock [they fought] that day,  
Till four i'th' afternoon;  
Then *Robin Hood* came to [his] knees,  
Of [the] Fryer to beg a boon:

"A boon! a boon! thou Curtal Fryer,  
I beg it on my knee:  
Give me leave to set my horn to my mouth,  
And to blow blasts three."

"That will I do," said the Curtal Fryer,  
"Of thy blasts I have no doubt;  
I hope thou 'l blow so passing well  
Till both thy eyes fall out."

*Robin Hood* set his horn to his mouth,  
He blew but blasts three;  
Half a hundred Yeomen with Bows bent  
Came ranging over the Lee.

"Whose men are these," said the Fryer,  
"That come so hastily?"  
"These men are mine!" said *Robin Hood*;  
"Fryer, what is that to thee?"

[*a.l.* raking.

"A boon! a boon!" said the Curtal Fryer,  
"The like I gave to thee:  
Give me leave to set my fist to my mouth,  
And to whute whutes three!"

[= whistle.

"That will I do," said *Robin Hood*,  
Or else I were to blame;  
Three whutes in a Fryer's fist  
Would make one glad and fain."

The Fryer set his fist to his mouth,  
And whuted whutes three;  
Half a hundred good Ban-dogs  
Came running the Fryer unto.

[*text*, Bay-dogs.

"Here is for every man a dog,  
And I myself for thee!"  
"Nay, by my faith!" quoth *Robin Hood*,  
"Fryer, that may not be."

Two Dogs at once at *Robin Hood* did go,  
The one behind, the other before;  
*Robin Hood's* mantle of *Lincoln-green*  
Off from his back they tore.

And whether his men shot East or West,  
Or they shot North or South,  
The Curtal Dogs so taught they were,  
They caught the arrows in their mouth.

"Take up thy Dogs!" said *Little John*;  
 "Fryer, at my bidding be!"  
 "Whose man art thou," said the Curtal Fryer,  
 "Comes here to prate with me?"

"I am *Little John*, *Robin Hood's* man,  
 Fryer, I will not lye;  
 If thou take not up thy Dogs soon,  
 I'll take up them and thee."

*Little John* had a Bow in his hand,  
 He shot with might and main;  
 Soon half a score of the Fryer's Dogs  
 Lay dead upon the plain.

"Hold thy hand, good fellow!" said the Curtal Fryer,  
 "Thy master and I will agree;  
 And we will have new orders taken  
 With all the hast[e] that may be."

"If thou wilt forsake fair *Fountain's Dale*,  
 And *Fountain's Abb[e]y* free,  
 Every Sunday through the year,  
 A Noble shall be thy fee.

"And every Holy-day through the Year,  
 Changed shall thy Garments be,  
 If thou wilt go to fair *Nottingham*,  
 And there remain with me."

This Curtal Frier had kept *Fountain's Dale*  
 Seven long years and more;  
 There was neither Knight, Lord, nor Earl  
 Could make him yield before.

[Finis.

*London*, Printed for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, and *J. Wright*.

[Black-letter. Three woodcuts: 1st, a very early and stiff upright figure of a Bowman; 2nd, small, a shaveling Friar (part of the picture in vol. iv, p. 221, '*London's Drollery*'); 3rd, equally diminutive figure of a Scotch-Highlander in a kilt. Pepys exemplar printed for *H. Gosson*, date 1606-41. The '*New Northern Tune*' is given in *W. C.'s Popular Music*, p. 393.]

## Robin Hood and Friar Tuck.

THE *Percy Folio MS.* preserves fragments, under this title, of the ballad known later as "The Curtall Friar," both names alluding to the shortened robe of the Franciscan. The manuscript version is evidently a garbled text, and begins abruptly.

**B**Ut how many merry monthes be in the yeere ; | there are 13 in *May* !  
The midsummer moone[th] is the merriest of all, | next to the merry month  
of *May*.

In *May*, when mayds beene fast weepand, | young men their hands done wringe ;  
[*Half of p. 10 destroyed.*]

“ I ’le . [ho]pe . . . . | over may nae man for villanie :  
I ’le neuer eate nor drinke,” *Ro[bin] Hood* sa[id], | “ till I that cutted Fryar see.”

He builded his men in a brake of fearne, | a litle from that Nun[n]ery ;  
Sayes, “ If you heare my litle horne blow, | then looke you come to me !”

When *Robin* came to *Fontaines* abey, | whereas that Fryer lay,  
He was ware of the fryer where he stood, | and to him thus ’gan he say,

(A payre of blacke breeches the yeoman had on, | his coppe all shone of steele ;  
A fayre sword and a broad buckeler | beseemed him very weele :) [*coppe* = head.

“ I am a we[ll] weary man,” said *Robin Hood*, | “ good fellow, as thou may see ;  
Wilt beare [me] over this wilde water, | for sweete St. Charity ?”

The fryer bethought him : of a good deed | he had done none of long before ;  
He hent up *Robin Hood* on his backe, | and over he did him beare.

But when he came over that wild water, | a longe sword there he drew ;  
“ Beare me backe againe, bold outlawe, | or of this thou shalt have enou.”

Then *Robin Hood* hent the fryar on his back, | and neither sayd good nor ill ;  
Till he came o’re that wild water, | the yeoman he walked still.

Then *Robin Hood* wett his fayre greene [h]ozen | a span aboue his knee,  
S[aye]s, “ Beare me o’re againe, thou cutted fryer, | [or evil will hap to thee.]”

. . . . . [*Another half-page destroyed.*]  
. . . . . good bowmen | came raking all on a rowe.

“ Ay beshrew thy head,” said the cutted friar, | “ thou thinkes I shall be shente ;  
I thought thou had but a man or two, | and thou hast [a] whole Conuent.

“ I lett thee haue a blast on thy horne, | now giue me leaue to whistle another.”  
“ I co’ld not bidd thee noe better play, | an’ thou wert my owne borne brother.”

“ Now fute on, fute on, thou cutted fryar, | I pray God thou neere be still ;  
It is not the futing in a fryar’s fist | that can do me any ill.” [*f.* = whistling.

The fryar sett his neave to his mouth, | a loud blast he did blow,  
Then halfe a hundred good ban-doggs | came raking all on a row.

“ Euery dogg to a man,” said the cutted fryar, | “ and I my selfe to *Robin Hood* ;  
Euery dogg unto a man, | and I my self to *Robin Hood*.”

“ Euer God forbode,” said *Robin Hood*, | “ that euer that soe shold bee ;  
I had rather be matched with three of the tikes, | ere I wold be matched on thee.

“ But stay thy tikes, thou fryar,” he said, | “ and freindshipp I ’le haue wi’ thee ;  
But stay thy tikes, thou fryar,” he said, | “ and saue good yeomaury.”

The fryar he sett his neave to his mouth, | a lowd blast he did blow ;  
The doggs they coucht downe euery one, | they coucht downe on a rowe.

“ What is thy will, thou yeoman ?” he said, | “ haue done and tell it me.”  
“ If that thou will goe to [the] Merry Greenwood | [and there remain with me.]”

. . . . . [*The remainder lost* ; but it is evident that this earlier  
version must have been better than the common broadsides and late Garlands.]



[Roxb. Coll., III, 22 ; Wood, 401, art. 17 ; Pepys, II, 107 ; Douce, III, 18 vo.]

## A

# New Song to drive away cold Winter, Between Robin Hood and the Jovial Tinker.

How *Robin*, by a wile, the Tinker he did cheat,  
But at the length, as you shall hear, the Tinker did him beat :  
Where by the same, they did then [so] agree,  
And after liv'd in love and unity.

THE TUNE IS, *In Summer Time*. [See p. 486, and *Note*.]

**I**N Summer time, when leaves grow green,  
*Down, a down, a down ;* [*Passim*.]  
And Birds singing on every Tree, *hey down, down, a down ;*  
*Robin Hood* went to *Nottingham*, *down a, down a, down*,  
As fast as he could dree, [*Dree* = endure, hasten.]  
*Hey down a, down a, down*.

And as he came to *Nottingham*, a Tinker he did meet ;  
And seeing him a lusty Blade, he did him kindly greet.

"Where dost thou live?" q[uo]th *Robin Hood*, "I pray thee now  
me tell ;  
Sad news I hear there is abroad, I fear all is not well."

"What is that news?" the Tinker said, "tell me, without delay ;  
I am a Tinker by my trade, and do live at *Banburay*."

"As for the news," quoth *Robin Hood*, "it is but as I hear ;  
Two Tinkers they were set i'th Stocks, for drinking Ale and Beer."

"If that be all," the Tinker said, "as I may say to you,  
Your news it is not worth a f . . . , since that they all be true.

"For drinking of good Ale and Beer, you will not lose your part."  
"No, by my faith!" quoth *Robin Hood*, "I love it with all my  
heart."

"What news abroad?" quoth *Robin Hood*, "tell me what thou  
dost hear :

Being thou goest from town to town, some news thou need not  
fear."

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*Note*.—Rimbault, in 1847, asserted that this tune is the same as that of 'Robin Hood and the Curtal Friar,' pp. 521, 526, which he gave from a "beautiful old chant discovered on the fly-leaf of the *Parthenia*, an ancient musical work printed in 1611." 'The Noble Fisherman,' on p. 486, is to the same tune ; yet Rimbault adds later, "the *Down a down* after every line seems to be arbitrary, and was sung or not, at the pleasure of the singer. If used in the present instance [for '*Robin Hood* and the Tinker'], it would require another tune."

"All the news," the Tinker said, "I hear, it is for good;  
It is to seek a bold Out-law, which they call *Robin Hood*."

"I have a Warrant from the King, to take him where I can;  
If you can tell me where he is, I will make you a Man."

"The King would give an hundred pound, that he could but him see;  
And if we can but now him get, it will serve you and me."

"Let me see that Warrant," said *Rob[in] Hood*, "I'll see if it be  
right;  
And I will do the best I can for to take him this night."

"That will I not," the Tinker said, "none with it I will trust;  
And where he is, if you'll not tell, take him by force I must."

But *Robin Hood* perceiving well how then the game would go:  
"If you will go to *Nottingham*, we shall find him, I know."

### The Second Part. TO THE SAME TUNE.

The Tinker had a Crab-tree staff, *down, a down, a down,*  
Which was both good and strong, *hey down, a down, a down;*  
*Robin* he had a good strong Blade, *down, a down, a down:*  
So they went both along; *hey down, a down, a down.*

And when they came to *Nottingham*, then they both took an Inn,  
And there they call'd for Ale and Wine: to drink it was no sin.

But Ale and Wine they drank so fast, that the Tinker he forgot  
What thing he was about to do, it fell so to his lot.

Th[en] while the Tinker fell asleep, [*Robin*] made haste away,  
And left the Tinker in the lurch, for the great shot to pay.

But when the Tinker wakened, and saw that [*Robin*] was gone,  
He called then even for his Host, and thus he made his moan:

"I had a Warrant from the King, which might have done me good,  
That is to seek a bold Out-law, some call him *Robin Hood*."

"But now my Warrant and money is gone, nothing I have to pay;  
And he that promis'd to be my friend, he is gone and fled away."

"That friend you tell on," said his Host, "they call him *Robin Hood*;  
And when that first he met with you, he meant you little good."

"Had I known [then] it had been he, when that I had him here,  
Th' one of us should have try'd our strength, which should have  
paid full dear.

"In the meantime I [must] away, no longer here I 'le hide ;  
But I will go and seek him out, whatever do betide.

"But one thing I would gladly know, what here I have to pay ?"  
"Ten shillings just," then said the Host. "I 'le pay without delay ;

"Or else take here my working-bag, and my good hammer too ;  
And if I light but on that knave, I will then soon pay you."

"The only way, then," said the Host, "and not to stand in fear,  
Is to seek him among the Parks, killing of the King's Deer."

The Tinker he then went with speed, and made then no delay,  
Till he had then found *Robin Hood*, that they might have a fray.

At last he spy'd him in a *Park*, hunting then of the Deer :

"What knave is that," quoth *Robin Hood*, "that doth come me so  
near ?"

"No knave, no knave !" the Tinker said, "and that you soon shall  
know ;  
Whether of us hath done most wrong, my *Crab-tree* staff shall  
show."

Then *Robin* drew his gallant Blade, made then of trusty steel ;  
But the Tinker he laid on so fast, that he made *Robin* reel.

Then *Robin's* anger did arise, he fought full manfully,  
Until he had made the Tinker almost then fit to flye.

With that they had a bout again, they ply'd their weapons fast :  
The Tinker threshed his bones so sore, that he made him yield at last.

"A boon ! a boon !" *Robin* he cries, "if thou will grant it me."  
"Before I do it," the Tinker said, "I 'le hang thee on this Tree."

But the Tinker looking him about, *Robin* his Horn did blow ;  
Then came unto him *Little John*, and *Will Scadlock* too.

"What is the matter ?" quoth *Little John*, "you sit in the High-  
way side ?"

"Here is a Tinker that stands by, that hath paid well my hide."

"That Tinker !" then said *Little John*, "fain that Blade I would  
see ;  
And I would try what I could do, if he 'l do as much for me."

But *Robin* he then wisht them both they would the quarrel cease ;  
"That henceforth we may live as one, and ever live in peace.

"And for the jovial Tinker's part, a hundred pound I 'le give  
In th' Year, to maintain him on, as long as he doth live.

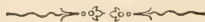
"In Man-hood he is a mettle-man, and a mettle-man by Trade;  
I never thought that any man should have made me so afraid.

"And if he will be one with us, we will take all one fare;  
And whatsoever we do get, he shall have his full share."

So the Tinker was content, *down a down, a down,*  
With them to go along: *hey down a down, a down, a down;*  
And with them a part to take, *down a down, a down:*  
And so I end my song: *hey down a down, a down.*

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray,*  
and *T. Passinger.*

[Black-letter. Woodcut of a stag-hunt, used also for 'Robin Hood's Chase,' p. 514. Wood's exemplar has 'London, Printed for *F. Grove*, dwelling on *Snow-hill*'; Pepysian is later, 'for *J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger*'; Douce, 'Printed for *J. Hodges*, at the *Looking-Glass on London-Bridge*.]



## Robin Hood and the Pinder of Wakefield.

"At Michaelmas cometh my covenant out,  
My Master gives me my fee;  
Then, *Robin*, I'll wear thy *Kendall* green,  
And wend to the Greenwood with thee."

—*Downfall of Robt. Earle of Huntingdon, 1601.*

GEORGE A GREEN, the Pinder of Wakefield, 'a pleasant conceited Comedy,' so-named, was acted in London, December, 1593, and printed in 4to., 1599. The Pinder or 'Poinder' was the officer who took charge of the pen-fold, wherein stray cattle had been shut, until fines were paid for their recovery. Earlier than the plays of the 'Downfall' or 'George a Green,' the ballad was sung to its own special tune, known, from its first burden, as *Wakefield on a Green*; but sometimes to the tune of the *Bailiff's Daughter of Islington*. (See vol. vi, p. 243, and *Popular Music*, p. 304.)

\* \* The first issue of this ballad is entered to Mr. John Wallye and Mistress Toye, during the year from the 19th July 1557, to 9th July 1558, Stat. Registers.

The avowal of the Pinder to take service with Robin whenever he shall have fulfilled his contract with his present employer at Michaelmas, but not until then, is strikingly anticipative of Sir Walter Scott's Major Dugald Dalgetty (in '*The Legend of Montrose*,' 1819), who endangers his life by refusing to change sides before his term of engagement is ended. Dalgetty is unblushingly a 'mercenary,' but conscientious according to his lights, being also M.A. of the Marischal-College of Aberdeen, and heretofore a soldado under "Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North and Bulwark of the Protestant Faith!"

This ballad in the Percy Folio MS. is mutilated, the beginning lost, to the middle of our seventh stanza, where Robin bids him hold his hand. Unfortunately it lacks other portions, imperfect in our tenth stanza; but it gives us the two final lines, a repeat, "I'le take my ben'bowe in my hande, and come into the Greenwoode to thee."

[Roxburghe Collection, III, 24; Wood, 402, f. 43; 401, f. 61 *verso*; Lind., 693; Bagford, II, 20, 21; Pepys, II, 100; Douce; Garlands of 1663, 1670.]

## The Jolly Pinder of Wakefield, with Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.

[TO ITS OWN TUNE: see p. 530, and *Popular Music*, p. 394.]



IN *Wakefield* there lives a jolly Pinder,

In *Wakefield* all on a green:

[Repeat, *passim*.]

[In *Wakefield* there lives a jolly Pinder, a better one never was seen.]

"There is neither Knight, nor Squire," said the Pinder,

"Nor Baron that is so bold, nor Baron that is so bold,

Dare make a trespass to the town of *Wakefield*,

But his pledge goes to the Pinfold."

[Repeat.

All this beheard three witty young men,

[*a.l.* wight yeomen.

'Twas *Robin Hood*, *Scarlet*, and *John*, etc.;

[Quoted by Silence,  
in *Henry IV*, II, v, 3.

With that they espyed the jolly Pinder,

As he sat under a thorn, etc.

"Now turn again, turn again!" said the Pinder,

"For a wrong way you have gone;

For you have forsaken the King's high-way,

And made a path over the Corn," etc.



"O, that were great shame," said jolly *Robin*,  
 "We being three, and thou but one," *etc.*  
 The Pinder leapt back then thirty good foot,  
 'Twas thirty good foot and one, *etc.*

He leaned his back fast unto a thorn,  
 And [set] his foot unto a stone, *etc.* ;  
 And there he fought a long Summer's day,  
 A Summer's day so long, *etc.*,

Till that their Swords on their broad Bucklers  
 Were broke fast unto their hands, *etc.*  
 "Hold thy hand! hold thy hand!" said *Robin Hood*,  
 "And my merry men every one, *etc.*;

"For this is one of the best Pinders  
 That ever I try'd with Sword, *etc.*  
 And wilt thou forsake thy Pinder's craft,  
 And live with me in [the] Green Wood?" *etc.* [transposed.

"At *Michaelmas* next my cov'nant comes out,  
 When every man gathers his fee :  
 I'll take my blew blade all in my hand,  
 And plod to the Green-wood with thee."

["This is one of the best Pinders [Restored from *Percy Folio MS.*  
 That ever I did see !

"Hast thou either meat or drink," said *Robin Hood*,  
 "For my merry men and me?" *etc.*

"I have both Bread and Beef," said the Pinder,  
 "And good Ale of the best ;"  
 "And that is meat good enough," said *Robin Hood*,  
 "For such unbidden Guest.

"O, wilt thou forsake the Pinder his craft,  
 And go to the Green Wood with me?  
 Thou shalt have a livery twice in the year,  
 The one green, the other brown," *etc.*

"If *Michaelmas* day was come and gone,  
 And my Master had paid me my fee, [Repeat.  
 Then would I set as little by him  
 As my Master doth set by me. [Repeat.

["I'll take my ben'bowe in my hande,  
 And come into the Greenwoode to thee."] [Percy Folio MS.

[No colophon in Roxb., but Wood 401 has, 'Printed for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, and  
*W. Gilbertson*'; Pepys, 'for *Alex. Milbourne*.' B. L.]

## Robin Hood and the Butcher.

THE broadsides had been abbreviated from the original text, by Thomas Robins, whose initials are appended here to 'Robin Hood's Chase,' as also to 'Robin Hood and the Beggar': all three to the *Tanner* tune. An early version is in the Percy Folio MS., but it is sorely mutilated. It begins abruptly, as though in continuation of another ballad, one that had told of the Nottingham Sheriff setting a price on the head of Robin Hood for some recent offence, such as his slaying of the Fifteen Rangers in the 'Progress to Nottingham' (see p. 500).

BUT *Robin* he walkes in the g[reene] Forrest, as merry as bird on b[o]ughe,  
But he that feitches good *Robin's* head, he 'll find him game enoughe.

But *Robin* he walkes in the greene Forrest, vnder his trusty tree. [=trysting?  
Says, 'Hearken, hearken, my merry-men all! what tydings is come to me:

'The Sheriffe he hath made a cry, hee 'le haue my head I-wis;  
But ere a tweluemonth come to an end, I may chance to light on his.'

*Robin* he marcht in the greene Forrest, vnder the greenwood scray, [=pray?  
And there he was ware of a proud bucher, came driuing Flesh by the way.

The Bucher he had a cut-tail'd dogg, and at *Robin's* face he flew;  
But *Robin* he war[e] a good sword, the bucher's dogg he slew. [t. war.

'Why slayes' thou my dogg?' says the bucher, 'for he did none ill to thee;  
By all the s[ain]ts that are in heaven, thou shalt haue buffets three.'

He tooke his staffe then in his hand, and he turn'd him round about:  
'Thou hast a litle wild blood in thy head, good fellow, thou 'st haue it letten out.'

'He that does that deed,' says *Robin*, 'I 'le count him for a man;  
But that while will I draw my sword, and fend it if I can.' [=till then.

But *Robin* he stroke att the bloody Bucher, in place w[h]ere he did stand, . . .

Here the manuscript is mutilated, half a page lost; and we know not how long the fight lasts, or how it ends—whether the butcher is slain outright, or yields after a good basting. Not improbably it follows the usual course—that Robin gets badly mauled, and then admires the victor, making a league with him, a new stalwart man, buying from him his cattle and mare. Thus he is found to do in the broadside version, which omits the quarrel and the butcher's dog. Where the manuscript is again legible it gives three stanzas on the Sheriff's wife, which are absent from the broadside:—

'I, a younge bucher,' says *Robin*, 'you fine dames am I come amonge;  
But euer I beseech you, good Mrs. Sheriffe, you must see me take noe wrong.'

'Thou art verrey welcome,' said Mr. Sheriffe's wiffe; 'thy inne heere up take;  
If any good Fellow come in thy companie, hee's t' be welcome for thy sake.'

*Robin* called for ale, soe did he for wine, and for it he did pay:

'I must to my markt goe,' says *Robin*, 'for I hold it time of the day.'

But *Robin* is to the markt gone, soe quickly and beliuie,  
He sold more flesh for one peny then othe' buchers did for fieu. [Cf. p. 536.

The mutilated manuscript tells of seven butchers guarding Robin until he promises to meet them: "Att four of the clocke in the afternoone, at the Sheriff's hall I wilbe." We give the passage:

The[n] drew about [him] the younge butcher[s], like sheepe into a fold;  
Yea, neuer a bucher had sold a bitt till *Robin* he had all sold.

When *Robin Hood* had his markett made, his flesche was sold and gone;  
Yea, he had receiued but a litle Mony, but thirty pence and one.

Seauen buchers the[y] garded *Robin Hood*, full many time and oft;  
Sayes, 'We must drinke with you, brother bucher, it's custome of our crafte.'

'If that be the custome of your crafte, as heere you tell to me,  
Att four of the clocke in the afternoone, at the Sheriff's hall I wilbe.'

. . . . . (Half a page lost.)

The covetous Sheriff is allured to make a bid for the unseen cattle:

[*Hiatus valde deflendus*] '. . . . . if thou doe like it well;  
Yea, heere is more by three hundred pound than thou hast beasts to sell.'

*Robin* sayd naught, the more he thought: 'Money neere comes out of time;  
If once I catch thee in the greene Forrest, that money it shall be mine.'

But on the next day seuen butchers came to guard the Sheriffe that day;  
But *Robyn* he was the whightest man, he led them all the way. [= briskest.]

He led them into the greene Forrest, vnder the tr[ysted] tree, etc. [Cf. p. 533.]  
Yea, there were harts, and ther were hynds, and staggs with heads full high.

Yea, there were harts, and there were hynds, and many a goodly fawne:  
'Now praised be God!' says bold *Robin*, 'all these they be my owne.'

'But euer alacke, now,' said the Sheriffe, 'that tydings comes too late.'  
'These are my horned beasts,' says *Robin*, 'Mr. Sherriffe, which must make the stake.'

*Robin* sett a shrill horne to his mouth, and a loud blast he did blow,  
And then halfe a hundred bold archers came rakeing on a row.

But when they came befor bold *Robin*, euen there they stood all bare:  
'You are welcome, Master, from *Nottingham*: how haue you sold your ware?'

The Percy Folio MS. is here a third time defective, where the hundred bold archers answer the bugle horn. But the MS. gives the original conclusion, viz. the Sheriff's return home to his wife, and part of his talk with her:—

'It proues bold *Robin Hood*.'  
'Yea, he hath robbed me of all my gold, and siluer that euer I had;  
But that I had a verry good Wife at home, I shold haue lost my head.'

'But I had a verry good Wife at home, which [had] made him gentle cheere,  
And therfor, p[ro] my Wife's sake, I shold haue better favor heere.'

'But such favor as he shewed me, I might haue of the deuill's dam;  
That will rob a man of all that he hath, and send him naked home.'

'That is very well done!' then says his Wiffe; 'itt is well done, I say;  
You might haue tarryed at *Nottingham*, soe fayre as I did you pray.'

'I haue learned wisdom,' says the Sheriffe, 'and, wiffe, I haue learned of thee;  
But if *Robin* walke easte, or he walke west, he shall neuer be sought for me.'

Finis.

[Roxburghe Collection, III, 259; Wood, 401, 19; Pepys, II, 102; Douce, III, 114; Garlands of 1663, 1670.]

## Robin Hood and the Butcher.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Robin Hood and the Begger* [= *R.H. and the Tanner*, p. 503].

Come, all ye brave Gallants, and listen a while,  
*With hey down, down, an a down,* [Repetition, *passim*.]  
 That are in the bowers within;  
 For of *Robin Hood*, that Archer good, a song I intend for to sing.

Upon a time it chanced so, Bold *Robin* in Forrest did spy  
 A jolly Butcher, with a bonny fine Mare, with his flesh to the  
 Market did hye.

“Good morrow, good fellow!” said jolly *Robin*: “what food hast?  
 —tell unto me;  
 And thy trade to me tell, and where thou dost dwell; for I like  
 well thy company.”

The Butcher he answered jolly *Robin*: “No matter where I dwell;  
 For a Butcher I am, and to *Nottingham* I am going my Flesh to  
 sell.”

“What is price of thy Flesh?” said jolly *Robin*, “come tell it  
 soon unto me;  
 And the price of thy Mare, be she neuer so dear? for a Butcher  
 fain would I be.”

“The price of my Flesh,” the Butcher replied, “I soon will tell  
 unto thee,  
 With my bonny Mare; and they are not dear: four mark thou  
 must give unto me.”

“Four mark I will give thee,” saith jolly *Robin*; “four mark it  
 shall be thy fee;  
 Thy mon[e]y come count, and let me mount, for a Butcher I fain  
 would be.” [See *Introductory Note*, p. 533.]

Now *Robin* he is to *Nottingham* gone, his butcher’s trade for to  
 begin;  
 With good intent, to the Sheriff he went, and there he took up  
 his Inne.

When other butchers they opened their meat, Bold *Robin* he  
 then begun;  
 But how for to sell he knew not well, for a Butcher he was but  
 young.

When other butchers no meat could sell, *Robin* got both gold  
and fee;

For he sold more meat for one peny than others could do for  
three.

But when he sold his meat so fast, no butcher by him could thrive;  
For he sold more meat for one peny than others could do for five.

Which made the butchers of *Nottingham* to study as they did  
stand,  
Saying, "Surely he was some Prodigal, that had sold his father's  
land."

The Butchers they stepped to jolly *Robin*, acquainted with him  
for to be:

"Come, Brother," one said, "we be all of one trade; come, will  
you go dine with me?"

"Accurst of his heart," said jolly *Robin*, "that a Butcher doth  
deny;

I will go with you, my Brethren true, and as fast as I can hie."

But when to the Sheriff's house they came, to Dinner they hied  
apace,

And *Robin* he the man must be before them all to say grace.

"Pray God bless us all!" said jolly *Robin*, "and our meat, within  
this place;

A cup of Sack so good will nourish our blood, and so I do end  
my grace.

"Come, fill us more wine!" said jolly *Robin*; "let us merry be  
while we do stay;

For wine and good cheer, be it neuer so dear, I vow I the  
reck'ning will pay.

"Come, Brother[s], be merry," said jolly *Robin*; "let us drink  
and neuer give o're;

For the shot I will pay, ere I go my way, if it cost me fieve  
pounds and more."

"This is a mad blade," the butchers then said; saies the Sheriff:  
"He is some prodigall,

That some land has sold for siluer and gold; and now he doth  
mean to spend all.

"Hast thou any Horn-beasts?" the Sheriff reply'd, "good fellow,  
to sell unto me."

"Yes, that I haue, good Master Sheriff, I haue hundreds two or  
three;



“ And a hundred aker of good free land, if you please it to see ;  
And I 'le make you as good assurance of it, as euer my Father  
made me.”

The Sheriff he saddled a good Palfrey, with three hundred pound  
in gold,  
And away he went with bold *Robin Hood*, his horned beasts to  
behold.

Away then the Sheriff and *Robin* did ride, to the Forrest of  
merry *Sherwood* ;

Then the Sheriff did say, “ God bless us this day from a man  
they call *Robin Hood* ! ”

But when that a little further they came, bold *Robin* he chanced  
to spy

A hundred head of good red Deer come tripping the Sheriff  
full nigh.

“ How like you my horned beasts, good Master Sheriff ? they be  
fat and fair for to see.”

“ I tell thee, good fellow, I would I were gone, for I like not thy  
company.”

Then *Robin* he set his horn to his mouth, and blew but blasts  
three ;

Then quickly anon there came *Little John*, and all his company.

“ What is your will ? ” then said *Little John* ; “ good Master, come  
tell it to me.”

“ I have brought hither the Sheriff of *Nottingham*, this day to dine  
with thee.”

“ He is welcome to me,” then said *Little John* ; “ I hope he will  
honestly pay :

I know he has gold, if it be but well told, will serue us to drink  
a whole day.”

Then *Robin* took his mantle from his back, and laid it upon the  
ground,

And out of the Sheriffe's portmantle he told three hundred pound.

Then *Robin* he brought him thorow the wood, and set him on his  
dapple gray :

“ O haue me commended to your wife at home ! ” so *Robin* went  
laughing away.

[See pp. 533, 534.]

Finis. T. R. [probably Thomas Robins].

[No colophon in *Roxb.* Wood's has ‘ *London* ; printed for F. Grove on *Snow-Hill*,’ before 1656 ; Pepys exemplar for *Clarke*, *Thackeray*, and *Passenger* :  
both in Black-letter. The woodcut, on p. 509, of the Bishop bound to a tree.]

## Fragmentary MS. of Robin Hood and the Monk.

IT is preserved among the scraps at beginning of Vol. I of John Bagford's Collection of Ballads, British Museum, Case 39, K.

[A larger MS., of date *circa* 1450, is in Cambridge Univ. Lib., Ff. 5, 48, fol. 128 *verso*. It is printed in Robert Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, ii, 54, 1806, ninety stanzas of four lines. The single leaf in Bagford Coll., I, art. 6, holds only the unbracketed parts of stanzas 69 to 72 and 77 to 80, here following. We give the opening stanza, additionally, from the Camb. Univ. MS.]

IN Somer, when the shawes be sheyne and leues be large and long,  
Hit is full mery in feyre foreste to here the foulis song;  
To se the dere draw to the dale, and leve the hilles hee,  
And shadow them in the leues grene, vnder the grene-wode tre. 8

[Litul *John* callid vp the jayler, and bade hym rise anon;]  
He seyð *Robyn Hode* had brokyn prison, and out of it was gon. [*Bagford*.]

"Now wil I be porter," seyð Litul *John*, "and take the keyes in honde":  
He toke the way to *Robyn Hode*, and sone he hym vnbonde.

Then bespake gode Litull *John*, to *Robyn Hode* gan he say:  
"I haue done ye a gode turne for an euyl, quyte ye whan you may.  
"I haue done ye a gode turne," seyð Litull *John*, "for sothe as I you say;  
I haue brougt ye vnder grene-wode lyne: fare wel, and haue gode day!"

"Nay, be my trouth," seyð *Robyn Hode*, "so shall hit neuer be;  
I make ye maister," seyð *Robyn Hode*, "of alle my men and me."

"Nay, be my trouth," seyð Litull *John*, "so shalle hit neuer be;  
But lat me be a fellow," seyð Litull *John*, "no noder kepe I be."

[Thus *John* gate *Robyn Hode* out of prison, sertan withoutyn payn:  
When his men saw hym hol and sounde, for sothe they were full fayne.]  
(*Nine more stanzas. Unfortunately even the Cambridge MS. is defective.*)

## Other Ballads on Robin Hood.

ALTHOUGH the Roxburghe Collection is rich in Robin Hood lore, it does not contain 'The Lyttel Geste' (see pp. 483, 540), or the following ballads (of which we have reprinted No. 3 on p. 503):—

1.—Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne—"When shawes bene sheene," etc. (*Percy Folio MS.*).

WHEN shawes bene sheene, and shrads full fayre,  
And leues both large and longe,  
Itt is merry, walking in the fayre Forrest,  
To heare the small birds' songe.

The woodweele sang, and wold not cease, [= The Golden Ouzle.  
Amongst the leaues a lyne;  
And it is by two wight Yeomen,  
By deare God, that I meane. (Etc. *Fifty-eight stanzas in all.*)

- 2.—Robin Hood and the Potter="In Schomer, when," etc. (*Camb. Univ. MS.*, E. e. 4. 35, fol. 14 *vo.* Supposed date, 1500).

In Schomer, when the leves spryng, | the bloschoms on euery bowe,  
So merey doyt the berdys syng, | yn wodys merry now.  
Herken, god yemen, comley, corteys, and gode,  
On of the best that yeuer bare bowe, hes name was *Roben Hode*.

(*Forty-eight stanzas, five of them defective.*)

- 3.—Robin Hood and the Tanner, Arthur à Bland="In *Nottingham* there lives a jolly Tanner." (See p. 503, where it is given.)

- 4.—Robin Hood and the Monck="In Somer, when the shawes be sheyne." (A fragmentary MS.: see previous p. 538.)

- 5.—Robin Hood's Delight="There is some will talk of lords and knights." 24 stanzas. (Wood's Coll., 401, 41 *verso*.)

- 6.—Robin Hood and the Ranger="When *Phæbus* had melted the sickles of ice." Tune, *Arthur à Bland*. (Douce Coll., III, 124.)

- 7.—R. H. Rescuing Three Squires (a Widow's three sons)="There are twelve months," etc. Imperfect in Percy Folio MS.; later version in *R. H. Garlands*. (Compare p. 516.)

- 8.—R. H. Rescuing Will Stukely from the Sheriff="When *Robin Hood* in the greenwood lived." (Wood and Pepys Colls.; Lindes., 1319; Roberts's *Old Ballads*, i, 90, 1723.)

- 9.—R. H. and the Bishop of Hereford="Some they will talk of bold *Robin Hood*." Given complete in Mr. Wm. Chappell's *Popular Music* (the unmutilated and *only representative edition* authorized by him, *circa* 1855), p. 395, with tune.

- 10.—A Famous Battle between R. H. and Maid Marian="A bonny fine Maid of a noble degree." (Wood's Coll., 401, 21 *verso*, and Ritson's *R. H.*, ii, 15.) Tune, *Robin Hood Revived*.

- 11.—A True Tale of R. H. (by Martin Parker, the poorest catch-penny assigned to him: 29 Feb. 1632; 120 four-line stanzas).

Begins, "Both gentlemen or yeomen bould." It scarcely can be considered a ballad. It mentions his going into a nunnery, with intent to be bled:

"A faithlesse Fryer did pretend in love to let him blood;  
But he by falshood wrought the end of famous *Robin Hood*."

"The Fryer, as some say, did this to vindicate the wrong  
Which to the clergie he and his had done by power strong."

- 12.—Robin Hood's Death and Burial="When *Robin Hood* and *Little John*." Tune, *Robin Hood's Last Farewell*. (See p. 540.)

- 13, 14, and 15.—Garland copies of 'The King's Disguise'; 'R. H. and the Golden Arrow'; 'R. H. and the Valiant Knight.'

There are also fraudulent ballads, such as 'The Courtship of Jack Cade's Daughter'="Brome, brome on hill." It was written by James Maidment (see p. 179) to impose on John Matthew Gutch, F.S.A., 1847, a man easily deluded. Professor Hales, also duped, in 1867, accepted it as genuine. See *Percy Folio MS.* i, 8. The omission of these inferior works is great gain.

## Robin Hood's Death and Burial.

In Roxb. Coll. is no exemplar of the ballad entitled 'Robin Hood's Death and Burial'; beginning, "When *Robin Hood* and Little *John* went o'er yon bank of broom." It is in '*Robin Hood's Garland*,' and is a modernization of older materials. Ritson reprinted it; so did J. M. Gutch. An earlier but mutilated version is in the Percy Folio MS., p. 21, beginning thus in the 5th stanza:—

"I will neuer eate nor drinke," *Robin Hood* said, "nor meate will doe me noe good,  
Till I haue beene att merry *Churchlees*[ = *Kirklees*], my vaines for to let blood."

"That I reade not," said *Will Scarlett*, "Master, by the assente of me,  
Without halfe a hundred of your best bowmen you take to goe with yee."

But Robin refuses to take any companion except Little John. Warnings beset him on the road—first from an old woman who bans him, for some cause unknown (a gap occurring here in the MS.); and later from friends, who weep for his present sickness and foresee danger. He asks for leechcraft from the Prioress of Kirklees, who is daughter of his own aunt and skilful to let blood. He gives her twenty pounds to spend, with promise of more to follow; but she betrays him to his death, at the instigation of his enemy, a priest, Red Roger of Doncaster. She bleeds Robin to excess without stanching the blood, and poisons the wound.

And first it bled the thicke, thicke blude, and afterwards the thinne;

And well then wist good *Robin Hood*e, treason there was within.

"What cheere, my Master?" said Little *John*. "In faith, *John*, litle goode."

Another gap occurs in the MS. His enemy is near, and when Robin escapes from the shot-window Red Roger stabs him, and is himself slain by the dying man. He demands his 'houzle,' howsoever it is got, and Little John bears him on his back. The end is lost from the Percy Folio MS, telling of Robin drawing his bow for the last time; the Douce Garland version reads thus:—

"But give me my bent bow in my hand, and a broad arrow I'll let flee,  
And, where this arrow is taken up, there shall my grave digged be."

The '*Geste of Robyn Hode*' summarizes the death briefly in the final stanzas, lines 454-456:—

Than bespake good *Robyn*, in place whereas he stode:

"To-morrow I muste to *Kirke*[s]ly, craftely to be letten blode."

Syr *Roger* of *Donkestere*, by the Pryoresse he lay,  
And there they betrayed good *Robyn Hode*, thorough theyr false playe.

Cryst haue mercy on his soule, that dyed on the ro[o]de! [= Holy Cross.  
For he was a good outlawe, and dyd pore men much go[o]ld.

Here ends the '*Final Group of Robin Hood Ballads*.'



## Two Strings to a Bow: The Cunning Archer.

"I look'd and saw a merry company  
Down the green avenue with laugh and song,  
And little joyful noises, come along;  
Then died the tyranny  
Of this grey world in me, with hoary wrong.

"Then saw I *Robin*, with his fearless brow  
And eye of frolic love; Maid *Marian*;  
The moon-faced *Tuck*; and, sporting 'neath a bough,  
*John*, *Robin's* master-man,  
*Scarlet*, and *Much*, and all the outlaw clan,  
With polish'd horn and bow, in *Lincoln* green,  
Moved ceaselessly between the leafy screen:  
A natural freedom ran  
Through every spirit on that sylvan scene."

—J. D. HOSKEN'S *Verses by the Way*. (Cf. pp. 499, 508.)

WE quit the completed 'GROUP OF ROBIN HOOD BALLADS,' with their woodland glades that were always leafy, twinkling in the sunshine, and traversed by light-footed deer; a haunted fairy-land of perpetual summer-time, unscathed by "winter and rough weather," such as dared to intrude within the Forest of Arden:

"Under the greenwood-tree, who loves to lie with me,  
And turn his merry note unto the sweet bird's throat?  
Come hither, come hither, come hither!  
Here shall he see no enemy  
But winter and rough weather."

It really matters not one iota what had been the original name, rank, date, and locality of the apocryphal Robin Hood. Some of his attributes may be identified as belonging to Fulk Fitz-Warine, others to Hereward the Wake; and it is not improbable that the prototype stood forward as a patriotic Saxon in resistance to the invading Normans. Every attempt to crystallize the legends has been hitherto a disastrous failure: critics "*murder, to dissect*."

Whatever may be the merits of some individual ballads, with their wearisome iteration of cudgellings and defeats of the too compliant Robin, we should remember that these are, for the most part, vulgar modernizations of an earlier cycle, wherein the heroic leader bore his dignity undebased by corrupt additions to the fable. We must think of him as of Charles Martel, when first made famous by the minstrels, before their chronicles were perverted into laudations of Charlemagne and his courtiers; soon to be desecrated by each re-embodiment to suit the market. Popularity thus turned Robin Hood into a mountebank jest.

A different sort of 'Cunning Archer' appears in the Parliamentary soldier of the next ballad, who is the ruin of maiden honour, with "two strings to a bow."



[Roxburghe Collection, III, 262. Apparently unique.]

## Two Strings to a Bow ; Or, The cunning Archer :

Being a pleasant new ditty of a Souldier, that had two Lasses at one time, that dearly lobed him ; and how he requited their kindness.

This lusty Souldier having been | ten years in *Scotland*, and ne'er seen  
A *London* Lass, resolv'd to try | how much they priz'd virginity.

He laies close siege to two, and stormes |  
Their Forts, but yet to marry scorns.

TO AN EXCELLENT *Scottish Tune*, call'd *Gilderoy*. [See *Bagford Ballads*, p. 103.]



J. W. E.



Give ear, you lads and lasses all, to what I shall report,  
Of maidens twain that loved dear a Souldier, their consort ;  
A bonny Lad and blith was he, and seem'd to love them both,  
But when they urg'd to tie the knot, to marry he was loth.

Full many years this Souldier brave in *Scotland* bore his arms,  
Under [*Monk*], our noble General, still free from *Cupid's* charms ;  
But *London* Lasses thought to win, and tempt him with their smiles,  
Which subt'ly he a while receives, at last them both beguiles.

The first was *Mal* : a bouncing Lass, to whom he courteous was,  
And lovingly did kiss and court : but mark what came to pass !  
When he had gain'd her tender heart, and *Cupid* had her shot,  
He scornfully disdains her thoughts, and swears he loves her not.

Then she her service leaves in hast[e], a private life to lead,  
Because that to her Master she was loth offence to give ;  
And that he might with freedome come to visit this his dear,  
On whom she spent her money free, in ale and in good cheer.

Thus she continued a while, and he came oft unto her,  
Whose sight did please her wondrous well; the Souldier sure did love her.  
But when her stock grew low and poor, his love it waxed cold;  
There was no chain could hold him fast, but onely that of Gold.

When thus she saw she slighted was, and could not catch the game,  
With heavy moan she did repine, and her hard fortune blame;  
Whilst he with joviallists did sing, and did contrive it so  
That he had got another Lass, and *two strings to his Bow*.

**The Second Part.** TO THE SAME TUNE.

**H**AVING thus put his first lasse off, the second comes in play,  
The which was pretty *Dorothy*, who was both fine and gay;  
To whom he doth express his love, with amorous glances many,  
And swears that she shall be his wife, if ever he have any.

This did so pierce her tender heart, with joy and great delight,  
That she her service proffer'd him, by day and eke by night;  
Which he most kindly doth accept; and, void of dread or fear,  
He gets her in his [Spider's-web, ensnared], as you shall hear.

In sober guise the Souldier goes one night to [her master's house],  
Where she must come in all the haste, to [meet her unwedded spouse];  
The people being all at rest, and every one asleep,  
The Lasse goes to his chamber straight, [where he may softly] creep.

He that in bloody Battels fought, and lay in frost and cold,  
Enduring hardships plentiful, against his foes so bold,  
Can now [that guarded fort] surprize, which no man e'er did enter:  
The Lady and the Owner [knowing not of] his adventure.

Her master and her mistress both, about the break of day,  
Awaking, called for their Maid, but she no word did say;  
She was [enwrapt] with her delight, and sporting with her dear,  
Not thinking that her master call'd: Love would not let her hear.

Then up her master gets in haste, to find the poor lost sheep,  
And folded in the Souldier's arms he finds his maid, asleep;  
Then with one blow upon her cheek he wakes her from her dear,  
And kicks the Lassie out of doors: "No [sluts]" (quoth he) "live here!"

When this black chance was once found out, the lasse she fain would marry;  
The Souldier he refuses quite, tells her he must be wary:  
But she, perplexed, doth urge him still, and begs the same with tears;  
Quoth he, "I am not in your debt; I paid you your arrears!"

"Take heed, you loving Lasses [all], be warn'd by my report!  
Trust not a lusty Souldier's call, for he'll soon take your fort,  
And then you must turn chamber-maids; alas! my chance is so:  
The Souldier he will shoot no more: *he has broke two strings to his Bow!*"

**Finis.** *London: Printed for Charles Tyus, on London-bridge.*

[Black-letter. Four woodcuts: 1st. man, p. 542; 2nd, woman, ditto; 3rd, man, vol. vii, 279; 4th, Q. Anne of Denmark, vi, 66. Date, 1659-64.]

*Note.*—Charles Tyus had *The Three Bibles on London-Bridge*, from 1659 to 1664, probably until September, 1666, when the Great Fire destroyed his shop. The sign, but not *Tyus*, re-appeared on the Bridge in 1668. A cancelled word of political import, here *restored* to the text, is the name of "our noble General," GEORGE MONK.



HOP-PICKING IN A GARDEN OF WEST KENT.

(From Miss J. H. L. DE VAYNES'S 'Kentish Garland,' Vol. I.)

(The only work that gathers and reprints nearly all the Songs and Ballads of Kent.)

Printed by Stephen Austin & Sons, Hertford, 1881-82.

## In the Hop-Gardens of Kent.

"In *Kent*, so famed of old, close by the famous *Knoll*, [= *Knowle Park*.  
A swain to a goddess told an amorous story;  
Cry'd he: 'These jarring days, when kings contend for bays,  
Your love my soul doth raise, beyond their glory.

'My Life, my lovely Dear! whilst you are smiling here,  
The plants and flowers appear more sweetly charming;  
The Sun may cease to shine, and may his power resign,  
Your eyes give rays divine, all Nature warming.'

She made a kind return, that nothing had of scorn;  
'This Youth' (thought I), 'doth burn to bring her under.'  
But as they homeward mov'd, and walk'd, and talk'd, and lov'd,  
*I found his Spouse she proved: that was the wonder!*"

—D'URFEY's *Conjugal Love*; To an Air in *Pyrrhus*.



'URFEY sang in praise of wedded lovers, who continued their affection for each other long after the honeymoon had passed its calendar climax. Decorously he here celebrates his favourite county, the over-rated '*Invieta*'—"unconquered and unconquerable" (so say its friends); because it is "unworthy of being conquered," say its enemies. Less discreetly D'UrfeY sang the adventures of a 'Yeoman of Kent,' three miles from Gravesend. It begins, "In *Kent*, I hear, there lately did dwell Long *George*, a yeoman by trade." This Long George is detected, after having come uninvited to Swanscomb vicarage, paying court to the Parson's compliant maid, Mary. He is routed by the said Parson's own wife. It is bewildering to learn that

"The Parson cries: 'You wicked young dog!

How durst you do such a folly?

For tho', to save strife, I may preach with my wife,

I sometimes sing anthems with *Molly*.'"

KENT is presented unfavourably in the Roxburghe Collection, although it includes both 'The Kentish Miracle' and 'Kentish Wonder' (see pp. 33, 39). An allusion was made (in vol. vi, p. 255) to '*Kentish Dick*'; or, The Lusty Coachman of *Westminster*: but neither he nor the 'Excise-man of Rochester' can be counted among the prize exhibits of 'The Garden of England.' Dick's reputation is in bad odour. Injured womenkind vow vengeance against their seducer, and resolve to punish him summarily—when they catch him. They hatch mischief; but their eggs will be addled.



[*One of the Lasses.*]



[Roxburghe Collection, II, 246 ; Euing, 148 ; Jersey, I, 315 = Lindes., 696.]

## Kentish Dick ; or, The Lusty Coachman of Westminster ;

With an Account how he tickled the young Lasscs, and caused their  
sad Lamentation.

TUNE OF, *Let Mary live long* [vol. vi, p. 224]. Licensed according to Order.

IN Westminster Town you there may discover  
A wauering Lover ;  
The tawny and brown, as well as the fair,  
He will commonly court, he is ripe for the sport ;  
A Coachman by trade,  
*Stout, brawny young Richard, stout, brawny young Richard,*  
*A delicate blade.*

He came out of *Kent*, with delicate training  
For pleasing young women ;  
He 'll give them content, whereuer he goes ;  
He 'll have at them all, both the short and the tall,  
And follows the trade :  
*His name is stout Richard (bis) ; a brawny young blade.*

He 's loath to be ty'd to any one woman,  
He loves to liue common ;  
The name of a Bride he cannot endure.  
When he 's weary of one to another he'll run :  
Now this is the trade  
*Of lusty stout Richard (bis) ; that dexterous blade.*  
He 's wanton and wild, a stallion he passes !  
And five or six Lasscs  
Are gotten [beguil'd] by him, as I hear ;  
Yet he 'll marry with none, though they make their sad moan,  
But does them degrade,  
*A brawny young fellow (bis), a dexterous blade.*

“ Dear *Richard* ! ” one cries, “ behold my condition ;  
With humble submission  
And watery eyes, your love I intreat :  
Tell me when we shall wed ? You have [known I 'm ill sped]. ”  
He does her degrade,  
And swears he 'll not marry an impudent jade.  
She told him again, when first he did use her,  
He would not abuse her ;  
Yet this was in vain : like *Hector* he swore,  
That he 'd never be ty'd to any one bride !  
Thus did he degrade  
*The poor loving creature (bis), that once was a maid.*  
A horrible crime ! Some say there are seven,  
And others, eleven,  
At this very time, [undone] by this spark,  
Who [are searching] about, for to find the knave out  
That does them degrade.  
*He crys he hath [trick'd 'em] (bis), an impudent blade !*



"We'll [shear] him" (says one); "of n[ight-walk]s we'll free him,  
If ever we see him;

Or he'll over-run all maids of the town!

Let's sever from [London] that [wretch, since we're undone],  
Which did us degrade."

*He is, I must tell you (bis), an impudent blade."*

Printed for J. Deacon, at the *Angel*, in *Gilt-spur-street*, without *Newgate*.

[Black-letter. Eight woodcuts: 1st, the Lady, with a crocus or tulip, vol. vi, p. 45; 2nd, the long-haired youth *given here*; 3rd, the lively lady, *also here*; 4th, the two children of '*Kentish Wonder*,' p. 35 *ante*; 5th to 8th are women, representing Dick's deluded lasses—one is on p. 545. Date, 1684-89.]

This '*Kentish Dick*' resembles '*Lusty Lawrence*,' alias '*Larrance*'; whose misadventures were recorded in Black-letter. They brought into trouble with the Licensers and the Stationers' Company the two printers, Thomas Cross and Richard Blackwall (an early case of Cross and Blackwell's pickle!), with infliction of a fine of 2s. 6d. for selling the ballad (as may be seen by the Registers of Stat. Comp., 14th June, 1594, and 10th April, 1598: compare *Bagford Ballads*, Introduction, p. xxxvi, and their *Index*, note, p. 1073). '*A Second Part of Lusty Larrance*, shewing his fall and ende,' has been entered in the Register to Thomas Creed, so early as 15th November, 1596. It is extremely probable that in '*Kentish Dick*' is preserved a colourable imitation or reproduction of the more ancient '*Lusty Larrence*, disguised in name and tune, but no farther. No complaint was lodged against Jonah Deacon, for whom, *circa* 1689, this '*Lusty Coachman of Westminster*' was reprinted, inappropriately 'at the Angel in Gilt-spur-street, without Newgate.' If '*Cantuar*' had again '*intervened*,' it might have been Newgate within!



These cuts show '*Kentish Dick*' and the second of his six Lasses. The ballad in Roxb. Coll. precedes one on "*A modest Maid of Kent*," who has a pliant conscience of her own. '*A Kentish Frolic*' is extra.

[Pepysian Collection, III, 242. Apparently unique.]

## The Kentish Frolick ; or, Sport upon Sport :

Being an Account of Six Young Maidens, who, swimming in a River near *Canterbury*, w[ere] suddenly surprised by Six Young Men, who, after sporting with them in the River, took away their smocks, gowns, and petticoats: which occasioned much mirth and pleasant Pastime.

TUNE OF, *Let Mary live long*. [See p. 546.] Licensed according to Order.

A Frolick of late | was near *Canterbury* :  
 Six Lasses right merry, |  
*Joan, Bridget, and Kate, | Doll, Nancy, and Sue,*  
 On a hot summer's day, | these all took their way,  
 Brisk, buxom, and trim, | to a pleasant River, [i.e. the *Stour*.]  
 To a pleasant River ; | Resolving to Swim.

Quoth *Joan* : " I declare, I'll show you a River  
 Where seldom, or never, Young Gallants come there ;  
 Thus private we be, though our skins we expose,  
 When we strip off our cloathes ; 'tis private, I know :  
 We'll all in together [*Repeat*] : come, Girls, let us go ! "

This being agreed, they tripp'd on together,  
 Like birds of a feather ; then coming with speed  
 To the River side, in the grass they sat down,  
 Where each Lass stript her gown, and smicket likewise :  
 To see them all naked [*bis*] would dazzle your eyes.

First *Joan* did begin, and cry'd, " Follow after !  
 For warm is the water " : the rest ventur'd in,  
 Like Beautiful Swans : thus they bathed to and fro ;  
 Still above and below, they sweeten'd their gear.

Quoth *Nancy* and *Susan* [*Repeat*], " What pleasure is here ! "

They had not been then | above half an hour,  
 E're out of a Bower | came five or six Men,  
 Who knew their design : straight they stript to their skin ;  
 Where they follow'd them in, and [espy'd] their gear.

Quoth Robin, " Young Lasses [*bis*], what pleasure is here ! "

Young *Joan* she did seek | a place amongst rushes  
 To hide her sweet blushes : the men to the squeek  
 Did put all the rest. *Kate, Bridget, and Sue,*  
 Cry'd, " What shall we do ? " The young men reply'd,  
 " We are for a frolick ! " [*bis*] they merrily cry'd.

The Gallants got out | from their charming features, [sic.  
And left the poor creatures to wander about  
In [the] water a while. When the young men w[ere] drest,  
I'll vow and protest, away they did go  
With gowns, scarves, and coynets [bis], and smickets also.

Then over the Lands the Girls run stark naked,  
For they could not take it, with wringing of hands ;  
Sad moan they did make, on their knees they did fall,  
And begg'd of them all to hide their disgrace.  
At length the Young Gallants [bis] did pity their case.

Each Lass got her gown, and all their Apparel ;  
Thus ended the Quarrel : then coming to Town  
They drank and were friends. For the young men w[ere] kind,  
Being all of one mind : it ne'er had been known  
But only for Susan [Repeat], who quarrel'd with Joan.

### Finis.

Printed for C. Tracey, at the Three Bibles on London Bridge.

[Black-letter. Woodcuts : see vol. iv. p. 438. Date, 1689-1693. Two earlier ballads, on the same subject, were reprinted in vol. iv, pp. 436 to 441. The first had appeared in the *Westminster Drollery*, Second Part, p. 100, 1672, there entitled "The Bathing Girdles" : to the common *Galliard* tune. It began, "It was in June, and 'twas on Barnaby Bright too!" (meaning the 21st of June, O.S., known from St. Barnabas festival as 'Barnaby bright, Barnaby bright, the longest day and the shortest night'). Thirteen years later came an imitation of it, fixing the locality in Devonshire, licensed by Richard Pocock 1685-88, 'The Devonshire Damsels' Frolick' : it begins, "Tom and William, with Ned and Ben, in all they were about nine or ten." The tune was named "Where's my Shepherd? my love, hey ho!" but the ballad thus cited, 'Cupid's Victory over the Maidens' hearts' (reprinted in vol. iii, p. 554), licensed by R. P., identifies it as the 'new playhouse tune, or *The Maids a washing themselves*.' (See on a later page, in the 'GROUP OF FEMALE RAMBLERS,' a ballad to this tune, and entitled 'The Wanton Wenches of Wiltshire,' beginning, "Now, young batchelors, all draw near!"). This decides the question of the tune.]

A different ballad and subject, but bearing a similar title to the Pepysian, viz. 'The Kentish Frolick ; or, The Tanner betray'd in his Fat Pig, which he pinch'd from the Butcher and brought home in his Bull-hide' : to the tune of *Ladies of London*, licensed by R. Pocock, 1685-88, and printed by J. Blare, on London-bridge ; begins, "There was a Tanner that lived in Kent" (Douce Coll., I, 107). It is reprinted in Miss De Vaynes's *Kentish Garland*, p. 221, vol. i, 1881.

Of two other Kentish ditties, unreprinted, and not belonging to the Roxb. Collection, one, unique, bears the title of 'A Wonder in Kent ; or, The Admirable Stomacke of one Nicholas Wood, dwelling at Harrißom' [= Harrietsham, near Maidstone], etc. He was 'the great eater.' By R. C. = Richard Crymsall or Climsall. Tune of, *The Maudling Souldier* (iii, 111). Printed for H. Gosson, and beginning, "All you that valiant fellows be." The other Pepysian ballad is "Hey for Horn-Fair ; or, Room for Cuckolds, here comes a company." It begins, "At Charlton there was a Fair." Licensed by R. L' Estrange, circa 1684 ; sung to the tune of D'Urfeys *Winchester Wedding*. (See vol. vii, p. 208.)

[Roxburghe Coll., II, 248 ; Pepys, III, 863 ; Lind., 619, 620.]

## The Kentish Maiden ;

### Or, The Fumbling Ale-Draper decided :

Who gave a Handkerchief and Money for a night's lodging with  
a Lass, whom at length he left in the Lurch.

TUNE OF, *The Languishing Swain*. [See p. 413.] Lic. according to Order.

I Was a modest Maid of *Kent*, who never knew what kissing meant,  
Until my Master tempted me, with gifts for my virginity.

Long was I courted ere I'd yield, and when at last he won the field  
He gave me a lawn kerchief fine, declaring that it should be mine ;

Likewise a golden Guinea bright, that he might [stay] with me one night.  
I granted his demands straightway : what lass alive could say him nay ?

He was right generous and free, bestowing such large gifts on me ;  
Yet I did such a conscience make, that I would not his guinea take.

My conscience saith it was too much to take for just one single touch ;  
And therefore, when he laid it down, I took no more than one poor crown.

One sorrow never comes alone ; soon after this my Dame did own  
The handkerchief which then I wore, saying that it was her's before.

Then did she fly at me, in brief, and told me I had play'd the thief.  
" Your words I scorn ; no thief am I, nor shall you catch me in a lye.

" This handkerchief, not long ago, my Master did on me bestow,  
The night he [wish'd] with me to [stay] : now where 's the harm of this, I pray ? "

The Mistress flew and call'd her 'ore, and by the quoif the maid she tore :

" Must you, forsooth, my partner be, where there's not [love] enough for me ? "

" Dear Mistress, be not in a rage : you spake the truth, I dare ingage ;  
For though all night he [sought to stay], he could not one sweet lesson [s]ay. "

But straight in wrath reply'd her Dame : " You saucy slut, you are to blame  
In letting him come in your [room] : suppose he 'd [brought you] to your doom ? "

" Forsooth ! " (said she) " had it been so, it might have prov'd my Overthrow !  
But he can never hurt a Maid unless she's by herself betray'd. "

[Black-letter.] Printed for *J. Back*, at the *Black-Boy*, on *London-Bridge*.

[Two woodcuts, in vol. iii, pp. 349 and 396 : 1st, the bedroom scene, vii, 358 ;  
2nd, a blotted scroll ornament, iii, 396. Date, *circa* 1692.]

The ballad was formerly also in the Jersey Collection, I, 204 = Lindes., 619.  
(It is there printed on verso of lower half of the 'Elegy on Sir Thomas Pilkington' : see our *Bagford Ballads*, pp. 489, 490, and Postscript Supplement, pp. lxxvi \*\* and \*\*\*, issued in 1885. Another duplicate of the 'Kentish Maiden,' Lindes., 620, is incongruously printed on the verso of "To God alone let us all glory give !" — mutilated similarly to Roxb. Coll., II, 248, lacking title, a ballad on the maritime war of 1692, reprinted in our vol. vii, p. 746).

Probably the same author wrote this ballad of 'The Modest Maid of Kent,' and 'The Crafty Lass of the West, who Mortgaged her maidenhead for a High-crown'd Hat.' (Roxb. reads 'Sold.' Perhaps the 'Fair Maid of Islington' was his, also (*Bagford Ballads*, p. 410), she who "was never a penny the worse."



[Roxburghe Collection, III, 492; Douce, III, 28; Madden, II, 286.]

## The Fair Maid of the West;

Who [mortgaged] her Maidenhood for a High-crown'd Hat.

[TUNE OF, *Liggan-Water* : see vol. iii, 475.] Licensed according to Order.



I Pray attend unto this Jest : A youthful maiden in the West,  
 She was gay and handsome too, as I the truth may tell to you ;  
 And therefore now I pray attend unto these lines which I have penn'd,  
 And if you do not say the same, I think you will be much to blame.

Upon a day it happened so, that she would to [the] market go ;  
 Taking her money, great and small, to buy a High-crown'd Hat withal.  
 As soon as e'er she did come there, unto a shop she did repair,  
 Where soon a youthful Batchelor did fix his wanton eyes on her.

" Kind Sir " (said she), " a Hat I'd have ; and pray let me have what I crave ;  
 One that is fine, and light to wear ! " He strait did fit her to a hair.

" What is the price ? " she then reply'd ; " seven shilling I have [not] deny'd."  
 " I will fit you well " (to her he said), " because you are a handsome maid.

" I'll let you have it for a crown, if that you'll let me, [and not frown,]  
 Embrace you to my heart's content, until a pleasant hour be spent." ]  
 She seem'd to blush, and stand a while ; at length she answer'd with a smile :  
 " What ! m[*e* embrace], and *money* too ? No, kind sir, *that will not do !* "

He strait did whisper in her ear : " I will befriend thee now, my dear :  
 Let me enjoy my heart's-delight, and you shall have the Hat outright."  
 This Maid she did no longer stand, but struck the bargain out of hand ;  
 And having given the youth content, she took her Hat and away she went.

### [The Second Part. TO THE SAME TUNE.]

NOW as she pass'd along the way, she to herself these words did say :  
 " With a fine Hat I now am sped, and all for a silly [kiss, instead !]"  
 Then coming to her mother strait, this hopeful bargain to relate :

" O Mother ! O Mother ! as I'm true, I have a Hat and [my] money too ! "

" Why, Hussey ! " (her Mother then reply'd), " how was the Haberdasher paid ? "  
 " He had [kiss'd, and made me kiss him"], said she ; " which was a great  
 plague unto me."

The good old wife flew in a rage, and nothing could her wrath assuage ;  
 Thrusting her daughter out of door, and said she'd never own her more,—



If this same Hat she did not take again to the town, and haste to make,  
 And give it him, [that amorous swain,] and bring her [payment] back again.  
 With sighs and tears she did lament, as to the market-town she went  
 To tell the shop-keeper, therefore, he must [what she had paid] restore.

"For why? my mother won't agree that I should [let it go]," said she.

"Why, then, come in! I will freely part [from] it to thee, with all my heart!"

As soon as she did it receive, poor heart! she did no longer grieve;

But made a courtesy to the ground, because she had this kindness found.

Then home again this lass did hie, and told her mother presently,

"An honest man he seem'd to be, for he restor'd it willingly."

"Well, daughter, had it not been so, it might have been your Overthrow; [p. 550.

But since he did it you restore, see that you play the fool no more."

Printed and Sold in *Aldermary Church-Yard, Bow-Lane, London.*

[Roxb. in White-letter, *circa* 1772, with two woodcuts: a man, and the oval of a girl, p. 548: the bowing man belongs to p. 480. Black-letter editions were printed for *P. Brookshy, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back, circa* 1688. They began, "Here is a jest, I do protest, of a young damsel in the West."]

## The Crafty Miss and the Exciseman.

"Ah! what is man? what perils still environ

The happiest mortals—even after dinner!

A day of gold, from out an age of iron,

Is all that life allows the luckiest sinner."

—*Don Juan*, c. iii, 36.

**M**ANY girls are radically vicious, and seek their own ruin. Between the depraved of both sexes is never a pin to choose. This Crafty Miss "went to the bad" without benefit of clergy.

Pedantic professors of purity and prurient prowling prudes, being the bond-slaves of vicious instincts and hypocrisy, morbidly fastidious, forage after impropriety, wherever their splay feet wander. To the *impure* all nature becomes tainted. They fatten their spite on corruption. It is enough if a line of exclusion be drawn against what is intentionally foul, in the dull stupidity of ballads, or songs, or dramas, or novelettes, that outrage decency. Human nature was unruly, even among the rigidly righteous.

Idealist poets and Utopians dwell alone in the Happy Valley of stainless innocence. A false impression of the old-world literature would be given if reprints were limited to musty cartularies and Star-chamber citations, with dreary tractates and Puritan sermons. No offence need be taken at the sharp practice of the "Crafty Miss," who at Rochester punishes the amorous Exciseman by eloping with his gold, and leaving him to account for a stolen mare left behind her in exchange. Such satires against libertines always found favour, where vice is punished by contempt and loss.

"This was in *Rochester City*, the truth you may certainly find;

The people afforded no pity, but said he was serv'd in his kind."

The tune is *Moggie's Jealousy* (see p. 442; and vol. vi, pp. 170, 171; vii, 443).

[Roxb. Collection, II, 577; Pepys, III, 274; Douce, I, 23 *vo.*; Jersey, I, 50 = Lind., 1155.]

## The Crafty Miss;

Or, An Excise-man well fitted:

Being a true relation of an Excise-man who lately, in the County of *Kent*, had received the sum of four-score pounds, and light[en] into the company of a Crafty Miss, who gave him the Chouse for it all; and, riding away with his Gelding, left in its stead a Mare which she had stole: for which Mare he was arraigned, and narrowly escaped the extreme penalty of the Law. Which may be a sufficient warning to all Excise-men, far and near, to amend their lives, to hate a Miss, and love their wives.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Moggie's Jealousie*. [See pp. 442, 472; and vi, 170.]

There was an Excise-man so fine, rode into the County of *Kent*;  
And there he received much coyn—for that very purpose he went.  
He met with a jolly brave Miss, her beauty was fair to behold,  
But she gave him a *Judas'* kiss, and shew'd him a trick for his gold.

She rod[en] on a bonny brave Mare, he rid on a Gelding also;  
He whisper'd a word in her ear, straightway to an Inn they did go.  
He was of a pretty condition, he call'd her the joy of his life;  
And then, without any suspicion, they passed for husband and wife.

They set up the Mare and the Gelding, and call'd for a Supper with speed;  
Their wine it was plenti'ly fill'd in, and lovingly then they agreed.  
O then they were heartily merry, their joys did begin to abound;  
They drank up full brimmers of Sherry, and the glass it went merrily round.

He had not the sight of his Folly, fond Love had so blinded his eyes;  
O then he was heartily jolly, he thought he had gotten a prize.  
Then whilst they most lovingly greeted, he thought he was certainly blest;  
But ne'r was Excise-man so treated! O now comes the cream of the jest.

He pull'd out a purse full of gold, which he had receiv'd for Excise,  
And said to his Landlord, "Behold, keep this till next morning we rise."

His Miss she did call him her Honey, and straight to embracing they fall;  
But her mind still run on the money, to give him the Chouse for it all.

And whilst he was snoring and sleeping, she thought it no time to delay,

But giving the Landlord a meeting, O thus unto him she did say :  
 " My husband he has not the power to rise, although it be day,  
 Yet he hath appointed an hour to pay all this money away.

" The time doth begin to expire ; then prithee now saddle his steed,  
 And, Landlord, I do you desire to fetch me the money with speed."  
 The Inn-keeper he did believe it, and fetch[<sup>d</sup>] her the four-score pound,

And she was as glad to receive it ; she neither spar'd horse-flesh nor ground.

But when the Excise-man did waken, and found that his Miss she was fled,

And seeing himself thus forsaken, while he had been sleeping a bed,  
 O then how he rapped and thunder'd, he was in a cholerick heat ;  
 His pockets was pillag'd and plunder'd, he found he had met with a cheat.

The Landlord the chamber did enter, and bowing himself to the ground,

" Sir, have you forgot where you sent her, to pay-in the four-score pound ? "

The Landlord no sooner had said it, but then he was daunted straightway ;

But yet, for the sake of his credit, O never a word he would say.

But then he was fretting and petting, he had n'er a penny of *Cole*,  
 His Miss rid away with the Gelding, and left him a Mare she had stole :

[*Cole* = money.]

For which they did soon apprehend him, in sorrow he then did complain,

For they to a prison did send him, where he did till 'Sizes remain.

And there he was 'raign'd at the Bar, besides all the money he lost.  
 O now, you Excise-men, beware ! you see in your courting you 're crost !

The Bill it had like to 'been found, because he had call'd her his Wife :

It cost him many a pound, and had like to have cost him his life.

This was in *Rochester* City, the truth you may certainly find.

The people afforded no pitty, but said he was serv'd in his kind.

But now the Excise-man is sorry that ever he met with this Jade,  
 For sure she had learn'd her J[o]urny, she lackt but a stock to her Trade.

*Finis.*

[Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel*, in *Guilt-spur-street*.]

[Black-letter. No woodcut. Colophon lost, but supplied from Lind., No. 1155.  
 Entered in Stationers' Comp. Registers, 19th June, 1684.]

## A Trial of Skill.

OF a century earlier date than 'The Tar's Frolic,' quoted on p. 437, this is a similar Miss-adventure, but one that ends more disastrously for the grazier than for the sailor. Such queer cattle as they dealt with are sure to lead them astray. The burden is, 'Take heed of bad women, therefore : by women are men overthrown.'

\*\* At this date, and earlier, there were female freebooters, boldly stopping travellers on the highway. One ballad, (given in our *Second Preface*, p. ix\*, ante), is entitled 'The Female Highway Hector.' In general, they left the dangerous 'Pad,' to some male companion, and lived on the proceeds, although not averse to plunder any 'cully' on their own account. Similar trickery to that employed by the 'Crafty Miss' at Rochester is shown in the ballads of 'Tom the Tailor near the Strand' (vol. vii, pp. 466 to 487); and in this 'Trial of Skill.'

The incident of her leaving a child to be kept is repeated elsewhere, in 'Roger the Miller's Present' (for which see the subsequent group of ballads on 'The Rogueries of Millers'). Another ballad on a Grazier is extant—'The wealthy Grazier's Joys Completed; or, The Shepherd's beautiful Daughter Obtained.'

His Love was pure and did endure, and will for evermore;  
Her beauty bright is his delight, and her he doth adore.

Tune of, *Ladies of London*, etc. Licensed by Richard Pocock, 1685-88, and printed for J. Deacon, at the Angel. It begins, "Prithee, sweet creature, sit down by my side; I have no design to undoe thee." (Pepys Coll., III, 168; Huth, II, 140; Jersey, I, 113 = Lindes., 1020). There is a sequel to this ballad on the Grazier, entitled, 'An Answer to the Wealthy Grazier; or, An Account of the pleasant passages on the Wedding-Day.' Same tune, licenser, and publisher. With argument-verse:

Tho' she was mean, yet like a Queen  
She did appear most gay;  
Her Uncle's gold she did behold  
Upon her wedding-day.

It begins, "Did you not hear of a Wedding of late?" (Pepys Coll., III, 172; Douce, I, 5 verso.)

'A Trial of Skill' was sung to the good old tune of *I'm ragged and torn and true*, so named from Martin Parker's ballad, which was registered 20th December, 1630; beginning, "I am a poor man, God knows, and all my neighbours can tell." Other names of the tune are, *Old Sir Simon the King* and *When this Old Cap was New*. *Popular Music*, pp. 264, 267, 776.)



[This is the 'poor decayed Gentlewoman' of 'A Trial of Skill,' p. 554.]

[Roxb. Coll., III, 52; Pepys, IV, 303; Rawlinson, 114; Huth, II, 23 and 121; B.M., Case 22, e. 2, art. 20; Jersey, I, 162, and II, 196, 255 = Lindes, 731-3.]

## A Tryall of Skill;

Perform'd by a poor decay'd Gentlewoman, who cheated a rich  
Crasier of Seven-score Pound, and left him a child to keep.

If you will know, then listen a while,  
And you shall know that which will make you smile.

THE TUNE IS, *Ragged and torn* [and true. See p. 555; and vol. ii, p. 409].

**K**IND Country-men, list to my Ditty, I pray you, what ever you be;  
I know that my case you will pity, I pray then take warning by me.  
Seven-score pounds I did loose, beside a fine [child for to nurse]; [mutilated].  
My Sweetheart she did me abuse, and lett me no coyn in my purse.  
*Take heed of bad women, therefore: by women are men overthrown,  
And rich men are often made poor, when as they keep more than their own.*

I brought some Cattel to Town, and sold them for seven-score pound,  
But money-less then I went home, with sorrow incompassed around;  
A dainty fine Cloak-bag I had, within it my treasure I laid:  
My fortune it maketh me sad, to think how I was betray'd. *Take heed, etc.*

As through *Cheap-side* I did pass, mistrusting no manner of harm,  
I met with a poor decay'd Lass, with a pretty fine child in her arm;  
She seemed in [her] habit to be a Gentlewoman made poor:  
She asked relief then of me, then I thought to make her my whore.

Quoth she, "Pray yield some relief!" (these words then unto me she said),  
"Unto a poor wretch full of grief, a poor Gentlewoman decay'd!"  
"Fair Mistris" (quoth I), "I do grieve to see you distressed to be,  
But I all your wants will relieve, if you will be ruled by me.

"Go with me [now] unto my Inn, and there you shall lye at your ease;  
You never was brought up to spin, but Gentlemen's humours to please:  
I'll tell them that you are my Wife, and this is my child that you have":  
'Twas I that did breed all the strife, and with me my self plaid the Knave.

She seem'd to be overjoy'd, and cast a sheep's-eye upon me;  
She "could not be better imploy'd," and so we did quickly agree.  
When unto the Inn I did come, her fingers did itch at my pelf;  
I call'd for a large fair room, for my wife, my child, and myself.

A dainty fine Supper we had, and brought up unto us with speed;  
But all the charge lay upon me, I paid for it soundly indeed.  
Now when we had sup'd, I kist her, and she was as willing as I:  
But would to God that I had mist her, and her decay'd Gentility!

Down stairs then softly she went, and call'd for my Cloak-bag with speed:  
This Harlot was surely bent for to undo me [indeed]. [text, rep. 'with speed.'  
"My Night-cloaths are in it," quoth she (in such mischief, Harlots are rife);  
He gave her my Cloak-bag most free, as thinking she had been my wife.

She cunningly slunk out of doors, when no body did her mind:  
I may bid a p[est] of all whores, for leaving her bastard behind.  
Now farewell my sevenscore Pound, *Lul-a-by* must be my song;  
I'm left like a Horse in the Pound: 'tis I that must suffer the wrong.



I call'd her to come unto bed, not thinking I had been undone ;  
I look'd like a man had been dead, when as I perceiv'd she was gone :  
I fretted, I fum'd, I swore ; the child had got a new Dad !  
And when I began for to ro[a]re, the people did think I was mad.

The Chamberlain run up amain : " Sir, what is the matter ? " quoth he.  
" O call back that woman again, for she hath quite ruined me :  
She leaveth her bastard behind her, on purpose to shorten my life :  
O prethee, see if thou can'st find her : for why ? she is none of my wife !

" But where is my Cloak-bag, I pray ? for therein lies all my gains." [pains !]"  
" I gave it your wife, by my fay ! " " Then would you were hang'd for your  
" You call'd her your wife and your honey ! why should not your wife then be bold,  
To have the command of your money, your Cloak-bag, your silver and gold ? "

The child lay crying apace, and I lay swearing as fast ;  
To understand rightly my case the Inn-keeper came at the last :  
When he understood the matter, he said he was glad 'twas no worse ;  
He told me that he would not flatter, for I must provide me a Nurse.

" I 'm sorry you met with this [*C*]harlot, the cause of your sorrow and grief,  
But you would have made her your harlot, if she had not proved a thief :  
You wanted a Bit for your Cat, to purge out your mad melancholy :  
I pray you think wisely of that, for you have paid well for your folly."

This was all the comfort he gave me ; I was never before so beguild ;  
The folks in the house did out-brave me, and bid me provide for my child.  
I carried [the] child unto nurse, to end all the struggle and strife :  
With never a groat in my purse, I went home unto my wife.

No wonder that meat is so dear, the Grasier so pincheth the poor ;  
But now, it doth plainly appear, the Grasier maintaineth a whore.  
Since wenches so chargeable are, the Grasier had need to be witty,  
If ever it should be his care to fetch his loss out of the City.

*Take heed of bad women, therefore : by women are men overthrown,  
And rich men are often made poor, when as they keep more than their own.*

### Finis.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.*

[Black-letter. Two woodcuts: 1st, the Old Cavalier, p. 55; 2nd is the top half of the Lady given complete on p. 555. Another edition (Brit. Mus., C. 22, e. 2, art. 20) was printed for *J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger.* Date of Roxb., before 1681: the original was earlier.]

\* \* On p. 443 another Kentish ditty, 'A Mad Marriage' at Deptford, is reprinted. In confirmation of this ballad and attempted fraud, a four-leaved pamphlet, 4to., is extant, entitled, 'The She-Wedding; or, A Mad Marriage between *Mary*, a Seaman's Mistress, and *Margaret*, a Carpenter's Wife, at *Deptford*: being the full Relation of a Cunning Intrigue carried on and managed by two women, to hide the discovery of a big b[o]y, and make the parents of [*Mary's*] Sweetheart provide for the same; for which fact the said parties were both Committed, and one of them now remains in the Round House at *Greenwich*, the other being bailed out. 1684.' 'Cheat upon Cheat,' promised on p. 443, is given on p. 558.



# Cheat upon Cheat;

## Or, The Debaucht Hypocrite:

Being a true Account of Two Maidens, who lived in *London*, near *Fish-street*, the one being named *Susan*, the other *Sarah*. *Susan*, being dressed in Man's apparel, courted *Sarah*, to the great trouble of the deceived Damsel, who thought to be pleasur'd by her bridal-night's lodging: as you may find by the Sequel.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Tender hearts of London City*. [See p. 443, ante.]

When maidens come to love and dote, and want the use of man,  
Against their wills they needs must shew 't, let them do what they can.

Come and hear the strangest story euer Fortune lay'd before ye,  
Of a Wedding strange but true;  
For such a one was neuer known, as I will now declare to you.

There was two maids in *London-City*, one was wanton, t'other witty,  
*Sue* and *Sarah* was their names;  
It doth appear they married were, and *Sarah* tasted *Cupid's* flames.

A Gentleman, that lived nigh 'um, had a mighty mind to try 'um,  
And this *Susan* did ingage  
That she would go, and court her so, that he her passion might  
asswage.

Disguis'd went she, and fell to wooing; *Sarah* she would needs be  
doing,

So she quickly gave consent.

They soon agreed to match with speed; but now poor *Sarah* doth  
lament.

[\*A stanza transposed.

*Susan* strangely was disguised; *Sarah's* heart was soon surprized,  
So that she did condescend;

She ne'er deny'd to be a Bride, but her young Lover did commend.\*

*Sarah* thought love her befriended, now but mark what this attended,  
And 'twill make you much admire

That *Susan* she so arch should be, to set poor *Sarah's* heart on fire.

With sword and wigg was *Susan* dress'd, *Sarah* thought that she  
was blessed

With a Gallant, none more fair:

But pity 'twas, a wanton Lass should be so much mistaken there.

While her joys were [not] completed, *Sarah* was extreemly cheated,  
Which did make her vitals fail;

To [w]ed they went, with joynt consent, and she found a [hope]  
without [av]ail.

[ = *Felis Manxia, sine cauda.*

Now is *Sarah* much concerned, but by this some wit she learned,  
 Though she for it paid full dear,  
 For from her eyes, with fresh supplies, down trickles many a  
 brackish tear.

Now is *Sarah* discontented, her misfortune much lamented :  
 Maidens, then, pray have a care !  
 Lest *Susan* comes, with Sugar-plums, to bring poor damsels into  
 a snare. [Cf. p. 199, 2nd stanza.]

Quoth *Sarah*, "Why would you abuse one, whom you lov'd,  
 deceitful *Susan* ?

Why would you me thus betray ?"  
 "Oh ! then," quoth she, "'twas Jollity ! that made me thus the  
 antick play.

"Let no one know how you miscarry'd, how mistaken when you  
 marry'd ;  
 For 'twill make the world to laugh :  
 You walk'd your round, and then you found a Constable without  
 a staff."

Wonder not why this I write you, to be merry I invite you,  
 And to none do harm, I think ;  
 Let *Sarah* grieve, *Sue* did deceive, which made poor *Sarah's* heart  
 to sink.

To all maids let this be a warning ! All are wise that still are  
 learning,  
 Beauty is a meer decoy ;  
 Then have a care, least *Cupid's* snare do make you curse the  
 blinking boy.

Printed for *J. Blare*, at the *Looking-Glass*, in the *New-Buildings*  
 on *London-Bridge*.

[Black-letter. Two cuts : hostess with tavern score, vi, 475 ; bedroom scene, vii,  
 458. Date, 1683-4.]

\*.\* What has become of 'The Debauched Hypocrite' ? He was mentioned  
 in the title-rôle, and seen in the third stanza, instigating *Susan's* disguise, which  
 is the first cheat. He disappears from the two broadsides (viz. Huth, I, 28, and  
 Jersey, II, 286 = Lindes., 230). Neither of these exemplars, being *Blare's* edition,  
 fulfils the promise of giving what "you may find in the sequel," the 'Cheat upon  
 Cheat.' We detect another hand in *Brooksby's* unique broadside. It tells how the  
 man sought to ruin *Sarah* by disguising himself as the mock-husband, *Susan*, his  
 own confederate. This 'witty' young *Hempseed* juggles him. *Sarah*, the sham-  
 wife, is induced to hide herself, and be personated by the ubiquitous *Sue*, who  
 plays her cards so well that she wins a gold chain and ring from him as tokens,  
 and afterwards forces him to marry her, by threatening to betray him to the scorn  
 of *London-town*. The 'debauched hypocrite' yields to his fate, although in fear  
 of his wife again cheating him, after having made such a sorry bargain. But so  
 did *Helena* with the recreant *Bertram*, in *All's Well that Ends Well*.

*The Second Part. To THE SAME TUNE.*

While poor *Sarah* was belated, cunningly the Young-man waited ;  
 Then he thought "My turn has come !"  
 Strait with *Susan* he arranged, she and he their cloth[e]s exchanged ;  
 In he march'd, with tuck of drum.

Lewd was his intent, and wicked, but the Trickster he was tricked,  
*Susan* play'd a double game ;  
 She sought to be richly mated, caught him in the snare he baited,  
 Without fear of loss or shame.

In the dark he crept, disguised, to kiss *Sarah*, who[m] he prized,  
 Soon from her to hast[e] away ;  
 Saying, "She shall mourn her ruin, and blame *Sue* for her undoing,  
 When she sees the light of day !"

*Susan* cunningly had plotted to enthrall the Swain besotted,  
 Hiding *Sarah* at her beck :  
*Susan* pleas'd him, made him linger, drew a ring from off his finger,  
 And a gold chain from his neck.

Late he rose to go, next morning, *Susan* said, "Prithee, take warning,  
 Since you think I cheated be ;  
*Cheat on Cheat* comes with the morrow, you shall meet both shame  
 and sorrow  
 If you do not marry me !"

When she threaten'd to betray him, calling *Sarah* to waylay him,  
 As her witness, face to face ;  
 Soon the Hypocrite he yielded, marry'd *Susan*, to be shielded  
 From their mockery and disgrace.

They, fast bound in *Hymen's* tether, all three now must live together ;  
 He to both their tongues doth yield :  
 Dare he try to be their master, he would court a worse disaster,  
 Since two Women hold the field.

You Young-men who are deceivers, learn in Maids to be believers ;  
 Maids are witty, and will win :  
 Marry one whom you can trust, no true joy is bought by lust ;  
 Death the wages is of sin.

*Finis.*

Printed for *P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.*  
 [B.-L., circa 1684.]

Roxburghe Ballads.









*MUNCHAUSEN-like, this 'foolish' Greek' began [circa 1635.  
To draw the long-bow, a 'Swaggering-Man,'  
With "A Kent-street Souldier's exact relation  
Of all his Travels in every nation."  
It was Richard Climsall who sang of the fun done,  
And chose for his tune the 'Slow men of London.'*

"Roome for a Lad that's come from Seas,  
Hey, jolly Broome-man!  
That gladly now would take his ease,  
And therefore make me roome, man."

"When Tamburlaine overcame the Turke,  
I blew up thousands in a worke." Etc.

"But [since] I have now compas'd the Globe,  
I am backe return'd, as poore as Job."—Vol. i. 503.

The  
**Roxburghe Ballads.**

Illustrating the Last Years of the Stuarts.

EDITED,  
WITH SPECIAL INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES,

BY  
J. WOODFALL EBSWORTH, M.A., F.S.A.

WITH HIS COPIES OF THE ORIGINAL WOODCUTS.

**Vol. VIII. Part III.**

Group of Miscellaneous and Religious Ballads;  
on the Rogueries of Millers;  
and a Group of Female Ramblers.

" 'T is gone, with its thorns and its roses,  
With the dust of dead ages to mix!  
Time's charnel for ever encloses  
The Year Eighteen Hundred [Nine] Six."

*But we who pass free thro' the heaven  
Of Ballads and Songs and Folklore,  
Still rejoice in Eighteen Ninety-Six,  
And now offer you ONE VOLUME MORE.*

HERTFORD  
Printed for the Ballad Society,  
BY STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS.

1897.

*"The Hunt is up, the Hunt is up !  
And now it is almost day ;  
But he that's in bed, with another man's" cup,  
It's time for his ballads to pay.*

*"The Hunt is up, the Hunt is up !"  
Sing we a roundelay !  
The Hart may couch on the sword, or sup :  
He has held all his foes at bay.*



HERTFORD  
PRINTED BY STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS.





[This cavalcade of loyal Cavaliers is not the 'Diamond Jubilee' of 1897.]

## Preface to Part XXV.

"Ask nothing more of me, Sweet;  
 All I can give you, I give,  
 Heart of my heart: were it more,  
 More would be laid at your feet.  
 Love that would help you to live,  
 Song that would spur you to soar;  
 Ask nothing more of me, Sweet,  
 Ask nothing more, nothing more."

—A. C. SWINBURNE.



J. W. E.

WE have now completed the *Roxburghe Ballads*, and their 'Additional Notes,' in the year of our most gracious and beloved Empress Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, 1897. The four hundred and sixteen pages end our reprint of the enormous 'Roxburghe Collection of Ballads,' to which Her Majesty has been a constant subscriber for her Windsor Library, from the beginning of the Ballad Society in 1869.

\*\* It is necessary to divide into two halves the 416 pages, for two years' subscriptions, if paid in advance, now ready for simultaneous issue; including our copious *Ballad-Index* to this Vol. VIII (Part XXVI, for 1898: 2,300 separate entries of first lines, burdens, titles, or sub-titles, and tunes). Also the *General Introduction*.

There remains, for separate binding in a convenient single Part, the COMPLETE INDEX TO HISTORICAL NAMES AND EVENTS FOR THE ENTIRE EIGHT VOLUMES: but without prepayment the Name-Index cannot be set in type and issued.

Money for prepayment of this GENERAL INDEX is urgently needed, as well as for payment of the couple of present Parts XXV and XXVI (since they form a total of no less than twenty-six sheets, *i.e.* 416 pp.). Subscribers alone must bear the blame, if there be farther delay of payment. The Editor's toil has been heavy, but gratuitous, for a score of years; it included the drawing and engraving innumerable woodcuts. A few others are still needed; also the two promised copper-plate portraits, one being of the late William Chappell, F.S.A. For these his successor alone is responsible, as private giver.

Beginning on p. 737, and continuing to p. 880, "*Additional Notes*" are now given, to bring up the first three volumes to the standard of completeness, at this latest date (May, 1897), and also to fulfil every promise concerning the other five volumes. Attention is particularly directed to pp. 737-744, for a true statement of the relative proportion of the reprinted Roxburghe Ballads to the Pepysian, Rawlinson, Euing, and Wood Collections. From each of these, and from elsewhere, including the private Trowbesh series, large selections have been made, with this result, that *no less than eighteen hundred complete ballads or songs have been reprinted in these eight volumes*: of which only *three hundred and ninety-seven* had appeared in Mr. Wm. Chappell's three vols. before the present Editor began vol. iv. Such being the case, verified in detail, no apology whatever is needed or advanced for the great extension of the work to its full complement of Eight bulky volumes (some, in binding, had better be divided into two parts—and 'Second Division' title pages can be provided). It is true that, once and again, there have been hints and statements of a premature conclusion with Vol. VII. But this was because it appeared hopeless to sustain, for the additional years required, such a struggle, at cost of health, patience, and sorely restricted private resources: wholly unsupported from outsiders. With such faint-heartedness among subscribers, who appeared incapable of understanding or valuing the solitary exertions of their unhired, unpaid, but willing purveyor—the total silence of critics (except the *Athenæum* and *Notes and Queries*, gallant upholders both, while other journals received no press-copies through a culpable miserliness), it seemed well-nigh impossible to complete the ambitious design. "Time and the Hour run through the roughest day," and the work has now reached its Finale.

The Ballad Society started in 1868 with a splendid income. The list of subscribers in 1871 shows an annual Subscription List of £213 3s., viz. sixteen large-paper at three guineas per annum and 155 small-paper at a guinea per annum. Had the outgoing work been liberally furnished at greater speed (as in the Percy Society, quarterly, four of its booklets, instead of our one, at a wire-drawn twelve-months' interval), the membership might have continued satisfactory, and possibly increasing; although in general all Book-Societies decline after the novelty is passed. Capricious idlers become weary; they drop their payments in discontent. Death carries off a terrible percentage. Care need be taken to flatter and attract subscribers by generous outputs, by activity, and speedy progress. The Ballad Society's grand income never increased, but was frittered away in premature payments to incompetent copyists,

of texts that would not be needed for a score of years: some (long narrative 'Garlands,' Civil-War prosaic inanities, and modern stall-copy 'slip-songs') never to be actually used at all. The most wasteful extravagance of space was persisted in, with unsightly blanks, and unrestricted repetition of half-page blocks whenever they had reappeared in the original broadsides (see p. 738). Nine years gave reprints of no more than three hundred and ninety-seven ballads: yet these were almost without annotation or exhaustive introductions. Then the woful blunder of reducing to half-price the first nine years' issue damaged the commercial value, affording an excuse to grumblers who stopped payment, in hope to make up their own arrears at lessened cost. '*The Bagford Ballads*' were undertaken and completed by J. W. E., in two 'Divisions,' a total of 1200 pp.

In 1879-80, Mr. William Chappell (to whom love, gratitude, and reverence are due) felt the encroachments of age, and requested his willing friend and admirer, the present Editor, to take in hand the remainder of the increasingly heavy task: all the historical ballads being yet untouched, except that most untrustworthy transcripts had been made twelve years before. At this time the number of subscribers was only 124, and eight large-paper. Total, £155 8s.

In 1884 the income was £164 7s. 4d.; in 1885, when many deaths had occurred, £124 15s. 11d.; in 1886, £151 6s. 0d.; in 1887, £144 5s. 4.; in 1888, £144 13s. 10d.; in 1889, £183 6s. 4d.; and lastly, in December, 1890, before issuing Part XXI, £138 4s. 10d., leaving a balance of no more than £13 5s. 4d. to meet the expenses of the current Part for 1891 beyond the expected subscriptions. Since that date heavy arrears began to accumulate year by year, for the printers' bill, to be paid by the subscribers. With this drawback it has been difficult to accelerate completion of the work, in Parts XXV, XXVI, before the present date, and to include the *Ballad Index* in this final volume.

That the INDEX TO HISTORICAL NAMES AND EVENTS, for so voluminous and varied a work as the whole Eight Volumes, is desirable and almost indispensable, needs no elaborate argument. It cannot be obtained without the speedy help of an additional Guinea Subscription from every member of the Ballad-Society, and all previous arrears must be cleared off before it is sent to press. This should be the Editor's final work for the Ballad-Society. Insufficient funds preclude the chance of continuing with a separate publication of the CIVIL-WAR BALLADS, or the numerous valuable and unique B.-L. broadsides or unprinted early manuscripts which were within the scope of the present Editor. It is time for the curtain to fall, with the Supplementary Part, viz. 'The Complete Index.' It is hopeless to anticipate that a *combined and condensed 'Ballad Index to the Eight Volumes'* could gain support, to accompany the 'HISTORICAL NAMES INDEX.' 'Rest, and be Thankful!'

How much has been achieved single-handedly since 1879, by eighteen years of labour and decreasing income (more than doubling the output at less than half the outlay of funds), let his vols. iv, v, vi, vii, and viii be cited in proof. At the close of vol. vii, in 1893, Part XXII, it appeared possible to anticipate the completion of the Ballads in one more Part, reckoning the remainder to be a hundred. But this was confronting the probable exhaustion of funds, if not also of life and pertinacity. It would have entailed the omission of the 'Sempill Ballades,' the 'Robin Hood Ballads,' forty ballads of 'Female Ramblers,' and other risky portraiture; with all 'extras' from various collections of unique exemplars; and forty of the slip-songs. Nevertheless, at heavy cost in these 880 pp. of vol. viii, the whole are given back to the world, to a total of not merely ninety, but *three hundred and sixty-one complete and distinct ballads or songs.*

Among the rarities hitherto unattainable, but now given in this final volume, we may claim some gratitude for the resurrection of 'Barra Faustus's Dream,' both parts, widely dissevered in date: the B.-L. 'Second Part' belonging to 1640, reissued at the Restoration, probably also in 1670: the original First Part before 1609, or probably 1600. 'The New Broome-on-Hill' and 'Complaint of a Sinner' (both mutilated, in the unique exemplars) supply invaluable missing-links. The recovery of the genuine 'Duke's Wish': *I'll ask no more* (a final satire on the future James II, preceding the death of Charles II, in February, 168 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), rewards our search since 1882. We pity the poor nondescripts who cannot "snatch a fearful joy" from the complete broadside narrative of 'The Lusty Miller's Recreation' (p. 618), despite its theological undercurrent of moral impressiveness. Admittedly, some naughty Light-of-heels disported among the 'Female Ramblers' Group, of Kent and elsewhere, but merely as the forerunners of the 'Vampire' so convincingly limned by Philip Burne-Jones and Rudyard Kipling in this present year of the Diamond Jubilee—

"A Fool there was, and he made his prayer  
 (Even as you and I!),  
 To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair  
 (We called her 'the woman who did not care');  
 But the fool he called her his Lady Fair  
 (Even as you and I!).  
*Oh the years we waste, and the tears we waste,  
 And the work of our head and hand  
 Belong to the woman who did not know  
 (And now we know that she never could know)  
 And did not understand.* . . . . .

"The fool was stripped to his foolish hide  
 (Even as you and I!),  
 Which she might have seen when she threw him aside  
 (But it isn't on record the Lady tried);  
 So some of him lived, but the most of him died  
 (Even as you and I!).  
*And it isn't the shame, and it isn't the blame  
 That stings like a white hot brand—  
 It's coming to know that she never knew why  
 (Seeing at last she could never know why),  
 And never could understand!"*

—R. K.

If there be any silly moths who are dazzled by the glare of such baleful light as illuminates the features of the detected 'Vampire' or 'Female Rambler' of each successive age in the world's history, unchanging in vice although diverse in costume and language, they are warned in time by these '*Roxburghe Ballads*.'

J. WOODFALL EBSWORTH.





(Hypatia of Alexandria, preceptress, A.D. 415.)

*HONOUR where due ! honour and loving faith  
Enshrine the true ' New Woman ' of old time,  
The wise Hypatia ; prompt to charm and guide  
Upward and onward to the heights unscaled.*

*Her own dark age scarce prized her scope or aim :  
She shames the rant of our late boastful crew,  
Who now, unsex'd, disgrace pure womanhood,  
Worshipping Self as their sole deity.*

*' The Female Ramblers ' of two centuries past,  
Like ours, in viciousness of wanton guile,  
Were cursed with lures that tempt to mortal sin ;  
Cruel as death, fatal with Love or Hate.—J. W. E.*

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(ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-ONE DISTINCT BALLADS OR SONGS.)

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[*'The Long-Nosed Lass'* belongs to pp. 28, 801; 2nd, the *'Good Fellow's Counsel,'* to vol. vi, p. 501.]

"She walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes.  
Thus mellowed to that tender" bite,  
"Which heaven to" *Israelite* "denies."  
—*Hebrew Melody, appropriate.*

"Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,  
Recluse among the close embowering woods,  
As in the hollow breast of *Apennine*,  
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills."

—*'The lovely young Lavinia'* in her  
*Autumn Season, 1730.* By the  
earlier James Thomson.



## The New-made Gentlewoman.

“ Since Women they are grown so bad, I’le lead a single life ;  
 Not one in ten there’s to be had will make a careful wife :  
 Therefore I think ’tis best for me single for to remain :  
 For some are bound and would be free ; but wishes are in vain.”

— *The Politic Countryman* : tune of, *Hey boys, up go we.*

THE objectionable sisterhood of courtesans was a fleet of ill-toned barques, voyaging disastrously. They differed in tonnage and in spread of sail. To deceive the unwary they would hoist false colours and tender fraudulent bills of lading. But they invariably drifted towards fatal quicksands. One Lightskirt was easily confounded with another, having so much shamelessness in common. As it had been with the dogs of Fingal, so was it found to be with the sluts : “ *Mur e Bran, is e a bhrathair !* ” = ‘ If it be not *Bran*, it is *Bran’s brother* ! ’ Resemblance, not identity, connected the Hyde-Park damosel, who was met “ one evening a little before it was dark ” (see vol. vi, p. 496), with the present ‘ New-made Gentlewoman,’ who no less became “ a frigate that sail’d towards the Park.” One of her gallants, perhaps the Tantiviteer who escaped from her clutches betimes, lampooned her in a ditty. It was written by L. White, probably Leonard White.

In the preceding volume of these *Roxburghe Ballads* (vii, pp. 376, 379), are ‘ The Knight and the Beggar-wench,’ also ‘ The Merchant’s Son and the Beggar-wench of Hull ’ : ‘ light gear,’ of lowly station and tattered garments. Of loftier pretensions was the ‘ German Princess,’ Mary Carleton (*ibid.*, pp. 63 to 66). She was a courtly and accomplished adventuress, more attractive and more dangerous, born at Canterbury on 22nd January, 1642, the daughter of a cathedral chorister. We give, on p. 562, our picture of the Venetian courtesan Margarita Emiliana, whom Tom Coryat met in his peregrinations. Decker has shown Bellafront, both in her ostentatious wastefulness and in her repentance. Similarly, Thomas Cranley, in his poem of ‘ *Amanda*, ’ gave an elaborate description, from which in our ‘ *Amanda Group of Bagford Poems* ’ we drew many illustrations. With Ancient Pistol, it may still be asked, “ Have we not *Hygen* here ? ” — namely, the ‘ fair Greek ’ who attained celebrity like others of her class and clime, Lais, Phryne, and the ‘ lovely Thais ’ who sat beside Alexander at his feast. In every community, more or less disguised, but equally pestilential in their seductions, the ‘ Doll Tear-sheets ’ plunderers of the hour flourished. Their roll-call was given (on pp 423, 424, *ante*), in the ballad attributed to Samuel Butler, ‘ King Edward and Jane Shore.’ Unblushingly one displays herself in the ‘ New Woman,’ the plague spot of current literature and drama, in feverish days of moral anarchy — the ‘ Woman with a Past,’ and no Future worth mentioning.

[Roxburghe Collection, II, 380 ; Lindesiana, 243.]

## The New-made Gentle-woman ; Or, The Dishonest Lady.

Written as true, as she did relate,  
How Money made her every Rascal's mate ;  
Likewise, she says, she's gathered riches' store  
By only playing of the private [sc]ore :  
And now in[to] the country she [ha]s gone,  
And left me behind to sing this song.

TO A NEW TUNE, OR, [*All*] the Flatteries of Fate. [See vol. vi, p. 292.]



J.W.E.

[*Tom Coryat*, and "*some Jay of Italy*" ('*Cymbeline*,' iii, 4) ;  
viz. '*Margarita Emiliana, bella Cortesana di Venezia*.']

Come, Gallants, and listen unto me a while,  
I'll sing you a song, that will make you smile,  
Of one that is pritty, in *London* fair City,  
And Gentlemen's humours she can beguile.

"My parents," quoth she, "ha[ve] left me forlorn,  
And told me how I was begot in a Barn ;  
But, since I am [known] to elder years grown,  
To be told of my parents I hold it in scorn.

"I got a few cloath<sup>e</sup>s, and to *London* I came,  
Where quickly my beauty did get me a name;  
I tell you the truth, although you me blame,  
I now am become a Girl of the Game.

"The first that came to me he was a Foot-boy,  
And he gave me a Crown for to call him my Joy;  
I lov'd him, and joy'd him, and honey'd him so,  
That it cost him an Angel before he did go. [gold coin = 6s. 8d. to 10s.

"A Lawyer's Clerk was the next that did come,  
And made me believe that he was a Lord's son;  
I pleas'd his mind, when I found out his play,  
That it cost him a pound before he went away.

"And many more to me did straitways resort,  
With gold and with silver my person to court;  
That riches I gather'd by using this trade:  
After forty had [kis]sed me, I went for a maid.

"With silks and with satins now bravely I go,  
And waiting-maids on me attend, you must know;  
My *Justico* and Black-Patches I weare, [i.e. *Just-au-corps*,  
Which make all admire that on me doth stare. [a close jacket.

"Brave Gallants, I promise you, doth me adore,  
Not taking me to be a vampified w . . . ;  
They'll give me a Guinny, if on them I smile,  
And two [more I] take up: thus I them beguile.

"My smock it is cambrick, I tell you the truth,  
And handled by many a prodigal youth;  
I have a fine spring[ald] that runneth so clear,  
That it brings me as good as two hundred a year.

"Now I have got Treasure, no longer I'll stay,  
But into the Country strait I will away;  
Where one of my lovers hath done me much wrong,  
For in a week's time he did send me this song."

The Gentleman's Song, that he sent his Lady in the Country.

'MY Lady is grown so bonny and gay,  
She's gone from the City, in the country to play.  
And by her great fame she's got such a name,  
With singing and dancing it makes her go lame.

'She plaid in the City almost half a year,  
And yet for her wages she's never the near';  
But a Gallant did say, "This part you must play!"  
'Tis thought in some corner that he [will make h]ay.

'I steering my co[urse] one night, in the dark, [text, coast.]  
 I met with a Frigot, that sail'd towards the Park;  
 She hoisted up sail, and away she did run,  
 I see her cast anchor at the *Prince in the Sun*. [Note.]

'I gave her a Guinny to [prove I could court;]  
 She presently yielded, to come to the sport;  
 But, finding me lazie, strait bid me begone!  
 I gave her short [prayer], but she [scorn'd] my [moan].

'And thus I was conquer'd, and forc'd to retire,  
 For she gave me [no thanks, and she baulk'd] my desire:  
 She makes me go [thinking,] with [such added] eggs,  
 [I never again will count chickens, 'yfeys!]

'But now [since] her beauty is almost decay'd,  
 Which makes her to paint, for to hold up that trade;  
 With false locks and vizard-masks she has great skill,  
 But she 's known for a w——, let her go where she will.'

By L. White.

[Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.*]

[Black-letter. Roxb. colophon lost, but supplied from another exemplar. Three cuts: 1st is the couple on p. 138; 2nd, a circle holding a heart; 3rd, a circle with a clasped Bible, emblematical. Date, shown by tune, *circa* 1671.]

*Note.*—Compare the account of 'The City Caper,' a ballad *circa* 1673, and with a similar allegory, in the '*Amanda Group of Bagford Poems*,' p. \*515—

"The *Jenny*, a small Pickaroon in the Park,  
 Last night went a cruising abroad in the dark."

Whether the hostel here named the *Prince in the Sun* was identical with that called '*The Prince*' in Sackville Street, or was a title corrupted from the *Knight of the Sun*, a hero of old romance before 1572 (mentioned in vol. vi, pp. 325, 379), need not be debated. To engage in action such a "Pinnace rigg'd with silken sails," known to be a fire-ship, was perilous. Wise mariners gave them a wide berth, and would sheer off, loosening every stitch of canvas to the wind, without firing a gun. They would soon be half-seas over. At least, this is the ecclesiastical record, furnished by some earlier Bishops of Winchester (part of whose property consisted of what the clown in *Measure for Measure*, i, 2, called "all houses in the suburbs," including 'Holland's Leaguer,' which is pictured in the '*Amanda Group of Bagford Poems*,' p. 508\*). They drew their income from the 'Winchester Geese' of Southwark. *N.B.*, the unique ballad of '*Holland's Leaguer*' is historical, on the Dutch alliance, and has nothing to do with the moated grange bearing the same name, on the Bankside in London.

The tune of *The New-made Gentle-woman* is cited for a ballad entitled 'The Subtile Damosel; or, Good Counsell for Maids.' (In Brooksby's edition, perhaps earlier, it is marked 'to the tune of, *The Foolish Husband*.') The motto-verse outlines the story. 'The subtile Damosel' proclaims the defects of her suitors, one by one: Dick, Harry, Robin, and Will, "have shown themselves to be clowns, an so they'll be still." Peter was best at dancing, and John at a kiss; but they are dissemblers, and love a wench in a corner. Bob has the worst fault, since he "can't kiss her, but he will tell." John Wade is the avowed author. Although outside of the Roxburghe Collection, it is worth reprinting.

[Trowbesh Coll., Black 4to, I, 241 ; Huth, II, 97 ; Jersey, I, 277 = Lind., 602.]

## The Subtile Damosel ; or, Good Counsell for Maids.

Wherein she shews to every Maiden fair,  
To take heed of false young men, wherever they are :  
For Frummety *Dick* doth love well the kettle, [= *Furmety*.]  
And Porridge-pot *Will* is a man of great mettle.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The New-made Gentle-woman*. [See p. 562.]

**I** Once had a servant, as other Maids have,  
That pretended to love me ; but he prov'd a knave :  
He thought by his tricks to overcome me,  
But I was as cunning and crafty as he.

His tongue was so tipt with temptations that I  
Out of his presence or sight could not lie ;  
He call'd me his honey, his duck, and his dear !  
But now his words to me he doth them forswear.

Now I am free from him, I'm glad in my heart, [*text*, But n.  
It 's never be said I will mourn when we part ;  
But unto all maids, now, the truth I will show,  
To take heed of false young-men wherever they go.

I' th' first place, take heed, and beware what I say,  
For when you are bound they 'll force you to obey : [*Cf.* vii, 429.  
Ne'er trust a man that hath a red Nose ;  
Before he 'll want his liquor, he 'll pawn your best cloathes.

There 's *Dick* came, and *Harry*, both *Robin* and *Will*,  
Have shew'd themselves clowns, and so they 'll be still :  
For *Peter* at dancing he put them all down,  
But *John* kist the best of all men in the Town.

But though I did promise him, and count him the best,  
Yet he can dissemble as well as the rest :  
From eighteen to thirty these young men, I mind,  
Loves a wench in a corner, if they can them find.

For this I 'm resolved, and so I say still  
There 's not one amongst twenty but he doth prove Ill ;  
Search every City and Town, you sha' n't see  
A man that proves constant, and faithful-to be.

Though *John*['s] of good mettle, and counted so civil,  
At a Frummety kettle he 'll fight with the Devil ; [= *Furmety*.]  
Or at long spoon and custard he 's a right honest man ;  
But I have forsook him, then, love him who can !

There 's *Bob*, a good fellow, to give him his due,  
Such a young man again I think there is but few ;  
Yet with one disease he is troubled, I smell—  
If he meet with a wench he can't kiss her but tell.

Also came the Taylor, and the Weaver, I discern ;  
The one is in shreds, the other 's for yarn :  
These two boon companions work hard, I do see,  
And they'r[e] striving which of them the best Thief will be.



Last *Valentine's* day I met with my Dear :  
 He took me by the hand, and lead me to the Fair ;  
 He gave me fine fairings, to kiss me was bold ; [Cf. vi. 110.  
 But at last I do give him the dog for to hold.

His eloquent speeches could do him no good ;  
 I can give him fair words, and then leave i' th' wood :  
 He talk'd of deep learning, but I did him tell  
 That he went to school in some bottomless well.

The world now-a-daies, it is come to that pass,  
 That every Boy now doth look for a Lass :  
 There's Bacon-fac'd *Harry*, as short as my thumb,  
 All [he]ja[d] and no body, 'Sing come pudding, come !'

These young men, and more of them which I could name,  
 To wrong pretty Maidens they think it no shame ;  
 But what should we speak on 't ? it oft has been tried,  
 That "honest young men they cannot abide !"

Thus, Maids, have I told you some part of my mind,  
 How 'tis very hard a good Husband to find.  
 Though my Love hath left me, to grieve I ne'er shall ;  
 If the rest prove no better, Old *Nick* take them all.

*Finis.*

By John Wade.

*London*, Printed for Richard Hardy, at the *Horse-s[h]oe*, in *West Smithfield*.

[Black-letter. One woodcut, not copied, a woman standing at the angle of a table. Date, *circa* 1681. An edition printed for P. Brooksby, Lind., 603, of earlier date, but inferior workmanship, has two cuts, viz. the woman and man : both in vol. iv, p. 353. The Lind. tune is named *The Foolish Husband*.]



In many ballads describing 'decayed gentlewomen' or 'ladies of pleasure,' the dupe and victim is some cajoled and plundered man, who is ridiculed. The light-ware 'pinnacle rigged with silken sails' escapes. Yet even with them it was not always May. As a contrast to the usual success of a 'Crafty Miss' we give *in extenso* the Roxburghe ditty that was summarized briefly on p. 437.

[Roxburghe Collection, III, 435 ; Trowbesh and Madden.]

### *The Tar's Frolic ; or, British Sailor.*

GIVE ear, brother Seamen, and listen a while ;  
 I'll sing you a ditty that will make you smile :  
 It is concerning a frolic, as I'll to you tell ;  
 As fortune would have it, 'twas very well.

My discharge I have got, and have gold in store,  
 And soon I will tell you how I added to it more :  
 I, being drunk, to an Ale-house went in ;  
 To dance and to caper I then did begin.

Some doxies being there seem'd quite full of glee :  
 Thinks I to myself, "There's one of them for me !"  
 One being well rigged in a fine long silk gown,  
 I tipp'd her the wink, and she by me sat down.

I called for the Waiter some liquor to bring;  
Said the doxy unto me, "That is just the thing!  
Besides, for my *Jack*, I'll a lodging provide;  
And I'll be the girl that shall be by your side."

All things being agreed between doxy and I,  
I call'd for the Waiter to know "What 's to pay?"  
"Fifteen shillings and sixpence," the Waiter reply'd:  
I paid down the money, and upstairs we hied.

I quickly unrigged, and jumped into bed;  
I planted my *shot-locker* under my head:  
When my doxy and I bid each other good night,  
I shamm'd fast asleep, and she thought herself right.

Upright in bed then my doxy arose,  
In searching about to find out my cloathes;  
And quickly after I knew her design,  
For all her whole search was to find out my coin.

I jump'd out of bed, and well laid on her [dr]um  
With a stick I had by me, as thick as my thumb:  
The smock she had on like ribbons it flew;  
She cried ten thousand "murders!" and "What shall I do?"

She danced round the room, and I follow'd my blows;  
I gave her no time to put on her clothes;  
She opened the door, and down stairs she run;  
I fasten'd it after, and laughed at the fun.

I search'd round the room, to see what I could find,  
And *Moll* in the fray left her pockets behind,  
With ten guineas in them, and two five pound notes;  
*Moll* left this behind, with her gown and her cotes.

This being all over, the morning drew nigh,  
And light through a window I happen'd to spy:  
I ty'd up the treasure, and all I had found—  
The money, the petticoats, stockings, and gown.

Now to conclude and finish the Song,  
Three guineas I made of coat, stockings, and gown:  
So we'll laugh at the frolic, and drink the health round,  
And wish each brother Seaman the same in town.

Sold by T. Evans, 79, Long-Lane, [Smithfield. White-letter. One cut.]



This 'Tar's Frolic' was held to be a lawful reprisal. '*Dog will not eat dog*' is as untrue a proverb as '*There is honour among thieves.*'

'Two excellent Songs' in white-letter (Roxb. Coll., III, 386), include the loose piece of scurrility entitled "The Rakes of Stony-Batter," beginning, "Come, all you roving blades, that ramble thro' the city, Kissing pretty maids: listen to my ditty!" The chorus is, "*Hey for Bobbin Joan! Hey for Stony-Batter!*" etc. (*vide* p. 185 *ante*). The second, here given, follows the general rule of warning against plunderers who are "Waiting for Jack."

[Roxburghe Collection, III, 386.]

## The Jolly Sailor.

YOU jolly young Sailors, that loves to delight  
 In w[ench]ing and drinking, both day and night,  
 Come listen to me, and to you I'll unfold  
 As merry a joke as ever was told.

Poor *Jack* in the town, as I heard them say,  
 Got very much drunk the other day ;  
 And so, for his pleasure, as he thought, to crown,  
 He must ramble to pick up a w[ench] in town.

Poor *Jack* he was travelling in *Drury-Lane*,  
 At length to a painted [Miss] he came ;  
 She, finding him drunk and willing for sport,  
 Led him to a house, Boys, in *Middlesex-Court*.

This impudent w[ench] for brandy did call ;  
 But alas ! poor *Jack*, he must pay for it all ;  
 For he fell fast asleep in the arms [that ne're shrunk],  
 And he fell on the ground, being dead drunk.

She finding him drunk and not like to awake,  
 His watch and his money she from him did take ;  
 She stript him [half] naked, and put him to bed,  
 And laid his face close to a [loaf of stale bread].

The w[ench] fled in haste, without bidding good-bye,  
 Knowing well the old saying, "*Let sleeping dogs lie !*"  
 Poor *Jacky* did lie in a poor lousy bed,  
 Nothing to embrace but a [stale loaf of bread].

When he awake'd, and found this surprize  
 He jumped out of bed, to his neighbours he cries—  
 " My watch, my money and clothes, they are gone !  
 The [baggage] is fled : I have no more to put on."

With an old lousy blanket, that lay on the bed,  
 He wrapt it about him to cover his head :  
 Down into *Wapping* away he did go ;  
 With his blanket about him, he cast a fine show.

Finis.

There was little to choose between the perils of *Drury-Lane* and of *Wapping*—no more than betwixt *Scylla* and *Charybdis* ; betwixt the devil and the deep sea ; between the gallows and such commutation of sentence as *Lucio* deplored, in *Measure for Measure* : " marrying a punk is pressing to death, whipping and hanging." This was retribution in *Vienna*. Compare *Browning's Glove*—

" The wife smiled—' His nerves are grown firmer ;  
 Mine he brings now, and utters no murmur ?'"

The character of the neighbourhood is attested by the exploit of the 'Five Women Barbers of *Drury Lane*' (one being the mother of *Anne Clarges*, *George Monk's* wife, in 1654, afterwards *Duchess of Albemarle*). *John Taylor* described it in 1638. *John Aubrey* (born 1626) says that "it was the first ballad I ever cared for the reading of: the burden of it ends thus:

*Did you ever heare the like, or ever heard the same,  
 Of five woemen-barbers, that lived in Drury-Lane ?"*

(MS. Aub. 6, fol. 17, *Life of General Monk* : but not  
 printed in the '*Letters of Emin. Persons*,' p. 452, 1813.)

Retribution awaited the Doll-Tearsheets tribe, such as those who plundered 'The Jolly Sailor' but who met their match in the unscrupulous 'Tar's Frolic.'

We have elsewhere (in *Bagford Ballads, Amanda Group*, p. 494\*) quoted Tom Brown's account of their Bridewell whippings, and explained the meaning of their agonized cry, "Knock, good Sir William, knock!" as a signal to stop the scourging. In John Aubrey's rough draft of his Comedy, 'The Country Revel' (MS. Aub. 21), of which the scene assumes to be laid at Aldford in Cheshire, by the river Dee, S. Peter's Day, 1669, "Christian Malford Green," Justice Wagstaffe ['a copy of one Sir John Dunstable'] converses with a Sowgelder, who, seeing the country wenches at the Wake, says of them—

"We doe observe in grazeing the good signes of a milch cowe, to have a soft flanke and large udder, tickleish, and a quick eie. The same rule holds for these revel-heifers here."

*Justice Wagstaffe.*—"If ye talke of skinnies, the best judgment to be made of the finenesse of skinnies is at the whipping-post by the stripes. Ah! 'tis the best lechery to see 'em suffer correction. Your London Aldermen take great lechery to see the poor wretches whipt at the Court of BRIDEWELL. Old Justice Hooke gave [twopence] per lash to wenches; as also my old friend *George Pott*, Esq.;—*vide 'Animadversions Philosophicall'* on that ugly kind of pleasure and of crueltie: 'were it not for the law, were no living—\* Some would take delight in killing men.'"

*Justice Wagstaffe sings—*

"But give me a buxome Country Lasse,  
Hot pipeing from the cowe,  
She'll take a touch upon the grasse:  
*I! marry! and thank you too,"* etc. [Cf. vol. vii. p. 429.]

"Her breath is as sweet as th' rose in *June*,  
Her skin is as softe as silke,  
And if you tickle her in the [right tune]  
She'll freely [quit meadows and] milke."

*Note.\**—Aubrey elsewhere cites this as an apophthegm of Thomas Hobbes. To the Rev. Andrew Clarke, M.A., we owe best thanks for transcripts of MSS.

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## The Skilful Doctor of Gloucestershire.

IN this ballad an Unfaithful Husband, who has been tilling ground that is neither his own proper freehold nor held on lease, finds himself in what is proverbially called a tight place. "The Skilful Doctor" is paid for advice, instead of for medicine. Like 'Simple Simon' (of p. 428), the farmer's only 'physick' to swallow daily is a bottle of Sack or Sherris. He is cossetted and possetted by his unsuspecting wife, who trusts him beyond his deserts. This bountiful treatment is purchased by his pretence of suffering the premonitory pains and anxieties of maternity. The story is coarse enough to have suited such an amusing *vaurien* as Straparola.

[Roxburghe Coll., III, 206 ; Pepys, I, 530 ; Jersey, II, 320 = Lind., 288 ;  
Douce, II, 199 *vo.*]

## The Skilful Doctor of Gloucestershire ;

### Or, A New Way to take Physick.

This Ditty doth concern a Country Farmer,  
Who [had a fair] Maid, not thinking to harm her ;  
But she, poor wench, was by her master 'vil'd,  
First tempt' to sin, and after got with child :  
But by the Doctor's skill, her honest Dame  
Excus'd her Husband, and sav'd her Maid from blame.  
The Doctor he hath medicines in store,  
To cure all sorts of follies, both rich and poor.

THE TUNE IS, *Bed's-making*. [= *Woman's Work*. See pp. 259 and 572.]

A Country Farmer, as 'tis said, that had a pretty, handsome Maid,  
Asked her a question secretly, to which she answered, " By and by " ;  
And being kindly reconcil'd, the Farmer got his maid [begu]il'd.

And after he had done the deed, his heart, poor man, did almost bleed,  
With inward grief and trembling fear, doubting his wife should of it hear ;  
The maid did likewise sigh and groan, and to her Master oft made moan.

Wherefore, all dangers to prevent, unto a poor young man he went,  
Saying, ten pounds he would him give, and be a friend while he did live,  
" So thou wilt finish up my strife, and take my maid to be thy wife."

The young man thus to him reply'd : " Your suit to me must be deny'd ;  
For I will neither reap nor mow the bastard seed that you did sow.  
Get a workman where you can " (quoth he), " for I your hireling will not be."

The Farmer, being thus deny'd, another practice soon he try'd :  
There was a Doctor, he knew well, that three miles from his house did dwell ;  
Unto the Doctor he told all, that did of late to him befall.

The Doctor answer'd him, and told : " If you 'l give me ten pounds in gold,  
I 'le teach you such a pretty trick—I am sure you never heard the like—  
To save your maid and you from blame, and your wife shall yield unto the same."

To this the Farmer soon agreed, and down he laid ten pound with speed ;  
The money pleas'd the Doctor well, who straight his money began to tell :  
" Mark well what I shall say " (quoth he), " and learn this Counsel now of me !

" With speed run home, and tell your wife that you shall surely lose your life,  
By reason of a grievous pain that in your belly doth remain :  
There is no way but you must die, unless you seek some remedy.

" Pray her, with all the speed may be, to bring your water unto me ;  
And when she comes, let me alone, I 'le show such skill as ne'r was shown ;  
Such stories I 'le to her unfold, the like strange news was never [told]. [*known*].

" I will persuade her thus, and say : ' Last time that you [*etcetera*,]  
The Moon it was eclipsed strange, and Nature did her courses change.  
*Mars* by Dame *Venus* was beguil'd, and so your wife got you with child.' "

This bargain made, brought much content. Home in all haste the Farmer went,  
And told his wife so strange a tale, as made her countenance look pale :  
" Dear Wife," quoth he, " I am perplex't ; never was man before so vex't ?



"I am incumb'rd with great pains, from top to toe, through all my veins,  
My back and sides grieve me so sore ; such pains I never felt before ;  
But yet the greatest pain, I tell ye, lies rumbling up and down my belly."

"Husband," quoth she, "I can you tell, of one that soon can make you well ;  
He cures, as I do understand, all diseases that he takes in hand :  
And if you please to have it so, I 'le to him with your [story] go."

Next morning, with a good intent, the Good Wife to the Doctor went,  
And shows to him her husband's water. Now mark the jest to follow after :  
"Cox-body !" quoth the Doctor mild, "thy Husband surely is with child !"

The woman she was much amaz'd, and on the Doctor strangely gaz'd :  
"Good Sir, in kindness now tell me, how such things in a man may be ?"  
"I will," quoth he, "make you no doubt, and time at last will bring all out.

"When *Luna* last was in the 'Clips, you with your husband joined lips ;  
Then *Jupiter*, being wrapt in thunder, turn'd *Venus* up, while *Mars* lay under :  
By which conjunction, well I wot, your husband then with child you got."

"Alas ! alas !" then said his wife, "is there no means to save his life ?  
I would not, for a thousand pound, my husband he should fall to th' ground."  
"Faith !" quoth the Doctor, "there is none, no ways to save his life, but one."

"Kind, loving sir !" then answer'd she, "if you will be so good to me,  
To tell how I his life may save, I 'le give whatever you would have :  
No cost nor pains that I will spare, to save his life whom I love so dear."

"But first," quoth he, "I 'le have you swear, and also have a special care  
To tell no body, whilst you live, what Physick he is to receive."  
She strait way bound it with an oath—"I 'le keep your Counsel, by my troth !"

[The Farmer's wife, frightened at what she heard, without understanding of it one word, now learns from the Doctor what he preferred.]

## The Doctor's Potion of Physick.

"Then mark me well what's to be done : each night, about setting of the Sun,  
His Supper then you must provide, of eggs and some choice meat beside ;  
And for to strengthen his weak back, you must give him a Pint of Sack.

"Which being done, put him to bed, and lay soft pillows under his head ;  
Then make for him a Posset fine, with sugar and sweet Muscadine,  
Commixt with cinnamon and mace, and let him swallow it down apace.

"When he [has] slept an hour or twain, then you must come to him again,  
And bring with you a lusty maid, wh[o in the same room] must be laid ;  
So let them merrily s[peak] together, and lovingly embrace each other.

"This course you must for three weeks take, and then be sure that it will make  
The pain go from his back and side ; the Maid the torment shall abide ;  
And afterward, in little space, she will bring forth a Babe of Grace.

"And when your Maid is brought a bed, your self must lye down in her stead ;  
And because nothing may be known, folks must believe the Child 's your own.  
Be sure you take this [course]," said he, "and so your Husband heal'd shall be."

The woman, having heard this news, ran home in haste (how could she chuse ?),  
Where she did see her husband lie, like one just ready for to dye :  
Then presently she did unfold all that the Doctor had her told.

"Alas!" quoth he, "such pains I have, there is no means my life to save,  
Unless you do a Posset make, to cure my belly of the ache."  
Wherefore the woman out of hand did as the Doctor did command.

A supper, of most dainty meat, she made him, ready for to eat,  
And because he should no Physick lack, she after supper gave him Sack;  
Then kept him warm within his bed, and with sweet Posset she him fed.

This being done, with *Cupid's* aid, she got the good will of her Maid,  
To lie with, and keep her master warm, and said he should do her no harm.  
The Maid at first seem'd loath to do, but at the last yielded thereunto.

And as the Doctor did fore-tell, so every thing in order fell:  
The Maid in time was brought to bed, the good wife lay down in her stead;  
The man was of his burden eas'd, the child at nurse, and all were pleas'd.

You that these Verses hear, or read, if of the Doctor you stand in need,  
Enquire him out, where he doth dwell, and surely he will use you well: [*Cf.* p. 427.  
He'll give you Physick to your mind, so that your purses be well lined.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.*

[Black-letter. Three cuts: the chief one is double—its first half shows the Farmer in bed, his wife bringing the girl, and saying, "*Here's help, husband*"; in the other half, the Doctor stands at the table examining the water-bottle, and exclaiming, "*Cox-body! thy husband is with child.*" 2nd cut is the girl with fan, vii, 499; 3rd, the half-figure of girl from "*Jack in the Box*," vii, 541, centre: the whole figure is shown in vii, 222. Date of issue by *Vere* before 1680. Pepys exemplar was printed for *J. Clark, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger*; Jersey ex. for *W. Thackeray, T. Millet, and A. Milbourne*. It was No. 56 of Thackeray's List, and frequently reissued. A fragmentary duplicate of the second part is Roxb. Coll., I, 480 verso.]

It was popular, running through several editions, but it is terribly long-winded, being no less than thirty six-line stanzas. Space is saved by running two half-lines into one. Text reads, "known"; "together lay"; "water" (*bis*); "that followeth after"; "which to his belly"; "sleep."

The tune named *Bed's-making* has been annotated on p. 259, and in vol. iii, p. 680: the same tune as on iii, 303, *Woman's Work*. Country Farmers were seldom better than the Millers, to whose 'Rogueries' we turn. Doctors were often mocked as quacks and empirics: *ex-grat.*

Some Patient, having paid his fees,  
In Church-yard rhyme told his decision:  
"Cured yesterday of my Disease,  
I died to-day—of my Physician."

Songsters and cynics jested about gallipots, leeches, and drenches. When sickness came they learnt the value of a 'Skilful Doctor.' Lord Byron sums up—

"This is the way Physicians mend or end us,  
Secundum artem; but although we sneer  
In health—when ill, we call them to attend us,  
Without the least propensity to jeer.  
While that 'hiatus maxime deffendus'  
To be fill'd up by spade or mattock's near:  
Instead of gliding graciously down Lethe,  
We tease mild Baillie and soft Abernethy."

—*Don Juan*, x, 42.

*The Gloucestershire Tragedy*, mentioned on p. 183, follows next.

[Roxburghe Collection, III, 857; Lindesiana, No. 861.]

## The Gloucestershire Tragedy ; Or, The Lovers' Down-Fall.

Shewing how an old Miser, of a vast Estate, would have Married his Daughter to a covetous, rich Knight, whom she could not love ; After which, he consented to a young gentleman to court her ; but as soon as they were engaged to each other, he kept her from him, whereupon she denied him marriage without her Father's Consent : How he Poisoned himself, and afterwards his ghost appear'd to her with a burning Torch : How she was poison'd, which caus'd her Father to stab himself, etc.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Palatine Lovers* [Come follow my Love ! see p. 120].

Near *Golford* Town, we hear, of late, in *Gloucestershire*,  
There liv'd a Lady fair, of Beauty bright ;  
Her Father vastly great, in money and estate,  
Which most unfortunate, ruin'd her quite.

[Two thousand pounds a year, [her Father] had, we hear, [Roxb. torn.  
[There was] no other Heir, [but this] his Lady ;  
Who'd marry her out-right, unto a Rich old Knight :  
But she the same did slight disdainfully.

"Father," she often cry'd, "If that I should be ty'd  
To be an Old Man's Bride, how would this prove ?  
If I in Marriage-Band must obey your command,  
Let me, Sir, have a man, that I can love !"

Her Father angry grew, saying, "Daughter, if you  
Will my commands not do, to pleasure me,  
Assured be of this, if that you wed amiss,  
Unto my mind, I dis-inherit thee."

For some time this past on, and a young Gentleman,  
That lived near at hand, a wooing came ;  
One thousand pounds a year, his father had, we hear,  
And he his only Heir unto the same.

When to her Father come, his business he made known,  
For whose dear sake alone, he him address ;  
"Sir, if you'll give me," he cry'd, "your daughter for my bride,  
Sure no man e'er beside, can be so blest."

Her Father, cunningly, did make him this reply,  
"Your suit I'll not deny ; get her in mind,"  
But when they'd fixed their Love, before the Powers above,  
To them he false did prove, as you will find.

When some few months, alas ! in courtship they had past,  
Their hearts were linked fast, in lasting Love.  
*Cupid* had plaid his part, and sent a flaming dart,  
To wound each others heart, which none could move.

But see the wretched fate of cruel Father's hate,  
He strove to separate them, you shall hear :  
And would not yield, he said, though he had promised  
This Gentleman should wed his daughter fair.

"Pray, Sir," he often cry'd, "why must I be deny'd,  
Of this my charming Bride, I so much love ?  
If that unkind you are, to part us loving pair,  
We're ruin'd I declare ; then kinder prove."

Her Father [then] did say, "*Think you young man, I pray,  
That I will throw away my daughter so ?  
Her Fortune is too great, for one of your Estate ;  
Therefore stand not to prate. My mind you know.*"

'Then in great discontent, he to his Lady went,  
And sadly did lament this his hard case.  
Saying, "*Dear Lady bright, I'm ruin'd, ruin'd quite.  
Your Father does me slight, and proves most base.*"

"He'll not consent," he cry'd, "*That you should be my Bride.  
Oh ! what will me betide ? I am undone.  
Now I have fix'd my Love, he most unkind does prove ;  
Pity, ye powers above, a poor young man !*"

Then did he sadly weep, grieving and sighing deep,  
And at his lady's feet fell in a swoond :  
This griev'd her to the heart, of love she felt the smart,  
As in the ensuing part will soon be found.

When thus, this Lady fair beheld her lover dear,  
She us'd her utmost care him to revive ?  
And often, often cry'd, "If I am you deny'd,  
I'll have no one beside, as I'm alive."

Then did the tears apace, run trickling down her face,  
And him did oft embrace, upon the floor.  
"Wretched Father," said she, "Is this your love to me ?  
I shall now ruin'd be for evermore."

As from his swoon he came, with a deep sigh and groan,  
"He cry'd, "Undone, Undone, my dear am I.  
My Love is just and true, and if I have not you,  
I'll bid the world adieu Eternally."

These words she did express, "My Love is nothing less,  
I freely must confess, it is most true.  
But if my Father, he will not to it agree,  
I cannot marry'd be, dear Sir, to you."

"I will most constant prove, no other will I love ;  
Witness ye Gods above, to what is said !  
But cease for to lament, and strive to be content ;  
For without his consent I will not wed."

When she these words did speak, he sigh'd as heart would break,  
Saying, "Love, for your sake, ruin'd am I.  
I'll say no more than this, give me one parting kiss ;  
Now farewell earthly bliss, Eternally."

'Then from her he did go, with a heart fill'd with woe,  
To work his overthrow resolvedly.  
Some poison strong he took, which quickly did its work ;  
So he this world forsook most wretchedly.

### [The Second Part. TO THE SAME TUNE.]

When this news to her came, she griev'd much for the same,  
And said he was to blame himself to kill.  
She to her Father ran, and cry'd, "O cruel man,  
See, see, what you have done by your ill-will !"

Like one distracted, she lamented bitterly,  
And said, "My dear, with thee would I had dy'd.  
Declare if now I shall, I'm ruin'd by your fall;  
I lov'd you more than all the world beside."

Thus day and night she cry, "My Love, why did you die?  
And leave me wretchedly behind you here;  
Oh! come, dear Ghost, to me, and let me once more see  
That comely face," said she, "I lov'd so dear."

As she one night did lie, weeping most bitterly,  
She heard a voice to cry, "My dear, my dear,  
For your sweet sake I dy'd, who should have been my Bride,  
Behold at your bed's-side, I'm here, I'm here."

At which the Curtain she put back immediately,  
And the pale Ghost did see at her bed's-side;  
It cloathed was in white, holding a torch so bright;  
At which most dismal light she shriek'd and cry'd.

The Ghost then thus did speak, "I died for your sake,  
'Twas love my heart did break most certainly;  
The morning Cock, I fear, won't let me long stay here;  
Then if you love me, dearest, follow me."

The Ghost, a dead-man's skull did hold, with poyson full,  
Saying, "Come drink your fill of this black cup,  
'Twill love-sick passions cure, I've drank the same before,  
And so has hundreds more; then take it up."

She took it, saying, "Love, by all the Gods above,  
This shall my witness prove I love you well;  
Now will I go," she said, "and in your grave be laid,  
In sweet Elizium's shades, our Souls shall dwell."

She instantly arose, surrounded all with woes,  
And with the Ghost she goes down to the gate;  
Whereat a Coach did stand, with many a Serving-man,  
With torches in their hand, that there did wait.

Being put in the Coach, with her beloved Ghost,  
Most swiftly did they post unto the Grave;  
To which he straight did hie, and said, "Love here I lie!  
Then quickly, quickly die, 'tis that I'd have."

Vanishing all away, they left her there to stray,  
Till the approaching day, among the tombs;  
She sadly did lament, her cries to Heaven sent,  
And said, "Ghost, be content, I'll come, I'll come."

The poyson wrack'd her heart, working in every part,  
Death with his fatal dart the wound had gave,  
In woeful misery, she did expecting lie,  
Each minute for to die, upon his grave.

As in this State she lay, until the silent Day,  
A young-man pass'd that way, and her did know,  
"Fair Lady, to me tell, what chance has you befell,  
I fear all is not well, that you lie so."

Then she declar'd what past from first unto the last,  
And said "Young man, make haste, and run with speed  
Unto my Father dear, who have been so severe,  
O bid him quick come here, e're I am dead."



Her Father came and found her lying on the ground,  
 And ready was to swoon at this sad sight,  
 She cry'd "Dear Father, I for Love now here must die,  
 'Tis your severity has kill'd me quite.

Death wracks in every place, and stares me in the face;  
 Dear grave, I'll thee embrace, so lovingly.  
 Dear Love, now open wide thy arms for thy dear Bride,  
 "I come, I come!" she cry'd, and so did die.

Her Father grieving sore, hugging her o'er and o'er,  
 "Ye Heavens, I implore, let me too die;"  
 Then with a dagger sharp he struck him to the heart,  
 His life did there depart immediately.

O cruel Death severe! what dismal sight was here,  
 Father and Daughter dear, thus for to die!  
 Their sad and dismal fall, lamented was by all,  
 And did for pity call from every, every eye.

Then home they were convey'd with speed, as it is said,  
 And both in state were laid in a Large Hall,  
 Which thousands came to see, hearing this Tragedy,  
 That might a warning be to Lover's all.

By all, both rich and poor, they lay lamented o'er,  
 About a week or more, in mournful State.  
 Many a Lover dear, many a Lady fair,  
 In mourning did appear for their sad fate.

A hearse and six with speed, provided was indeed,  
 Many a mournful weed did it attend:  
 Their graves were made close by where her true love did lie,  
 So of this Tragedy I make an end.

[Three cuts. White-letter: no colophon in Roxb. Lindesiana, No. 861, in *Italic* type, is of *Bow Church-yard, London*, and reads incorrectly "Near Guildford Town" (which is in Surrey). Lind. is evidently later than Roxb., without the descriptive 'Argument' or mention of the tune, which is that of the ballad beginning, "Look, you faithful Lovers," with an often-cited burden, *Alack! for my love I must dye*. Date uncertain, probably 1696. Mentioned on p. 183, it is not a true 'Garland,' but a ballad. Half lines are run on here, or it would reach its original length of 236 lines.]

Distinct from this ballad is the Garland (Roxb. Coll. III, 382), not here reprinted, 'The Gloucestershire Tragedy; or, The Unnatural Mother,' beginning "Both young and old, I pray, draw near, and tender parents that have children dear," etc. (of this are two duplicates at Cambridge Univ. Lib., in Madden Coll., II, 346, 347, as mentioned on p. 181, and another in British Museum Guard-book, press-mark, 1876): simply a rhymed-verse tale or 'Garland'; as is also the different version printed at Worcester (Madden Coll., II, 345), beginning, "This pattern here I will unfold"; which holds the same double-title. It tells of a murder "at Wells in Gloucestershire," where Mr. Gibbs bequeathed his estate of £4,000 a year to his wife and only child, with reversion to the mother. He knew not the woman's hateful disposition. Three weeks after his death she accepted proposals from another husband. Resolving to secure the estate, she confined the girl to her room, reported her sickness, and stabbed her with a dagger. A ghost appears at the wedding-feast, reveals the murder, and accuses 'the Unnatural Mother.'



## The Father's Good Counsel to his Son.

"My Son, these maxims lay to heart, an' lump them ay thegither :  
The Rigid Righteous is a fool, the Rigid Wise anither ;  
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight may hae some pyles o' caff in ;  
So ne'er a fellow-creature slight, for random fits o' daffin."

—BURNS, 1786, *free transl. of Eccles. vii, 16.*

**I**N Roxburghe Collection, III, 661, is a Dialogue-poem, not a ballad, and of inordinate length, viz. thirty-five stanzas,

'The Parent's Pious Gift; or, A Choice Present for Children.

Set forth in a Dialogue between a Religious Father and an Extravagant Son. Containing a Dispute about bad company or evil communication, pride, drunkenness, riotous living, and all the vanities of a Vicious Course of Life: for which the young man earnestly contended, till by the Grace of God and the endeavours of his religious Father he was brought from the danger of death and destruction to the Hope of Life and Immortality. Concluding with the young man's Christian courage and conquest over the *Tempter*, who came to disturb him in his private closet, when in tears and repenting. It being an excellent Pattern for all young Persons to set before them in these present sinfull Times.'

*FATHER*.—"Tell me, sweet Son, what you intend to do?  
This vicious course of life will bring you to  
Destruction, if you venture to proceed :  
Therefore return, return, my Son, with speed !"

*SON*.—"What need you thus concern yourself with me ?  
Resolv'd I am to take my Liberty.  
Why should I not, since other Gallants do ?  
The world methinks is pleasant to my view."

Seventeen stanzas follow (nine being the Father's) before the *TEMPTER* appears, to tell the Son there is no need of fear concerning such small vices as he had indulged in. The conclusion is this :—

"When *Satan* found he could not make him yield,  
With rage and fury straight he quits the field;  
While this Youth through Faith and Patience run, [=Until.  
To finish the great work he had begun.

"Farewell, farewell, false friends !" (quoth he), 'adieu !  
I have no pleasure or delight in you ;  
The Grace of God is more to me' (he cried),  
'Than all the riches in the world beside.

"Blessed be God, that ever I was reprov'd ;  
Blessed be my Father, who in kindness mov'd  
His stubborn Son, through force of Argument,  
For this has brought me early to repent !"

*This is a GIFT for Parents far and near,  
Present it to their Sons and Daughters dear,  
That by this Youth they may a Pattern take,  
And for the love of God their sins forsake.*

**Finis.**

[Roxburghe Coll., II, p. 166. Apparently unique.]

## The Father's good Counsel to his Lascivious Son ; Or, A Caveat against Wenching.

The Proverb old does tell us all, you know,  
As crows the old Cock so the young doth crow ;  
The Father doth chastize the Son for sin,  
And quite forgets what vice himself liv'd in.  
The Son reflects—" Pray, Sir, leave off the Game !  
And I 'le endeavour for to do the same."  
The Old Man hearing this, with shame amends ;  
The Young one does so too, and both are friends.

TUNE OF, *The delights of the bottle.* [Shadwell's, 1675. See vol. iv, p. 44.]

FATHER.

Come, Son, you are young, yet I oft have been told  
That in wenching and drinking you're desperate bold ;  
In running these courses you Ruine will find,  
And troubles create in your old Father's mind.  
*Give over betimes, then, before 'tis too late,  
And I 'le strive for to get you a handsom' young mate.*

SON.

What musick is this, which from you I do hear ?  
It tickles my fancy, and pleases my ear :  
Your good admonition I willingly take,  
But first let me see you those follies forsake.  
*For 'tis known at this day you've a wife and a Miss :  
The one is your drudge and the other you kiss.*

FATHER.

But, sirrah, how dare you speak thus to my face ?  
Your sides I will bang, if you do me disgrace :  
Suppose what you say does appear to be true ;  
Yet sure I should not be told on it by you. *Give over, etc.*

SON.

You know I am young, and perhaps may be wild,  
Which makes it well known that I am your own child :  
You every day to the Tavern do go,  
And at night come home drunk with a neighbour or so.  
*And 'tis known at this day you've a wife and a Miss :  
The one is your drudge and the other you kiss.*

FATHER.

Good wine is most proper for us that are old,  
It enlivens and comforts our bloods that are cold;  
And to keep a young Miss I account it no harm,  
For a young handsome bed-fellow keeps a man warm.

*But, young man, be wise, before 'tis too late. And I'll, etc.*

SON.

You say you drink Wine 'cause blood is grown cold,  
And I'll drink, that by drinking I ne'r may be old;  
For he that with *Bacchus* doth daily engage  
Shall ever be young, and ne'r suffer old age.

*But 'tis known at this day you've a wife and a Miss:  
My mother's your drudge, and the Harlot your kiss.*

FATHER.

You sawey young rascall, my neighbours can tell  
That of all other women your mother lives well:  
My care and [my] industry ever was such,  
To give her sufficient and never to grudge. *But, young man, etc.*

SON.

By your favour, good Father, 'tis very well known  
That 'twill ne'r out o' th' flesh when 'tis bred in the bone;  
Therefore I advise you your labour to save,  
For without your good help many Misses I have. *But 'tis, etc.*

FATHER.

Oh impudent villain! what, dost thou confess  
That thou dost keep Harlots? and wilt do no less?  
Come hither, my youngster, [until] thee I [have fell 'd],  
Lest my name by thy bas[e-brood] be hereafter upheld. *Yet, etc.*

SON.

I have told you, kind Sir, I have mates three or four,  
And if I do want, can have more the next hour;  
But if yours don't please you, I'll get you another,  
That I'll warrant you far shall out-frolick the other. *For, etc.*

FATHER.

But, Son, you mistake me when I speak of a mate;  
I mean a good wife with a handsome estate:  
Leave off those women, and I'll do the same,  
For I find they will ruine Purse, Person, and Fame. *And if, etc.*

## SON.

These words may prevaile, if your deeds be the same ;  
 But first let me see you forsake the old game :  
 Turn off your young wench, to my mother be kind,  
 And in your own steps I will walk, you shall find. *For now, etc.*

## FATHER.

Well, Son, a lewd woman's a desperate thing,  
 And a whore to your person much danger will bring.  
 Though it does not become me to tell what I've done,  
 Yet I now will reform and advise you my son.  
*Now prithee grow wiser before 'tis too late,*  
*And I'll strive for to get thee a handsom young mate.*

[In Black-letter. Three woodcuts: 1st, a King Lear, in oval, ii, 396; 2nd, Little man, vii, 206; 3rd, Woman in hood, p. 458 *ante*. Colophon lost, and no other impression known. Its uniqueness makes it expedient to reproduce it entirely, although it be both nauseous and monotonous. Such 'pious exhortations' were worthless, owing to their dreary insipidity. They made no impression on those who were viciously disposed. Date, 1675. Cf. vol. ii, p. 216.]

John Wade and Laurence Price knew how to win attention. They did good work by their warnings against improvidence and immorality; because they always wrote with spirit, after seeing clearly the evils of the day. The only thing to be written in commendation of the author of the foregoing ballad is, that he withheld his name: probably it was *Charles Records*, or *Ricketts*.

There is more humour in the account of his own spendthrift habits, and the punishment of imprisonment for debt which they entailed (of old, seldom less than a lifelong incarceration), in the song quoted on p. 186, 'The Fantastical Prodigal,' beginning, "On a time I was great, now little am grown."

"Those whom you feasted will be your worst foes, *if ever you get into Limbo*." His father had left him £500 a year, his mother left him her jointure, "and every acre from mortgage was clear"; but all went to ruin: "Field after field to market I sent; My lands were mortgaged, the money was spent; My heart was harden'd, it would not relent, *Until I got into Limbo*." He is a Charles Surface, but without that delightful scapegrace's dangerous fascination. By his own confession the beholders ridiculed him—"There goes Sir *Fopling Flutter*!"

"My time and my money I woefully spent,  
 On furbeloe'd Ladies of Pleasure;  
 The cunning young gypsies would sit and invent  
 Which way for to squander my treasure.  
 Whatever they asked I would presently get,  
 Rich garments or dainties their palates to fit:  
 Thus they made a great fool of an absolute Wit;  
*But now I have got into Limbo!*"

In the world's menagerie these animals are not yet extinct. The Dodo and the Great Auk have gone; the Moose, the Buffalo, and the Bird of Paradise, are vanishing swiftly; but the 'New-made Gentlewoman,' the 'Lady of Pleasure,' is a Phoenix perennially revived. In the *Pinero* game, she is always in stock.



## The Dream of Judas's Mother Fulfilled.

" When *Nero* perish'd, by the justest doom  
Which ever the destroyer yet destroyed,  
Amidst the roar of liberated *Rome*,  
Of nations freed, and the world overjoy'd,  
Some hands unseen strew'd flowers upon his tomb: [*vide Suetonius*.  
Perhaps the weakness of a heart not void  
Of feeling for some kindness done, when power  
Had left the wretch an uncorrupted hour."

— *Don Juan*, canto iii, 109.

**A**MONG the sectaries of old, many of them 'pious Frauds,' professedly religious, the Puritans took delight in reading fabulous accounts of Protestant martyrs, and the ghastly fabrications of an apocryphal 'Dream of Judas's Mother Fulfilled.' The horrors of *Œdipus*, *Laius*, and *Jocasta* were revived to suit them. Perhaps even these were not more outrageous and injurious than the crude dissertations, two centuries later, on the character of Judas, with attempts to justify his betrayal of the Saviour, on pretence of his "patriotic desire to hasten the establishment of the Messianic kingdom," by "forcing the hand of *Jesus*." The Whatelyites considered (*Essays on Dangers to Christian Faith*, iii) that Judas was merely a mistaken enthusiast. They advanced this plea in the face of the clear statements of Scripture—"This [*Judas*] said, not that he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief, and had the bag" (*St. John* xii, 6); also ignoring what the Lord said of Judas, calling him "the son of perdition" (*ibid.* xvii, 12); "Woe unto that man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed! it had been good for that man if he had not been born" (*St. Matth.* xxvi, 24); "Have I not chosen you Twelve, and one of you is a devil?" (*St. John* vi, 70).

Tiberius has found his advocates, and on the tomb of Nero flowers were duly laid by those who had known mercy and kindness before his fall. There are demagogues and sceptics who glorify the author of the foully offensive 'Age of Reason,' and so utterly misunderstand the oppressive tyranny of 'The Power of the Sword' as to belaud the actions of Pym and Cromwell—worse traitors to the cause of true liberty than ever the vacillating Charles was assumed to have been—such men naturally extenuate the impious crime of Judas, and would, no doubt, be similarly tempted to a betrayal. Thus the Cainites honoured him as the only Apostle who was in possession of the true 'Gnosis.'

Chap-books, assuming to give historical accounts of Judas, were circulated. One, printed in London, 1784, '*The Lost and undone Son of Perdition; or, The Life and Death of Judas Iscariot.*' Another (with verses 'To the Reader,' signed T. G.), '*The Birth, Life, and Death of Judas Iscariot,*' etc., was frequently reprinted in 1793, and earlier, at Birmingham and Glasgow. The Durham exemplar has no date. We reproduce the title-page.

The Unhappy Birth, Wicked Life, and miserable Death of that vile  
Traytor and Apostle

*JUDAS ISCARIOT,*

*Who, for Thirty Pieces of Silver betrayed his Lord and Master  
JESUS CHRIST.*

SHewing :

- 1.—His Mother's Dream after conception ; the manner of his Birth ; and the evident marks of his future Shame.
- 2.—How his Parents, inclosing him in a little Chest, threw him into the Sea, where he was found by a King on the Coast of *Iscariot*, who called him by that name.
- 3.—His advancement to be the King's Privy Counsellor ; and how he unfortunately killed the King's Son.
- 4.—He flies to *Joppa* ; and, unknowingly, slew his own Father, for which he was obliged to abscond a Second Time.
- 5.—Returning a year after, he married his own Mother, who knew him to be her own child, by the particular marks he had, and by his own Declaration.
- 6.—And lastly, seeming to repent of his wicked life, he followed our Blessed Saviour and became one of his Apostles ; but after[wards] betrayed him into the hands of the Chief Priests for Thirty Pieces of Silver, and then miserably hanged himself, whose Bowels dropt out of his Body.

*To which is Added,*

A SHORT RELATION OF THE SUFFERINGS OF OUR BLESSED REDEEMER ;

Also the Life and miserable Death of PONTIUS PILATE,

Who condemned the Lord of Life to Death :

*Being collected from the Writings of Josephus Sozomenus, and other Ecclesiastical  
Historians. DURHAM: Printed and Sold by Isaac Lane.*



[Woodcuts substituted for the 'Court  
and Country Dance,' of broadside.]

[Roxburghe Collection, III, 737.]

## The Dream of Judas' Mother Fulfilled :

Together with his Sinful Life and Deserved destruction.

To THE TUNE OF, *Christ is my Love*, [*he loved me.* See p. 579].

WHo that antique story reads, and ancient tales of old,  
A notable strange tragedy to you I will unfold ;  
Of that *Judas Iscariot*, who did our Saviour sell,  
And did betray him with a kiss, to haste himself to hell :  
Which was the last and foulest fact that he did here on earth,  
Yet other three most damnable mine author shewed hath  
It's thought that *Judas* did descend of parents well esteem'd,  
But real goodness to pursue seldom or never dream'd.  
But to no purpose for to go, his Mother sleeping lay, [sic.  
And dream'd that she should bear a Son, which should his Father  
And to his mother married be : this she her husband told, [slay,  
But he amaz'd did greatly muse, hearing his wife unfold  
So strange a vision ; and he said (seeing his wife with child),  
" It's best when such a one is born to slay him when a child."  
" O but " (says she), " worse is to come, for this was in my dream,  
That the Saviour of all Mankind should be betray'd by him ;  
" And that a king's son he should slay, and when all this is past,  
He from his God should run away, and hang himself at last."  
But being born, they do him lay close by a river side,  
Into a cradle made of segs, thinking he should have died.  
The King had his [own] dwelling near ; the Queen, having no child,  
Quickly took up this infant young, who then was meek and mild ;  
So him adopted for her [son], and sent him to the school, [text, child.  
So soon as he could able be to walk in Reason's rule.

[Second Column of verse begins.]

In learning arts he was brought up, and literature most fine ;  
In wisdom and in policy he spent his youthful time.  
At last the Queen a child did bear, which made her to look down  
On *Judas*, who no better knew but that he was her own.

But, in a while, *Judas* began for to correct this child,  
Thinking that he was Prince himself ; but he was all beguil'd.  
The Queen began sharply to check *Judas*, who took it ill,  
And [soon] in furious discontent he doth the young Prince kill.

To *Pontius Pilate* then he fled, and service did require,  
Who, seeing him a brave comely man, soon granted his desire.  
And after that his love he gain'd ; but *Pilate* on a day  
As he was riding thro' the land, [bent] on his sport and play,

A gallant Orchard did behold, and did on *Judas* call :

“Go, buy me some of that fair fruit, and send them to my hall !”

But being of a greedy heart, he money offer'd none,  
But presently at his own hand to pluck the fruit began.

The Orchard was his own Father's, though all unknown to him,  
And he with *Judas* for the fruit to quarrel did begin.

*Judas*, being the strongest man, soon forth a weapon drew,  
And, all unknown[ly] to them both, his father there he slew.

This Father's friend did him pursue, and sought his life to have,  
But quickly he to *Pilate* fled, and he did him receive ;  
And with fair speeches, many a one, the woman did persuade  
To marry *Judas* (her own son), whom *Pilate* great had made ;

[*Third Column of verse, and last, begins.*]

And said, “Good Woman, do not refuse ! my chief minion is he.”

He said : “If I should take his life, what better should you be ?

Better for you to marry him, than take his life away,  
And here I promise for to do to you what good I may.”

But grief to sorrowing her constrain'd, for her husband now dead ;  
But *Pilate*, who as King then reign'd, did this way her persuade.  
This cursed marriage being made, this couple to their bed,  
Began to talk of sundry things, which passed o'er their head.

Then unto him her Dream she told, which struck him to the heart  
When he remember'd what had pass'd ; thus he did from her part.  
Our Saviour then in *Judah's* land resorted up and down,  
Preaching, and working miracles, in city, land, and town,

Our SAVIOUR knew what was in him : yet he did him receive :  
Tho' Christ knew he would him betray, yet him he credit gave.  
The Scripture tells he kept the bag, but car'd not for the Poor ;  
Altho' for coin he Christ betray'd, what needeth progress more ?

His Mother's DREAM is now fulfill'd : and he to hell is gone.  
God keep all faithful Christians from being left alone.

Intreat the Lord that with his Spirit he may direct us all,  
That from the favour of the Lord our Souls may never fall.

Keep, LORD, that spirit from entering mine which enter'd into him,  
And all things that we take in hand make us at God begin.  
One sin another on doth bring, thus we may clearly see ;  
And heretofore it hath been seen in this sad Tragedy.

[No colophon. In White-letter. One large woodcut. Date, *circa* 1730.]

\* \* \* The tune named is *Christ is my Love*, which we identify with the tune of *The Bonny Broome*, and the Pepysian ballad on p. 586. It is certainly of very early date. The choice of the tune indicates that ‘The Dream of Judas' Mother’ may have originally appeared *circa* 1630 ; a century before the date of the Roxburghe exemplar. None would know “*Christ is my love*” in 1730.

[Pepys Collection, I, 41. Apparently unique, but mutilated.]

## The Complaint of a Sinner. [Restored Text.]

[Aided by the suggestive fragments of half-lines, we reconstruct the mutilated stanzas 8 and 9; and, as they evidently allude to St. Luke XV, we believe the totally lost stanzas 3 and 4 must have been anticipatory of them, and similar. These, and other lost portions, within square brackets, are conjectural.]

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Bonny Broome*. [See pp. 105, 587.]

CHRIST is my love, he loved me, when I was a wretch forlorne,  
True God from all eternitie, true man of Virgin borne.  
He pierc'd the Heavens, he came to Earth, for me his blood to spill :  
Yet through my sinnes I have him lost : woe worth my froward will !

*The bonny Broome, the well-favour'd Broome,  
The Broome blooms faire on hill :  
Him have I lost that loved me best,  
My love against his will.*

My crooked wayes, my words prophane, my thoughtes to evill  
inclinde,

Hath made this Love to lightly me, and shew him selfe unkinde.  
Thus do I spend my dayes in care, my nights in mourning still,  
For loosing him that lov'd me best, [de]spite my froward will.

[*The bonny Broome, the well-favour'd Broome*, etc. [torn off.]

[Thou did'st come from Heaven to Earth, to save us by thy blood,  
And tell of pardon, tho' from birth we had thy love withstood :  
Thou, like the House-wife who on ground lost one coin from her store,  
Dost seek, rejoicing when 'tis found, and saved for evermore.

*The bonny Broome, the well-favour'd Broome*, etc.] [stanza lost.]

[So, when it strayed in wanton thought, from safety of the fold,  
The wandering sheep the Shepherd sought ; his arms did it enfold ;  
The Prodigal, who far had ranged, thou bringest home again,  
His rags for wedding-robe exchanged, that joy in heaven may reign.

*The bonny Broome, the well-favoured Broome*, etc.] [stanza lost.]

Sweet Christ, my love, I must confesse, the cause of all my paine  
Hath beene my own disloyall heart, that would not true remaine,  
But sought for pleasure here below, that soule and body kill,  
And brake my promise made to thee. Alas, my froward will !

*The bonny Broom*, [*the well-favour'd Broome*,] etc.

Long have I dwelt in *Kedar's* tents, and long in *Mesheck* hidden,  
And from thy presence full of joy, my feet have long time slidden.  
Yet on my barren heart, O Lord ! some drops of Grace distill :  
That I may finde thy love againe, and change my froward will.

*The bonny Broome*, [*the well-favour'd Broome*,] etc.



Oh, let me sorrow for my sinne, and hate my ruthfull race ;  
 Oh, let my silly soule enjoy the favour of thy face :  
 Till thou forget thine unkindnesse, and I my mourning still,  
 And, with a free reformed heart, renounce my froward will.

*The bonny Broome, etc.*

I am tha]t piece of money lost, [I am tha]t child forlorne,  
 I am that wa]nd'ring sheep, O Lord, [in briars t]o be torne ;  
 O, seek me,] Lord, and find me out ! [bring me thy] fold untill,  
 That all thy A]ngels may rejoyce, [conform me to thy] will.

[*The bonny Broo]me, etc.*

[*Both the final stanzas torn.*

[O wash me, wit]h thy bloody streams, [that from thy w]ounds so wide,  
 May flow to cleanse t]hy darling deare ; [and to this cou]rt me guide,  
 That I may bloom, as the b]lissful Broome, [that bloomes high on] hill,  
 Pardon'd for sin, redeem]d for aie, [conformed to thy] will.

*The Bonny Broom]e, the well-favour'd Broome,*

[*The Broome bloom]s faire on hill :*

[*Oh Lord my sinful L]ife amend,*

*According to] thy will.*

*Finis.*



*Note.*—Immediately preceding this mutilated ballad of the ‘Complaint of a Sinner,’ that had belonged to John Selden, before he gave it to Samuel Pepys (Pepysian Collection, I, 40, 41), is one entitled ‘The New Broome’ [on hill]. It was printed for F. Coles, in B.-L., and holds the same phrase, “lightly me.”

[Pepys Collection, I, 40. Apparently unique, and perfect.]

## *The New Broome.*

P<sup>O</sup>ore *Coridon* did sometime sit hard by the Broome alone,  
 And secretly complain'd to it, against his only one ;  
 He bids the Broome, that bloomes him by, beare witnesse to his wrong,  
 And, thinking that none else was nie, he thus began his song :

*The bonny Broome, the well-favour'd Broome,*

*The Broome bloomes faire on hill :*

*What ail'd my Love to lightly mee,*

*And I working her will.*

If *Syrinx*, for despising *Pan* the Shepherds god, was changed,  
 Into a Reede, may I not then hope well to be revenged  
 On *Galatea* ? whose disdaine for sorrow doth consume  
 Poore *Coridon*, who still complains, and mournes among the Broome.

*The bonny Broome, etc.*

[*passim.*

If Proud *Apollo* fell in love with that *Penean* dame, [*Daphne*.  
And left his blest abode above, to feede his fleshly flame,  
For pride syne turn'd into a Tree, that death should be her doome ;  
Shall she not some time sigh for mee, and mourne amongst the Broome ?

For shee hath seene my sighes and teares, and knowes my kinde intent,  
Yet scornes for to regard my cares, and laughs when I lament.  
Yet though a looke would send reliefe, to ease my grieved grone,  
First would shee then, to ende my grieve, be buried in the Broome.

Oh, would shee leave her coy disdaines, which make me dwine and die,  
And pittie him who still complaines, that she so coy should bee,  
Poore *Coridon* would, out of doubt, his wonted joyes resume,  
And sing her praises round about the borders of the Broome.

But since she still continues coye, and careless of my care,  
I will awake the blinded Boy, my sute for to declare :  
That he, over whom my Mistresse proud so proudly doth presume,  
[May] make her sigh, and sing aloud sad songs about the Broome.

Else, proud *Apollo*, I thee pray, to turne her to a Tree :  
*Pan*, throw thy pleasant pipe away, make her thy Reede to bee.  
In Tree or Reede, when she is changed, let none of these beare bloome.

*Bear witness, Broome, thou dainty Broome,*

*That blooms on hill and dale :*

*Since Galatea lightlies mee, I take my long Farewell.*

Finis.

London : Printed for F. Coles. [In Black-letter. Date, circa 1609.]

That there had been a still earlier '*Broome, Broome on hill*' is certain. Numerous scraps and citations attest this, and it was mentioned in the *Complaint of Scotland*, 1549 ; also in Robert Laneham's *Kenilworth Letter*, 1575. In 1847 the '*Broome-on-hill*' written by James Maidment (and afterwards avowed to be a hoax or forgery), imposed upon the credulous J. M. Gutch. It is in his *Robin Hood*, ii, 368, 1847 : Maidment's barefaced imposture, 'The Marriage of Robin Hood with Jack Cade's Daughter' (*vide* pp. 179, 539). 'Sir Hugh and the Maiden' was another clumsy hoax, and probably from the same hand.

\*.\* It is no small matter, before we complete the *Roxburghe Ballads*, to have here given back to the world each of these valuable extras ; some of which had eluded search and lain hidden for two centuries. Others await discovery in unexplored nooks ; they not having perished, as the baffled seekers erroneously supposed. Even an early Black letter copy of '*Lord Bateman*' and both parts of the long-lost '*Barra Faustus's Draine*,' have rewarded us. Also '*The Duke's Wish*,' which we give on p. 592. Murder will out, and so will a ballad, but it needs a Dupin, or a Le Coq, to trace it.



[Roxburghe Collection, III, 784.]

**Christ's Love to Penitent Sinners:**

Shewing how he shed his Blood seven times for our Sins.

[TUNE, probably *Aim not too high*. Cf. vol. vii, p. 799.]

**Y**OU mortals all, of high and low degree,  
 Draw near a while, and listen unto me,  
 Whilst I unfold these lines which you shall find ;  
 They are compos'd to put you fresh in mind,

Of what our gracious God [for us has done  
 In sending of his [own] beloved Son ;  
 When thousands on the brink of Ruin lay,  
 He sent his Son, their sinful debts to pay.

Now let 's observe this Prince of Royal Birth  
 When at the first he descended on the Earth,  
 Was by a Virgin in a manger laid ;  
 When Christ was born, his Mother was a Maid.

This Babe's birth both far and near did ring,  
 Which reach'd the ears of *Herod*, that great king ;  
 The angry Monarch, for to stir up strife,  
 Was then resolved to take away his life.

To make sure of the Babe, we understand,  
 He sent forth a Decree throughout the land,  
 That every Child then born, as he did reign,  
 From two years old and under should be slain.

The Murderers were sent about, their work to do,  
 And many a pretty smiling Babe they slew ;  
 Cutting their flesh, and breaking of their bones,  
 Dashing their tender heads against the stones.

Young harmless Babes they from the breast did take,  
 And havock of their crimson blood did make ;  
 Regarding not their parents' grief and wo[e],  
 Who sighed to see their children murdered so.

You [thus] have learned the Scripture for to read,  
*Rachel* refused to be comforted ;  
 Because among the rest grief was her lot,  
 She sighed and mourn'd because her Babe was not.

Thro' *Herod's* wrath this Murder it was done,  
 Thousands were slain to make [him] sure of one ;  
 But God, who knows the hearts and thoughts of men,  
 Preserv'd his Son from *Herod's* cruel hand.

*Joseph*, as he lay sleeping in the night,  
 By Dreams was warned for to take his flight,  
 And take the [blessed] Babe to *Egypt*, where  
 The Child thro' *Mary* was preserved there.

Tho' he escaped that time in *Egypt* land,  
 Pray yet observe, and you shall understand,  
 This Babe [who] was born for our sinful crimes,  
 Did shed his Blood for us seven several times.

The first time he shed his Blood for us, behold,  
When he was circumcised at eight days old.  
The Second time, as we have often heard,  
Was when the *Jews* with pinchers pull'd his beard

Out by the roots ; which made me for to think  
Blood must appear, and make this Lamb to shrink.  
The Third time that his blood in streams did run,  
Was when the *Jews* did scourge him through the town.

The Fourth time [it was] in the Garden, where  
He in his Agony did suffer there ;  
For by the Scriptures it is so understood,  
With grief of soul he sweat great drops of Blood.

The Fifth time [when] his blood for us was shed,  
It was when they with Thorns crowned his Head ;  
For it needs must make us [to] think indeed,  
To wear the prickling Thorns his Head must bleed.

The Sixth time [then] he shed his Blood most sweet,  
When to the Cross, they nail'd him hand[s] and feet ;  
And [when], like monsters, their Prince for to abuse,  
Over his Head they writ, " King of the *Jews* ! "

Nay, more than that, tho' Prince and Lord of all,  
They made him drink sharp vinegar and gall ;  
And to degrade him, as we understand,  
They placed two Thieves by him, one on each hand.

This done, one of the Thieves [to him] said thus,  
" If thou be Christ, now save thyself and us ! "  
To hear these words, the other did reply,  
" Thou wretch ! it is for Justice we must die ;

" But as for this good Man, no ill hath done :  
What makes thou thus revile this blessed One ?  
Thou Son of God " (this Penitent did say),  
" In thy Father's Kingdom remember me, I pray."

Of this Thief's saying Christ great notice took,  
And to him then, with a merciful look,  
Christ cast an eye, and said, " Thou shalt be  
This very day in Paradise with me."

The Seventh time, for to augment his Pain,  
With a sharp Spear they pierced his side amain ;  
Great was the stream of blood [that gushed down] :  
They pierc'd his side so deep they made him groan. [Note, p. 590.

Out of his side from his dear heart ran down  
Great streams of crimson blood upon the ground ;  
Dear Blessed Lord ! how was you then abus'd,  
By bloody *Jews*, who did no conscience use.

Then on that Day this blessed One was forced,  
With a deep groan he yielded up the Ghost.  
And at that Dissolution then, was there  
Upon the Earth, great Darkness did appear.

The Earth did tremble; the sun withheld its light;  
 The rocks around each other now did smite;  
 The hills did tremble for a little space;  
 The lofty mountains moved from the place.

The Graves did open, and many Dead arose  
 To see this sight; many of his cruel foes,  
 Admonish'd, said, "These things look very odd!  
 Surely this man was the Son of God."

Then in a new Sepulcher Christ was lain,  
 Wherein three days and nights he did remain;  
 And when he arose, we hear, [even] in Hell  
 The Devil trembled, and with rage did swell.

Tho' in Death's chains Christ was forced to lie,  
 In God's true time he made those fetters fly:  
 Death never was balk'd since, nor [yet] before:  
 Christ's Resurrection made the Devils roar.

The first time Christ was [living] upon the Earth,  
 He persecuted was unto his death;  
 'Twas for our Sins he suffer'd thus indeed:  
 To think on this, what heart can cease to bleed?

Too many of us do act forbidden things,  
 And daily do crucify the King of Kings.  
 E're it be too late your wickedness give o'er,  
 For Christ for us will shed his Blood no more.

As we must die, and Christ our Judge must be,  
 To serve our Maker let us all agree;  
 That Christ may say, that sits upon the Throne,  
 "Come, Souls! I dy'd for you; you are my own."

*Newcastle-upon-Tyne: Printed and Sold by John White.*

[White-letter. Three woodcuts. Date of this issue, certainly not later than 1769, but probably it was a reprint of an earlier edition.]

It is a specimen of the dreary, unintellectual, unpoetical, and even unscriptural literature of its day, the earlier half of the eighteenth century. When we remember the rubbish which at the present hour passes muster as theology, and secures ecclesiastical promotion for the hack-pulpiteers, who produce it wholesale, one avoids censuring the paltry attempts to "pervert the prophets and purloin the psalms," three half-centuries ago. The intention of the writer was commendable, if he had taken the trouble to look at the Gospels, instead of misrepresenting events. Thus, the Slaughter of the Innocents, throughout a limited and scantily peopled district, probably involved at most a couple of score children, certainly not "thousands." The piercing of the Saviour's side is mis-stated to have preceded the death, and to have drawn from Jesus "a groan." This is a grave error, showing ignorance and inattention. To assert that "Death never was balk'd since nor before," is virtually to deny the raising of Jairus's daughter; of the widow's son at Nain; and of Lazarus at Bethany; with total disregard of the Old Testament times of Elijah, and the widow of Zarephath's son recalled to life. No doubts haunted the broadside poet concerning the descent into a conventional 'Hell,' and the 'swelling with rage' or 'roaring' of the devils. He knew the kind of doctrine expected for the price, and gave it. We scarcely deem his errors equal to those of certain modern freemantled canons, deans, and archdeacons, in the Southern Province.



[Douce Collection, III, 46, verso.]

## Jephthah's Rash Vow.

TO THE TUNE OF, *In Nineveh old Tobit dwelt.* [See Note, p. 593.]

Licensed and Enter'd according to Order.

WHEN *Israel* did first begin to worship every Heathen God,  
 For that abominable Sin the Lord was pleas'd to shake his Rod,  
 And sold them to the *Amorites*, which vex'd them eighteen years full sore,  
 Then the distressed *Israelites* their blessed Lord they did implore;  
 Who answer'd them in Wrath, and said, "*I have deliver'd you, you know.*  
*Time after time, yet have you stray'd, and unto other Gods would go.*  
*Go cry to them, now in your Need, and let those Gods deliver you !*"  
 But *Israel* with tears did plead that He his favours would renew :  
 They all cry'd out with one accord, "*We'll put our Idol Gods away ;*  
*O save us, save us, blessed Lord, and let us not become a Prey !*"

To him they lifted up their eyes, as they within his Presence stood,  
 His ears were open to their cries, his bowels yearned to do them good.  
 Poor *Israel* was in distress, their mighty warlike foes appear'd  
 Both hardy, strong, and numerous ; a dismal Overthrow they fear'd.  
 " *He shall be Head of us,*" they cried, "*who will go out and fight this Day,*  
*To overcome their haughty Pride, and in the dust their Honour lay.*"

*Jephthah*, the valiant *Gileadite*, the Warlike Champion needs must be,  
 Tho' him they formerly did slight, because a Harlot's Son was he,  
 By *Gilead*, *Jephthah's* Father then, who by his wife had sons great store,  
 And as they grew up to be men, they thrust poor *Jephthah* out of door.  
 Then from his Father's house he fled, unto the Land of *Tob* he goes,  
 Where both his strength and valour spread, reaching the ears of all his Foes.  
 Those that did formerly degrade him with the very height of scorn,  
 Came at the last to crave his Aid, like persons utterly forlorn.  
 For when the Host [of] *Amorites* came down, like Motes all in the sun,  
 Against the fearful *Gileadites*, their Elders did to *Jephthah* run,  
 Declaring with each sigh and sob, to him they would submission yield,  
 If he'd come from the land of *Tob*, to head their Army in the Field.

*Jephthah* return'd immediately the *Gilead* Elders this reproof,  
 " *Remember how you hated me, expell'd me from my Father's roof ;*  
*Nay, forc'd and drove me quite away, like cruel Persons pitiless :*  
*How can you come to me, I pray, for Succour in your sad Distress ?*"

The Elders, with a blush, reply'd : " *Bear not those former things in mind,*  
*But come and be our warlike Guide, and thou shalt lasting Honours find :*  
*We are with sorrows compass'd round, our Enemies are not a few.*  
*And there is none that can be found so valiant in the Field as you.*"

" *Suppose that by my valiant Sword I from your Fears should set you free,*  
*Would you be willing to afford the Rule and Government to me ?*"  
 " *The Lord be Judge between us both, if we do not as thou hast said.*"  
 The valiant *Jephthah* ventur'd forth, and to the Field their Army led.  
 He many Messengers did send unto the *Amorites* with speed,  
 To know for what they did contend ; but nothing could be well agreed  
 Between those mighty potent Foes, assembled with their Armies there,  
 But what must be by hardy Blows : therefore for Fight they did prepare.

The Spirit of the Lord above did come on *Jephthah* out of hand,  
 A Pledge or Token of his Love that he should never fall, but stand.  
 Then he a solemn Vow did make, unto the blessed Lord of Might,  
*That if he would not him forsake, but put his Enemies to flight,*  
*Or let them fall into his hands, that Israel's glory might increase,*  
*When with his warlike armed Bands he should return from Field in Peace,*  
*The first that came out of his Door, he'd offer up a Sacrifice*  
*To God, Who lives for Evermore, and Rules above the azure skies.*

God granted *Jephthah* his Request, the *Amorites* he overthrew ;  
 He gave them little time to rest, like Chaff before the Wind they flew.  
 And *Jephthah* he pursued the Chase thro' twenty Cities on the Plain,  
 And slaughter'd them in woful case ; and so returning home again,  
 His Daughter she came forth to meet her Father who return'd from fight,  
 Dancing with Timbril, Musick sweet, fill'd with a Transport of Delight.

But *Jephthah* he was grieved sore, so soon as ever her he see ;  
 And likewise he his garments tore, having no other child but she.  
 Said he, "*Thou dost my Glory blast, for thee my Heart is sunk full low ;*  
*The Vow out of my Mouth has past, and back again it cannot go.*  
*I dare not falsifie that Vow, which to the Lord of Hosts I made ;*  
*Wherefore, my dearest Darling now, with Grief my heart is overlaid.*  
*I have not power now to save my Daughter from that Destiny :*  
*Although no other Child I have, my cruel Hand must fall on thee."*

" If you, my honoured Father dear, have made a Vow to God on high,  
 Fulfil the same, and never fear, whether it be to live or die."   
 With tears of Sorrow he replies, "*Child, thou must to the Altar go,*  
*And there be made a Sacrifice : Alas ! Alas ! it must be so."*

" I am your Child, therefore it's fit you should do what you please with me ;  
 In humble sort I do submit to all that can inflicted be.  
 The LORD I find has Vengeance took on those that sought our Overthrow,  
 And therefore with a cheerful look the sharpest Grief I'll undergo.  
 Let me but have two months, I pray, to wander on the Mountains high,  
 That with my Fellows here I may bemoan my true Virginity."

Her Father freely let her go, attended by a Mournful Train :  
 Two Months she wander'd to and fro, then homeward she return'd again,  
 There to receive her Destiny, with Friends and Virgins compass'd round,  
 Because to God, as well as he, she knew herself in Duty bound.  
 And then her Father did to her according to the Vow he made, [*Judges, xl, 39.*  
 A Crown of Glory to confer on she who willingly obey'd :  
 E'er he should break his solemn Oath, his Virgin Daughter, kind and mild,  
 Cou'd part with Life and Pleasures both : where shall we find so sweet a Child ?  
 The Virgins fair of *Israel* went constantly four days a year  
 To Mourn, as we the Truth may tell, for valiant *Jephthah's* Daughter dear.

Printed by and for *C. Brown* and *T. Norris*, and Sold by *J. Walter*, in *High-Holborn*.

[White-letter, with a long panoramic woodcut above the four columns of verse :  
 procession of Jewish maidens, dancing, who advance to welcome *Jephthah*,  
 when he returns triumphantly. See *Note* on p. 593. Date, 1710-21.]

Here end the last Religious Ballads.



## Jephthah's Rash Vow.

(A Supplementary Note, on pp. 591, 592.)

IN our vol. vi, p. 686, we mentioned a perhaps unique broadside-ballad on 'Jephtha,' quite distinct from the early one that was quoted in *Hamlet*, act ii, sc. 2 (probably the same 'JEPFA' afterwards transferred in the Registers of the Stationers Comp. on 14 December, 1624). We reprinted the Roxburghe 'Proper new ballad intituled *Jeptha*, Judge of Israel,' in vol. vi, p. 685—

"I read that many years agoe, when *Jeptha*, Judge of *Israel*,  
Had one fair daughter and no mo'e, whom he loved so passing well,  
And as by lot, God wot, it came to passe, most like it was,  
Great warrs there should be,  
And who should be the chief but he, but he, but he." Etc.

The virtual identity of the burlesque quotation by *Hamlet*, in 1603, with the already old ditty is evident. The original had belonged to the previous century. Our earliest recoverable printed version is *circa* 1674 (Rawlinson Coll., 566, fol. 123, bears his MS. note as to this being the date of purchase. Printed for F. Coles, Vere, Wright, and Clarke: Roxb. ed. is earlier, being from Coles, Vere, and Gilbertson). Strangely enough, or scarcely strange since fraud and blunder are difficult to conquer, especially when a Bishop endorses the forgery—the apocryphal version (given in Percy's *Reliques*, vol. i, p. 177, 1767) holds place. The perversion is due to George Steevens (Isaac Disraeli's 'Puck of Commentators') and his untraced "Lady" transcriber, who furnished the *Reliques* version.

Inferior in its claims to antiquity, and not connected with *Hamlet*, the hitherto unprinted 'Jephtha's Rash Vow' deserves rescue from oblivion. The tune named, '*In Nineveh Old Tobit dwelt*,' marks the 'Ballad of Tobias,' which was reprinted in these *Roxb. Ballads*, vol. ii, p. 621. Not improbably there may have been earlier editions of the 'Rash Vow,' as its former popularity would account for the expensiveness of the woodcut. It shows the maidens coming forth, dancing, to welcome Jephthah, who returns in a triumphal car after the Roman fashion (Douce Coll., III, 46 *verso*). We reprint it on pp. 591, 592.

There is also in a somewhat doubtful Jacobean MS. (B.M. Add. MS. 32,380, p. 11), '*Jeptha* and his Daughter,' beginning, "You all have heard long agoe." It is signed, 'Finis. Ri. Jo.'



## The Duke's Wish.

EVERYTHING comes to the man who will not wait, but keeps his eyes open, and knows exactly what he wants. In 1883 we sought the lost ballad of 'The Duke's Wish' (see vol. v, p. xii of first Preface, and pp. 68, 69), with its burden of *I'll ask no more*. It is thirteen years ago, and we give it now, recovered from a genuine Lancashire MS., slightly mutilated by rough usage, and lacking any title.

It lurked unsuspectingly, in company with two identified songs in MSS., until the present Editor obtained the first line, and afterwards a transcript, from his good friend Charles W. Sutton—to whom for this and other help he renders hearty thanks. It is the satirical "Duke's Wish" (we honestly believe), on *James, Duke of York*, in Popish Plot days, 1679–80; the original which Thomas Houghton imitated in his "Miners of Minerals, where're you be" (of which a third exemplar was Jersey Coll., I, 370 = Lind., 802), reprinted, vol. v, 68.

## The Duke's Wish.

Fortune, since thou bid'st me chuse,  
 Of what I have most [need] to use  
 Of all thy store;  
 First I wish to be well fed,  
 And keep a table richly spread:  
*I'le aske noe more, I'le aske noe more.*

For my dwellinge to have care,  
 Princely houses to prepare,  
 With a back dore [Chiffinch,  
doorkeeper.]  
 For private uses and for friends,  
 For choice delights and speciall ends:  
*I'le aske noe more, I'le aske noe more.*

Next, a neat and sumptuous bedd,  
 Wheare in is a faire Lady layd;  
 Grant thou therefore  
 A modest vertuous wife be shee,  
 To keepe me honest, if it may be:  
*I'le aske noe more, I'le aske noe more.* { pace Arabella  
Churchill,  
Susan Skip-  
worth, and  
Kate Sedley.

Melancholly to prevent,  
 And remove all discontent,  
 Increase my store,  
 With some odd thousands every day,  
 To drive my musinge thoughts away:  
*I'le aske noe more, I'le aske noe more.* [Covetousness  
of James.]

But when age shall sense deprive, [t. aige .. sence.]  
 And I can no longer live,  
 I then implore,  
 When I the world—and it leaves mee  
 A blessed Saint in heaven to be:  
*I'le aske noe more, I'le aske noe more.*

But when to heaven I shall ascend,  
 One thing more [give], I may attend  
 To keep the dore,  
 That soe I may let in my friend,  
 And all my foes away may send:  
*I'le aske noe more, I'le aske noe more.* [i.e. Recent convert.  
= The Exclusionists.]



## Bar'ra Faustus' Dream.

"My mother had a maid, call'd *Barbara*;  
 She was in love, and he she loved proved mad,  
 And did forsake her; she had a song of 'Willow';  
 An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,  
 And she died singing it. That song to-night  
 Will not go from my mind. I have much to do,  
 But to go hang my head all at one side,  
 And sing it like poor *Barbara*."

—*Othello*, iv, 3.

WE recover the lost ballad of *Bar'ra Faustus' Dream*, or *Barbara Forster's Dream* (the title varied when the tune was cited). The experience of a lifetime has taught us that innumerable things accounted among the 'losses of antiquity' have not actually perished—like those mentioned by Pancirollus, *De antiquis deperditis*, but merely remain hidden, whether unsought or unscanned; they usually reveal themselves unexpectedly to the observant eye of one who knows their value, while he searches in likely or unlikely places for something different. There is a sort of electric insight. The eye could have perceived nothing without its trained faculty for seeing. "But it needs happy moments for this skill."

'The Second Part of Barrow Faustus' Dreame' (*sic*) has revealed itself in the same valuable collection of 'Black-letter Vestiges of the Stuart Cycle,' whence the nearly perfect duplicate of 'The Two Inseparable Brothers,' by Martin Parker, was unearthed a few months ago (see p. xvi of *Second Preface* to this vol. viii). It avowedly lacks the earlier stanzas, and is sorely tattered, but here and elsewhere much has been regained of the long-lost ballad.

Manuscripts preserved the music (in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, twice; in a 4to at the Advocates Lib., Edinburgh, formerly belonging to Cranston, Dr. John Leyden, and Richard Heber; among '*Airs and Sonnets*' in MS. Trin. Coll. Dublin, F. v. 13; also in Philip Rossiter's *Lessons for Consort*, 1609, and Forbes's *Cantus*, 1662). It was 'godlified' in *Psalmes or Songs of Sion*, 1642. It had reappeared as *Bara Faustus's Dream*, or, *Phæbus is long over de zee*, in the *Nederlandische Gedreck Clonck*, 1626. In *Friesche Lust-Hof*, 1634, it bears the *Phæbus* synonym. In Dr. Camphuysen's *Stichtelyche Rymen*, Amsterdam, 1649, it is covered by both names, *Phæbus is long*, and *Forster's Dream* [*sic*]. This is according to William Chappell (partly MS. note); than whom no authority is higher. He had no equal, merely imitators. He gave the tune in his *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 240, 1855. Honour be ever paid lovingly to his memory. We are at best his pupils.

'The Shepherd's Joy,' to the tune of *Bar'ra Faustus' Dream*, must have borrowed part of the original earlier ballad, into the third edition of *The Golden Garland of Princely Delight*, 1620. This would account for the coincidence of one stanza being in both. Our recovered version is from dissevered fragments, not absolutely trustworthy, because some of them may be misplaced, or defective.



## Bar'ra Faustus' Dream.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE.

WHen of late I sought my bed,  
 Sad my thoughts, I could not slumber,  
 All my happiness was fled,  
 Fears they wrack'd me without number.  
 Longing for return of Day,  
 Nought could ease me, [or could] please me,  
 Not one hope with me would stay.  
 Fortune dark [as death] did seem;  
 [My love] parted, broken-hearted.  
*Then I dreamed my Dream.*

Far away, [it came to be,]  
 Far away, my feet went straying;  
*Phœbus* long over the sea  
 Shining brightly, waves a-playing.  
 Lo, my true-love comes to me!  
 "All is mended, sorrows ended;  
 Since my love once more I see!  
 Young and happy, [by the] stream,  
 We can wander, growing fonder."  
*This was all a Dream.*

"Tell me, Love, O tell me true,  
 Shall we never part again?  
 Am I still as dear to you,  
 As before you cross'd the Main?  
 I had gladly died that day!  
 Could you leave me? you would grieve me,  
 From me did you longer stay:  
 Left in darkness, [without gleam]  
 Of the far-light, moon or star-light."  
*Could this be a Dream?*

Then he soothed me with sweet kisses,  
 Told me all his hopes and fears too;  
 Spoke of endless future blisses,  
 Wiped away my joyous tears too.  
 Not one cloud was in the sky,  
 Birds were trilling songs, and billing,  
 No strange foes were lurking nigh;  
 None could danger dread, or deem,  
 Since espial forms Love's trial.  
*It was a happy Dream.*

"Come, sweet Love, let sorrow cease!  
 Banish frowns, leave off dissension;  
 Love's war makes the sweetest Peace,  
 Hearts uniting through contention.  
 Sunshine follows after rain;  
 Sorrows ceasing, this is pleasing:  
 All proves fair again.  
 After sorrow cometh joy:  
 Trust me, prove me, try me, love me!  
*This will cure annoy.*" \*

[See Note.]

"Since" (I say) "you love me still,  
 Am I now as fair as ever?  
 Fear of change anew would kill:  
 I should die were we to sever!"  
 "Fairer, lovelier, thou to me,  
 Always dearer, draw me nearer:  
 None more beautiful I see!"  
 When he ceased, I woke in pain,  
 Tortured sadly, blindly, madly.  
 Could I dream that Dream again?  
*Could I dream again!*




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*Note.*—Following the coincident stanza, "Come, sweet Love," are three stanzas in one version, before 1666; possibly belonging to the original *Barra Faustus' Dream*, certainly appointed to be sung to the same tune. They are—(1) "Come, sweet Love"; (2) "Winter hides"; (3) "See this bright"; (4) "Then, sweet Love." Not the final stanza, "Since, I say, you love me still." These are given in brevier type, to mark the difference of the versions.

"Winter hides his frosty face, | Blushing now to be pursued;\*  
 Spring returns with pleasant grace, | *Flora's* treasures are renewed.  
 Lambs rejoice to see the Spring, | Leaping, skipping, sporting, tripping;  
 Birds for joy do sing. | Let your spring of Joy renew,  
 Colling, kissing, clapping, blessing, | And give Love his due.

See this bright shine of thine eyes, | Clouded now with dark disdain: \*  
 Shall such stormy tempests rise | To set Love's faire day a raining?  
 Men are glad, the sky being clear, | Lightly toying, sporting, joying,  
 With their lovely peer; | But are sad to see the shower,  
 Sadly dropping, louring, pouting, | Turning sweet to sour.

Then, sweet Love, disperse this cloud, | Which obscures! this woful coying! \*  
 When each creature sings aloud, | Filling hearts with over-joying:  
 Every Dove doth seek her mate, | Gently billing, she is willing,  
 Sweets of love to take. | With such wars let us contend, [a.l. words.  
 Wooing, doing, wedding, bedding: | This our strife shall end. *finis.*

# The Second Part of Barrow Faustus' Dreame.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE.



**A**S lately I lay in my bed, willing for to sleepe,  
 A drowsie Dreame came in my head, which made me for to weep.  
 If you are willing for to know, the truth hereof I will plainly show,  
 Therefore marke well the same :  
 [One] night there came, immediately, a man and sayd, “Come goe with me!”  
 But told me not his name.

And then he brought me to a place, and sayd, “Doe not feare!”  
 Whereas I saw before my face One sitting in a chaire :  
 Methought it was a dolefull sight, and sure it did amaze me quite,  
 His person to behold :  
 H[e had a Crown] and hollow eyes, his flesh was gon[e] clean from his thighs,  
 His face did shine like gold.

I saide to him that brought me there, “Deare friend, what is he  
 That sits so sadly in his chaire? I pray you tell to me.”  
 Then told he me it was a Judge, and from that place I must not budge,  
 For feare of further strife :  
 “For sure, my loving friend” (quoth he), “great store of company thou shalt see,  
 In perill of their life.” [text, lives.]

With that I saw a King stand [quite] before him at that time,  
 And he was clothed all in white, most seemly to be seene :  
 Then came his [nobles] and his wife, and of the Ju[dge besought his] life,  
 [But he was bade stand by : (Nine half-lines torn off.)  
 [To whom much had been freely lent, to govern well, yet time mis-spent,  
 Nor heard the widow's cry.]

[He knew his fatal doom was nigh, and he bemoaned sore ; [conjectural lines.  
He proffer'd gold his life to buy, that bought his soul before.

"I cannot bear to die," quoth he.] "If thou wilt grant my life to me,  
The tearme of twenty yeares !

Good my Lord, hold me excuse, for I have money out at use,  
Which makes me shed my teares."

Then said the Judge : "'Tis all in vaine, because thou hatest the poore :  
Thy suite thou shalt not here obtaine, for all thy gold and store.  
I scorne thy gold and usury, a cruell death thou needs must die,  
Therefore stand back a while."

Then came in a simple man, that was scarce able to go or stand,  
And on the Judge did smile,

And said : "My Lord, breake off this strife, if it may [so] please thee ;  
I'le die to save the rich man's life, for that will much ease me."

With that the Judge took up a dart, and strooke the poor man to the heart,  
Which was his ownly choise.

The sixe young children came in then, with instruments [of music playing],  
Which made my heart rejoyce.

With that me thought a trumpet did sound, dolefully, dolefully ;  
About the Judge there stood a crowd, presently. [‘up round.’

This to the Good the Judge did say : "Goe forth along in that straight way,  
That leads to everlasting Joy.

The broad way [is] left for the Evill, the which will bring them to the diuell :  
Which will their soules destroy."

And with these words I did awake, out of my drowsie sleepe :

And unto prayer my selfe betake, as was both righte and meete.

Thus of my Dreame I make an end, trusting that God will us defend,  
And guide us with his grace :

That when our lives draw to an end, unto Heaven he will us send,  
To have a resting-place.

*Finis.*

Printed at London by A[lexander] M[ilbourn].

[Black-letter. Woodcut, p. 598. Date of *Milbourne's* reissue circd 1670, but the original was ten years earlier. The king clothed in white could not before 1640 have been an allusion to 'the White King,' Charles I, and "twenty years" would be 1660, the Restoration ; the "poor man" was Lord Strafford.]

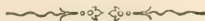
*This doubtful stanza is not in Milbourne's edition : it may have been the fifth—*

[Long had their humble prayer been made, in patience had they striven,  
Yet he withheld from them his aid, whose aid should have been given.

When first he came, a Rich Man he, in purple robes clad sumptuously,  
I marvell'd who drew near ;

Proud was his step, with haughty mien, until that throned Judge was seen,  
Then he fell back in fear.]

The original *Barra Faustus's Dreame* without any 'Second Part' was of date before 1609. The two Parts were written by two distinct authors : the second ("a cruel death" means 1648-9), being tainted with puritanism, and not a loyal Cavalier, gave a sorry sequel to the earlier 'Lover's Dream.'



[Roxb. Coll., II, 237; Pepys, IV, 140; Jersey, I, 261=Lindes., 576.]

## The Ingenious Braggadocia;

Who thinks to oblige by Boasting of his Large Possessions, yet was very unwilling to lose much time in Wooing: but [after his] being married was in a week's time acquainted with an aching Forehead.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Cook-Laurel* [see Note below].

I Have a Mare, her colour is white:

*Sweet, if thou love me, tell me now!*

To ride on [my journey] I take delight,

*And I cannot come every day to wooe.*

[Cf. vol. iv, 373.

*With hey, my Nanny, with ho, my Nanny!*

*With hey, my Nanny, my Nanny, Nanny!*

*The more I do look, the more I love thee;*

*Thou art kinder than ever thou used to be.*

I have a key, but it wants a lock: *Sweet, if thou love me, tell me now!*

I have that will please, un[less thou] mock: *And I cannot come, etc.*

I would not wed when I was young: *Sweet, if thou love me, etc.*

But now I am old I want a good [ongue]: *And I cannot come, etc.*

I have a house, and a [poultry-]yard;

But by the right owner I'm from it debarred, etc.

I have a pot, that wants a ladle,

Come furnish me then, if thou art able.

We'll leave off these cups, and fill up our glasses:

We'll leave off old Widdows, and court young Lasses.

It is not a week since I took me a Bride,

But I fear there's a cuckold that lies by her side.

Once I had Silver, and once I had Gold,

And once I had Land, but I could not it hold.

And now I have spent and wasted my store,

I have Horns on my head, which I ne'r had before.

And to be a Cuckold, if it be my lot,

It is an old Trade that will ne'r be forgot.

In the City and Country, some brethren I have,

Whose wives do maintain them both gallant and brave.

*With hey, my Nanny, with ho, my Nanny, etc.*

*Thou art kinder than ever thou used to be.*

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray,*  
and *T. Passenger.*

[Black-letter. Two cuts: 1st, reverse of the full-length Cornuto, vii, 204; 2nd, a girl, holding a feather-fan, like iii, 576. Date, circa 1676.]

Marked "To the Tune of, *Cook-Laurel*." (See vol. vii, p. 219, for the song by Ben Jonson.) But this ascription of the tune is incorrect. The true tune must have been an adaptation of '*Come hither, my own sweet Duck!*' (the words thereof in *Merry Drollery*, 1661, vol. ii, p. 106, were by R. Roberts; reprinted at Boston, Line., 1876, p. 247, of his *Choyce Drollery* volume). This '*Insatiate Lover*,' of probable date 1646, the original, holds a free companion chorus—

*With hey ho, my honey! my heart shall never rue,*

*For I have been spending money, and amongst the Jovial Crew.*



It cannot be imputed as a fault to the 'Ingenious Braggadocia' [*sic*] that he had resolved to "leave off old widows and court young lasses." These were commendable aspirations. The ballad-writer Richard Crimsal, in his *Cupid's Soliciter of Love*, has discriminated wisely on 'the Wooring of a Widow,' to the tune of, '*I am in love*,' etc.: to which was sung also, "When I do call to mind my former life" (Rawl. Coll., 146); 'A Discourse betwixt Simple-Wit the tenant, and Money-Love the landlord.'

## A Song upon the Wooring of a Widow.

TO THE TUNE OF, *I am in Love* [, and cannot tell with whom].

HE that will woove a Widow must not dally,  
 He must make hay while the sun doth shine;  
 He must not with her stand, 'Shall I, shall I?'  
 But boldly say, 'Widow, thou must be mine!'  
 Maids are unconstant, widows are unkind,  
*The best of all is fickle as the wind.*

'Tis vain to woove a Widow over long,  
 In once or twice her mind you may perceive;  
 Widows are subtil, be they old or young,  
 And by their wiles young men they will deceive.  
 Strike home at first, and then she will be kind,  
*Else you shall find them fickle as the wind.*

Maids they are cross, the Proverb so doth tell,  
 Young men must flatter them all the while;  
 But Widows they love a bold spirit well,  
 And if you please her, then, on you she'll smile.  
 If you can give content unto her mind,  
*She'll love you well, else her you'll fickle find.*

—Richard Crimsal, 1682.

Another person who suffered the same malady of an aching brow as the 'Braggadocia,' was a citizen, 'The London Cuckold,' in 1686. The tune is, *O Mother! Roger*: see p. 200. The allusion to the encampment of the Army, on Hounslow Heath, indicates the date, July 1686, confirmed by the licenser, Richard Pocock.

After the suppression of Monmouth's Rebellion in the West, the country was inclined to settle down at peace with the new king, James II; but in London there were too many disaffected intriguers ready to stir up the mob to commotion, and the establishment of any Catholic Chapel was the welcome signal for plunder and destruction, under pretence of Protestant zeal. One was destroyed so late as the 28th October, 1688. "King James gathered into a camp on Hounslow Heath, within a circuit of 2½ miles, fourteen battalions of foot-soldiers and thirty-two squadrons of horse, amounting to 13,000 fighting-men." Narcissus Luttrell records, on 19th July, 1686, "A train of artillery, consisting of about thirty cannon, with all ammunition and necessaries required in a camp, was drawn through the City from the Tower to Hounslow" (*Brief Relation*, vol. i, p. 381).

Two days later Samuel Johnson, author of *Julian the Apostate* and other intemperate libels, was tried at the Court of Queen's Bench, for having written, and caused to be circulated at the camp, two papers, intended to excite disaffection and mutiny among the soldiers. One was entitled, '*An Adresse to the English Protestant Officers in this present Army*'; the other was, '*The Opinion that Resistance may be used in case our Religion and Rights should be invaded.*' Found guilty by a Surrey jury, he was sentenced "to stand thrice in the pillory, pay a fine of 500 marks, and to be whipt from Newgate to Tyburn." On the 20th November he was by the subservient bishops and clergy, 'commissioners,' degraded from the priesthood, and surrendered as a secular person to undergo his punishment. (The clerical judgment was reversed, 11 June, 1689, and declared to have been "cruel and illegal.") He had been the tool of the notorious Hugh Speke. At first the London citizens had felt distrust and terror at the formation of the camp, believing it was meant to overawe them. But they speedily lost their dread, and it became thronged with visitors full of gaiety and prodigal expenditure. This attraction accounts for the absence from his own home of 'The London Cuckold.' Before June, 1686, many of the soldiers were ill, and some died, the effect of the "very wet and unseasonable weather."

Compare Evelyn's *Diary*, iii, p. 22.—"June 28 [1686]. Such storms, raine, and foul weather, seldom known at this time of the year. The camp at Hounslow Heath, from sicknesse and other inconveniences of weather, forced to retire to quarters: the storms being succeeded by excessively hot weather, many grew sick. Greate feasting there, especially in Lord *Dumbarton's* quarters. There were many jealousies and discourses of what was the meaning of this encampment." Cf. N. Luttrell's *Brief Relation*, i, 381, 383.

In August, 1688, the campaign ended. King James left Hounslow for Westminster, troubled in mind, when riotous rejoicings were made over the acquittal of the 'Seven Bishops,' after their ridiculous sham martyrdom and attitudinizing. (See the subject treated in vol. iv, pp. 292-8.) This foolish *Trial of the Bishops* had been a disastrous blunder. 'A sentimental grievance' is always a more serious obstacle than any one of mere illegality or military oppression. The Army itself had been systematically assailed by seditionists, whilst the influx of profligates and courtesans had corrupted the small amount of morality the troops possessed. Almost to a man they showed their unwillingness to support any new scheme for coercion, even under pretence of abolishing the invidious 'Test Act': a repeal whereby James II hoped at first to conciliate the dissenters, against the 'Reformed Church.' But their fear and hatred of Romanists turned the scale. The Hounslow Heath camp had been renewed on July 12, 1688. On the following 8th August, it was wholly broken. In discontent the troops dispersed to country quarters. (See *Note on the Camp*, p. 605.)

[Roxb. Coll., II, 286; Bagford, I, 58; Pepys, IV, 122; Jersey, I, 218—  
Lind., 1212.]

## The London Cuckold ;

Or,

An Ancient Citizen's head well-fitted with a flourishing  
pair of fashionable Horns by his buxome Young  
Wife, who was well [served] by a Coltish young  
Spark, in the time of her Husband's absence at the  
Campaign on Hounslow Heath.

TUNE OF, *O Mother! Roger*, etc. [p. 200]. This may be printed,  
R. P[acock].

A Trades-man, hearing of the story of the Army and Campaign,  
Long'd for to behold the glory, and he went to see the same ;  
On his brown-bay Tit he got, and away does bravely trot,  
Left behind his witty Wife, whom he lov'd as dear as Life :

*But while my Tradesman took the air,  
There came [mischance] and [spoilt] his mare.*

It was a Gallant with white-feather, and a coat with golden lace,  
Hearing of her fame came thither, and supply'd her Husband's place ;  
Little thought the careless man of the game that then began :  
Thinking not to be beguil'd, by his wife so sweet and mild :

*But while the Tradesman took the air,  
There came a colt and back'd his mare.*

When he came home she gave him kisses, and Sack-Posset very good ;  
Caudles, too, she never misses, for they warm and heat the blood ;  
Such things will create desire, and new kindle *Cupid's* fire :  
These things made him kiss his wife, and to call her Love and Life.

*But while (alas !) he took the air,  
A wanton colt had back'd his mare.*

The good man soon found something budding, which did put him  
to great pain,

And, as he was eating Pudding, to his wife he did complain :  
“ Wife ” (said he), “ I am not well ; what I ail'd I cannot tell,  
But my forehead feels like bone, 'tis as hard as any stone.”

“ *By Jove* ” (quoth she) “ and this fair morn !  
*Husband, Husband, 'tis a Horn !* ”

“A Horn!” (quoth he), “pray hold your prating (for I vow  
you make me quake):

If it be, 'tis of your making. O dear, how my head does ache!

I am in a woful case; something, something, sprouts apace.”

“Love” (said she), “then know your doom! One [came to] me  
in your room:

*For while you rid to take the air,*

*There came a colt that back'd your mare.”*

“The Deuce” (quoth he) “take ye for witches! Can't a man  
ride out a mile,

But some fellow with fine breeches must new saddle you the while?”

“Husband, Husband, for your joy, you shall have a thumping boy.

Come, come, peace, and have more wit. Oh! I feel a qualmish fit.

*I find, I find I [was beguil'd]:*

*Pray, my dear, be kind and mild!”*

“[Beguil'd], d'ye say, ye arrant Hussie! I ne'r got it? Is it true?”

“'Tis!” (quoth she): “you were so busie, I was loath to trouble you.

You love Business as your life, but ne'r mind to kiss your wife.

You leave me to lye alone, all night long to sigh and moan.

*And therefore, when you took the air,*

*There came a colt and back'd your mare.*

“It was a youth in gaudy jacket, that appear'd most brisk and fine,  
Kist me, prest me, teaz'd my placket; made me blush like claret  
wine.

But at last I did obey. What young woman could say nay?

To this Gallant I did yield, and the warrior won the field.

*For while you, Husband, took the air,*

*This same youngster back'd your mare.”*

“Oh! let true patience be my balsom, since I know my wretched  
fate;

Prating like a Fool is fulsome, silence cures the horned pate.

Should I blow my trumpet out, I should raise the Rabble rout,

Have the boys about my ears, and endure their flouts and jeers.

*But for hereafter I'll take care,*

*That no young colt shall back my mare.”*

Printed for *J. Back*, at the *Black Boy*, on *London-Bridge*, near  
the *Draw-bridge*.

[Black-letter. Three woodcuts: 1st, the amazed man, from the picture in  
p. vii, 210; 2nd, a fight between two armies of spearmen in a plain; 3rd, the  
bedroom scene of vii, 458. Followed in the Pepysian Coll., IV, 123, by the  
Answer, apparently unique, “I pray now listen to my ditty.” Date, 1686.]

## An Answer to the London Cuckold,

Lately fitted with a large pair of horns of the New Fashion, which his wife made him in the time of his Riding to *Hounslow Heath*. With an account of his languishing under the burden of his new Head-piece. Together with his Wife's faithful promise of seeking out for a speedy cure for his lamentable distemper.

TO THE TUNE OF, *O Mother! Roger* [with his kisses. See p. 201]. This may be printed, R. P[ocock].

**I** Pray now listen to my Ditty. I shall weep for evermore;  
All my neighbours now take pity! I had ne'er such horns before.  
How my head does throb and ake, and my heart with grief will break;  
I am wofully possest, night and day I take no rest:

*O when I went the Camp to see,*

*Would I had ta'en my wife with me.*

[Etcetera.

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel* in *Guilt-spur-street*.

[Black-letter. Six woodcuts. Date, 1686-7.]

(The true Apotheosis of such a 'London Cuckold' is shown in two ballads—'Hey for Horn Fair,' and the 'Summons to the Hen-peck'd Frigate,' given later, in the 'Group of Female Ramblers'.)

Lord Macaulay, supreme in his happy knowledge of the valuable ballad-lore of Stuart times, gives a glowing description of the Camp in 1686, in its early attractiveness. He mentions two contemporary poems, 'Hounslow Heath' and 'Cæsar's Ghost,' and quotes one of the unreprinted ballads in the Pepysian Collection (see p. 607), the third stanza of "The army now returns to London."

"I liked the place beyond expressing, I never saw a Camp so fine;  
Not a Maid, in a plain dressing, but might take a glass of wine."

"The King was resolved not to yield. He formed a Camp on *Hounslow Heath*, and collected there, within a circumference of about two miles and a half, fourteen battalions of foot and thirty-two squadrons of horse, amounting to thirteen thousand fighting-men. Twenty-six pieces of artillery, and many wains laden with arms and ammunition were dragged from the Tower through the City to *Hounslow*. The Londoners saw this great force assembled in their neighbourhood with a terror which familiarity soon diminished.

"A visit to *Hounslow* became their favourite amusement on holidays. The camp presented the appearance of a vast fair. Mingled with the musketeers and dragoons, a multitude of fine gentlemen and ladies from *Soho Square*, sharpers and painted women from *Whitefriars*, invalids in sedans, monks in hoods and gowns, lacquies in rich liveries, pedlars, orange girls, mischievous apprentices, and gaping clowns, was constantly passing and repassing through the long lanes of tents. From some pavilions were heard the noises of drunken revelry, from others the curses of gamblers. In truth the place was merely a gay suburb of the capital. The King . . . had hoped that his army would overawe *London*; but the result of his policy was that the feelings and opinions of *London* took complete possession of his army."—*History of England*, vol. ii, chapter vi, p. 103, edition 1849: Cabinet edition, i, 366, 367; ii, 127.



## The Whitechapel Maids' Lamentation.

“ And then methought I heard a hollow sound,  
 Like echoes that from caves and rocks rebound ;  
 And thus it spake—‘ Full five-and-twenty years [1660–1685.  
 I reign’d, without the noise or toil of Wars ;  
 Bore the indignities of Faction Power,  
 And saw my life in danger every hour ; [Charles II.  
 Yet rather had resign’d it up in peace,  
 Than ow’d my safety to such Brutes as these, [Irish troops.  
 At best a Scare-crow, rebels to affright :  
 Put them to action, and scarce one will fight.’ ”

—*Cæsar’s Ghost.*

WHATEVER design of arbitrary power James II may have cherished, while he maintained this disorderly Camp at Hounslow Heath, the troops had not enough loyalty to resist the contagion of seditious agitators ; among whom were emissaries of the Orange faction, insinuating treason. Their teaching is thus summarized, satirically, by some libellous opponent of the King :—

“ Now pause, and view the Army Royal,  
 Compos’d of valiant souls and loyal ;  
 Not rais’d (as ill men say) to hurt ye,  
 But to defend, or to convert ye :  
 For that’s the method now in use  
 The Faith *Tridentine* to diffuse.  
 Time was, the Word was powerful,  
 But now ’tis thought remiss and dull ;  
 Has not that energy and force  
 Which is in well-arm’d Foot and Horse.”

—*Hounslow-Heath, 1686 [1687].*

Although it was politically a failure, the Camp, nevertheless, made a lively impression on womenkind, by gaiety and debauchery. Records are extant in contemporary broadsides. One of them, unique (Pepys Coll., III, 127), is entitled, ‘The *White-Chappel* Maids’ Lamentation, for the loss of their Sweet-hearts, upon the Souldiers Departing to the Army to fight for the King.’ To the tune of, ‘*Methinks the poor Town has been troubled too long*’ (see vol. vi, p. 127). Licensed, ‘This may be Printed, June the 24, 1685, R. L. S[trange]: Entered according to Order.’ It begins thus :—

“ WE Maids are undone, our Sweet-hearts are flown,  
 And gone to the Army to get them renown,  
 To guard and preserve each County and Town,  
 And fight for the safety of Kingdom and Crown.  
*No nation can show us such youths as are here,  
 Such warlike brave Heroes, such hearts void of fear.”*

Printed for C. Denisson, at the Stationers’-Arms within Aldgate. [B.-L., 1685.]

This loyal ballad was written before the suppression of Monmouth's Insurrection in the West, as Roger Le Strange's license of it proves. He gave place to R. Pocock about August, in the same year. Consequently of later date is the following ballad:—

'The *Westminster* Madams' Lamentation, for the breaking up of the Campaign at *Hounslow-Heath*, and the loss of their Pleasure they used to receive there. Together with the Souldiers' kind Answer, in comforting them, with hopes of meeting them again the next Summer. This may be Printed, R. P[ocock]. To the tune of, *O Mother, Roger*' [*with his kisses*: see p. 200]. It begins (Pepys Coll., III, 339)—

"THE Army now returns to *London*, and farewell to the Campaign ;  
Now, alas ! I am quite undone, left to sigh and to complain.  
Fickle Fortune has me crost : what a Lover have I lost !  
What a Hero brave and fine, liked and lov'd this face of mine !  
But yet I hope, the next Campaign, to see these Souldiers once again."

A second stanza intervenes ; the third holds the couplet quoted by Macaulay, which we are the first to identify and track home—

"I liked the place beyond expressing, I never saw a Camp so fine ;  
Not a Maid, in a plain dressing, but might take a glass of wine," etc.

Printed for *J. Back*, at the *Black-Boy* on *London-Bridge*. [B.-L., 1687.]

'CÆSAR'S GHOST,' a poem mentioned on pp. 605–6, incidentally descriptive of the Camp at Hounslow, held a series of scurrilous libels on the visitors, viz., Louis Duras, Earl of Feversham, borne about in a sedan-chair, the handsome and mercenary John Churchill (Marlborough), Mistress Lovit, Colonel Edward Sackville, etc., not omitting the miserable City Laureate, Elkanah Settle. It begins with a description of a pretended Dream—

'TWAS still low ebb of Night, when not a star  
Was twinkling in the muffled atmosphere,  
But all around in horrid darkness mourn'd,  
As if old *Chaos* were again return'd.

Amongst these monuments of sacred fame  
Great *Cæsar* stood : *Cæsar*, whose deathless name, [= *Charles II.*  
When shrines decay, triumphant shall remain,  
While sense, good nature, wit, and love shall reign.

As quick as thought the faithless Town he past,  
And towards the *Camp* of wondrous fame does haste . . .  
Thrice with majestic pace he walks the round,  
Surveying the Pavilions' utmost bound ;  
And useless Grandeur every where he found.  
(*Philippi*, nor the famed *Pharsalian* field,  
Did not more signs of glorious action yield ;)  
But this was all for Show, not Terror made,  
'Twas *Hounslow* Farce, a siege in masquerade.  
More near he views it yet, and found within  
All the degrees of Luxury and Sin :

*Alsatia's* sink into this Common-shore [ = *Whitefriars*.  
 Did all its vile and nasty nuisance pour ;  
 Fat Sharpers, broken Cuckolds, Gamesters, Cheats,  
 What *Newgate* disembogues, find here retreats :  
 The Groom and Footman, from their livery stripp'd,  
 With scarf, gay feather, and command equip'd.  
 Promotion gives to Sauciness pretence ;  
 For greatness is mistook [sheer] Insolence.  
 They, to evince their valour every hour,  
 Bamboo the Slaves that bow beneath their pow'r.  
 Yet to the Country Ladies these appear  
 So novel, witty, *Beau en Cavalier*,  
 That scarce a tender heart is left behind ;  
 Pray God, a maidenhead you chance to find !  
 The Phantom to that quarter first resorts,  
 Where the illustrious Generals keep their Courts.

— *Poems on Affairs of State*, Vol. I, Part ii, p. 164.

Another poem, entitled 'HOUNSLOW-HEATH, 1686,' could not have been published before mid-April, 1687. With Prelude—

*Upon this place are to be seen*  
*Many strange sights. God save the Queen !* [ *Maria Beatrix*.

Near *Hampton-Court* there lies a Common,  
 Unknown to neither man nor woman ;  
 The Heath of *Hounslow* it is stil'd,  
 Which never was with blood defil'd,  
 Tho' it has been of War the seat,  
 Now three Campaigns almost compleat.

Here daily swarm prodigious wights,  
 And strange variety of sights,  
 As Ladies leud, and foppish Knights,  
 Priests, poets, pimps, and parasites ;  
 Which now we'll spare, and only mention  
 The hungry Bard that writes for Pension,  
 Old *Squab* (who's sometimes here, I'm told), [ = *John Dryden*.  
 That oft has with his Prince made bold,  
 Call'd the late King a saunt'ring cully  
 To magnify the *Gallick* bully :  
 Who lately put a senseless banter  
 Upon the world with *Hind and Panther*, [ *April 11, 1687*.  
 Making the beasts and birds o' th' wood  
 Debate what he ne'er understood :  
 Deep secrets in Philosophy,  
 And mysteries in Theology,  
 All sung in wretched Poetry.  
 Which rambling piece is as much farce all  
 As his true mirror, the *Rehearsal* ; [1672-5.  
 For which he has been soundly bang'd, [ *Dec. 18, 1679*.  
 But ha' n't his just reward till hang'd.  
 Now you have seen all that is here,  
 Have patience till another year.



# Group of Roxburghe Ballads

on the

## Rogueries of Millers.

NOW FIRST COLLECTED.

DEDICATED, BY THEIR EDITOR,  
TO THE REV. ANDREW CLARK, M.A.,  
*Of Lincoln College, Oxon, & Great Leighs Rectory, Chelmsford:*  
WITH GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF HIS  
MOST VALUABLE HELP.



'*The Berkshire Tragedy; or, The Wittam Miller*': see p. 629.  
(Woodcut issued on 14th December, 1624.)

"Murder most foul, as in the best it is ;  
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural."

—*Hamlet*, act i, scene 5.

## The Rogueries of Millers.

THIS Group of *Roxburghe Ballads* records each stage in the Miller's 'Decline and Fall.' Tyburn closes the prospect, and had been richly deserved. *Finis coronat opus.*

Beginning with fibbing, but coming speedily to downright lying and peculation, stealing corn from sacks and yielding short weight of adulterated flour, the millers in all ages were accused of licentious freedom or betrayal towards the superabundant sex, and too frequently resorted finally to murder; as in the case of the Whittenham Miller (p. 629), and Francis Cooper, who killed Anne Nicols, at Hocstow, near Shrewsbury (p. 632).

An old Gloucestershire ditty, remembered by the Editor's father, Joseph Ebsworth, from 1797, when it was sung by his own grandmother, he had never met with, in manuscript or in print. (His acquaintance with ballad-lore need neither be vaunted nor discredited.) We preserve it from oblivion. It tells how a capitious traveller, wandering in the West, got cross-answers from a deaf miller, in our ancestral Forest of Dean: politically represented by Sir Charles Dilke, M.P.; to whom, and to his grandfather, Charles Wentworth Dilke (1789-1864), the accomplished author of '*Papers of a Critic*,' literature owes much good work.

### The Deaf Miller of the Forest of Dean.

There was an old man by a mill-post so snug,  
*Ri fol, riddle lol de rey;* [Passim.  
 He was deaf, because he h'd lost the use of his lug,  
*With his fol de rol de riddle lol de ri doe.*  
 Now one morning a Traveller appearing in view,  
 And that travellers were curious the Miller well knew;  
 So to answer his questions he was in a stew.  
*Ri fol, riddle iddle, right fol lol lol, ri fol, etc.*

"First he'll ask me" (says he) "what I've got in my hand?  
 'Mill-post,' says I, 'to this nick in the land!'  
 Then to larn what's my wages, most likely he'll seek;  
 So I'll tell him 'I yarn about twel' shilling a week.'  
 To a gentleman, I'll warrant me, I knows how to speak.  
*Right fol de riddle iddle, etc.* [Passim.

"That he'll not give so much he may strive to instil;  
 'Well, if you won't' (says I), 'there be plenty as will!'"  
 By this time the traveller came up, with a grace,  
 And asking Old Gaffer "*the name of the place?*"—  
 "Mill-post!" says he, wi' a grin on his face.  
*Ri fol, de riddle iddle, etc.*

Then he ask'd, "Is it far?"—"Ees up to this nick!"  
 Says the Gentleman, "What do you deserve for this trick?"  
 "Twelve shillings a week," bawl'd the Miller so shrill.  
 Says the Gentleman, "In horsewhipping I'll show my skill."  
 "If you won't" (says Gaffer), "there's plenty as will."  
*Ri fol tiddy iddy, ri fol lol lol, etc.*





## The Rogueries of Millers.

“The Miller in his best array would needs a wooing ride ;  
 To *Manchester* he takes his way : *Saint Clement* be his guide !  
 He can singe, he can ring, and doe many a pretty thing ;  
 He can pipe *dounce a dounce*, no man better in the towne ;  
 His face is fayre, and curled his hayre :  
*Miles* they this Miller call,” etc. (12 stanzas.)

*A pleasant ballad of ye merry miller's wooing  
 Of the baker's daughter of Manchester.* [Shirburn MS., 153.]



COMPLAINT against Millers was mentioned in the preceding vol. vii, pp. 425 to 427. This class of rustics, formerly prosperous, had been addicted to amorous intrigues and breaches of promise, no less than to peculation, by excessive ‘taking of toll.’ Chaucer’s Miller of Trumpington robbed the two clerks, and yet came off a loser. The popular opinion of such gentry is recorded in this Roxburghe ditty, which still holds favour.

[Roxburghe Collection, III, 681 ; Douce Coll., IV, 44.]

### The Miller’s Advice to his Three Sons, On taking of Toll.

[Tune of, *The Oxfordshire Tragedy*: “Near Woodstock town,” p. 635.]

There was a Miller who had three sons ;  
 And knowing his life was almost run,  
 He call’d them all, and ask’d their will,  
 If that to them he left his Mill.

He called first for his Eldest Son,  
 Saying : “ My life is almost run :  
 If I to you this Mill do make,  
 What toll do you intend to take ? ”

“ Father,” said he, “ my name is *Jack* ;  
 Out of a bushel I’ll take a peck,  
 From every bushel that I grind ;  
 That I may a good living find.”

“ Thou art a fool ! ” the old man said ;  
 “ Thou hast not learned well thy trade :  
 This Mill to thee I ne’er will give,  
 For by such toll no man can live.”

He call’d [next] for his Middlemost Son,  
 Saying : “ My life is almost run :  
 If I to thee the mill do make,  
 What toll do you intend to take ? ”

[*al. lect.* my glass.

"Father," said he, "my name is *Ralph* ;  
 Out of a bushel I'll take it half,  
 From every bushel that I grind ;  
 So that I may a good living find."

"Thou art a fool !" the old man said,  
 "Thou hast not learned well thy trade :  
 This mill to you I ne'er can give,  
 For by such toll no man [can] live."

He called for his Youngest Son,  
 Saying : "My life is almost run :  
 If I to you this mill do make,  
 What toll do you intend to take ?"

"Father," said he, "I'm your only Boy, [*text*, I am.  
 For taking toll is all my joy :  
 Before I will a good living lack,  
 I'll take it all, and forswear the sack."

"Thou art my Boy !" the old man said,  
 "For thou hast well learn'd thy trade ;  
 This mill to thee I'll give !" he cry'd :  
 And then he clos'd up his eyes, and dy'd. *Finis*.

Printed in *Aldermay Church-Yard, London*.

[White-letter. Woodcut of the miller addressing his three sons. Date, *c.* 1730.]

\* \* A traditional variation of this song lingers in the West of England, entitled 'The Miller's Last Will.' It is given, with the music harmonized by F. W. Bussell, in *Songs of the West*, collected by the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, M.A. (author of *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*, *Mehalah*, *Court Royal*, *The Gaverocks*, *The Red Spider*, *Kitty Alone*, *The Broom Squire*, etc.). It begins and ends differently, but the printed broadside held closer to the original text.

"There was a Miller, as you shall hear, long time he liv'd in *Devonshire* ;  
 He was took sick and deadly ill, and had no time to write his will,  
 So he call'd up his eldest son, and said, 'My glass is almost run,' etc.

" 'The Mill is thine,' the old man cried ; he laugh'd, gave up the ghost, and died."

¶ The outspoken independence of another miller, The Miller of Dec-side, in Cheshire (although the song was 'lifted' by *St. Cecilia* in 1779, and acclimatized in Scotland, where it is no less a favourite), suited the national character. It is said that the Mill was destroyed so recently as 1895.

"There was a jolly Miller once, liv'd on the river *Dee* ;  
 He work'd, and sang from morn till night, no lark more blithe than he ;  
 And this the burden of his song for ever used to be—  
 'I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for me.'"

It belongs to Isaac Bickerstaffe's 'Love in a Village,' 1773. Four stanzas, with music, in the *Perth Musical Miscellany*, 1786, and *Calliope*, p. 245, 1788.

The old ballad on 'The King and the Miller of Mansfield,' beginning, "*Henry*, our royal King, would ride a hunting," has been already reprinted (*Roxb. Bds.*, vol. i, p. 539). Robert Dodsley, the bookseller, at Tully's Head in Pall Mall, in 1736-37, chose the popular theme as foundation of his musical farce, with the same title. Dodsley's father had been a schoolmaster at Mansfield, Notts.

[Roxburghe Collection, III, 887.]

## A New Song.

SUNG IN THE PLAY OF 'The King and the Miller of Mansfield.' [1737.]

How happy a state does the *Miller* possess,  
 Who would be no greater, nor fears to be less;  
 On his Mill and himself he depends for support,  
 Which is better than servilely cringing at Court.

What tho' he all dusty, and whiten'd does go,  
 The more he is powder'd, the more like a Beau.  
 A Clown in his dress may be honester far  
 Than a Courtier who struts in a Garter and Star.

Tho' his hands are so daub'd they're not fit to be seen,  
 The hands of his betters are not very clean!  
 A palm more polite may as dirtily deal;  
 Gold, in handling, will stick to the fingers like meal.

What tho', when a pudding for dinner he lacks,  
 He cribs without scruple from other men's sacks?  
 In this of right noble Example he brags,  
 Who borrows as freely from other man's bags.

Or should he endeavour to heap an estate,  
 In this, too, he mimicks the tools of the State,  
 Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill,  
 As all his concern is to bring Grist to th' Mill.

He eats when he's hungry, and drinks when he's dry;  
 And down, when he's weary, contented does lie;  
 Then rises up chearful, to work and to sing:  
 If so happy a Miller, then who'd be a King?

[White-letter. No colophon. One woodcut. This is a distinct tune from "*How happy's the state where no discords are breeding*" (Pepy's Coll., IV, 348), which agrees with '*Can life be a blessing? That's worth the possessing?*']

'The King and the Miller of Mansfield,' having been acted at Drury-Lane on Feb. 1, 1737, was followed a year later by the sequel, Robert Dodsley's 'Sir John Cockle at Court.' The incident was familiar, being part of the old ballad. A similar adventure of King James V, the 'Gudeman of Ballengeich,' was used as foundation of the popular Scottish drama entitled 'Cramond Brig.' Dodsley's success was aided by the 'New Song' about Millers; it was supposed to have been written for him by Charles Highmore. It gave them praise for more honesty than the courtiers or members of Parliament, in Sir Robert Walpole's day of unpopularity. No doubt the bold denunciation of bribery and corruption won applause from the mob; such expressions having recently been perilous, as a protest of partizan spite. It may therefore be discounted according to individual politics. After all, it says no more than what 'Sir Blue-string' admitted (p. 287)—"*All these men have their price!*"

The dishonesty of Millers being proverbial, it was a mild concession made in the song that "when a pudding he lacks, he cribs without scruple from other men's sacks." Even so, in Chaucer's Reeve's Tale, 'The Miller of Trumpington' and all its prototypes (the Trouveur Jean de Boves' *Des Deux Clercs*; the *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*, etc.) had done in the days of our third Edward, or earlier, in every civilized community where gibbets abounded. Playgoers understood the personal allusions to statesmen, for the 'outs' shouted worse accusations against the Government, and were prepared to excel the culprits in every despicable peculation or jobbery so soon as chance should seat them in power. "Pulteney and Sir Blue-string were very much alike, especially Pulteney." Hence it had been, ten years earlier (1727), that the pit roared in ecstasy when Peachum and Lockit, after recriminations, confessed—"Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong!" Men knew what "the patriots" were, and what they always are, until they are placed or pensioned.

Connected with Sir Robert Walpole (though not with Millers), we give on p. 615 the political 'New Song' on Isaac Le Heup, called the brother (*i.e.* brother-in-law) of Sir Robert's own brother Horatio, afterward Lord Walpole, of Wolterton. He was mentioned on p. 274 (and in *Corrigenda*, p. xvi\* of the *Second Preface* to this Vol. VIII). The quotation on p. 274 ought to read thus, if we cancel the brackets:—

"Let *Pulteney* speak, or *Caleb* write, invincible platoon!  
Or exiled *Harry* call in spite both *H.* and *L.* 'buffoon';  
I'll honour *Horace*, praise *Le Heup*,  
In hope to hear from Mr. *Scroop*. [Secretary of Treasury.  
*With a fal, la, lu, la,*" etc.

*H.* and *L.* represent the same *Horace Walpole* and *Isaac Le Heup*. Horace (b. 1678, d. 1757) had no "brother," except Robert and Galfridus; but the satirist meant to say "brother-in-law." Isaac is ridiculed as '*Le Heup*' (either his surname or his nickname; from a fox-hunting shout). His coarseness of speech was common to the Walpole circle, and is here exemplified. Horace had in 1721 married Mary Magdalen Lombard, co-heiress of Peter Lombard, of Burnham-thorpe, Norfolk. In 1733 Horace was sent to the Hague, and soon became an ambassador to the States General. The electoral palace of *Herrenhausen* is at Hanover. Frederick Louis, Prince of Wales (1707-1751), was detested by his father, George II, who declared him to be "the greatest Ass in the kingdom." He was by the Jacobites satirized as "feckless Feckie," or "Prince *Fid*" (see p. 268). By his own mother, Queen Caroline, he was heartily despised. None but time-serving sycophants praised him. Among them must be reckoned the place-hunting writer of the 'New Song' which is here given from the rare original. (B. Mus. press-mark, 1872, a, 168\*\*.)

Sir *Robert Sutton*, formerly ambassador at Paris, was expelled from the House of Commons in 1731, for alleged peculation. Pope couples him unjustly with the notorious libertine, Colonel Francis Charteris—

"I pass o'er all these confessors and martyrs,  
Who live like *Sutton*, or who die like *Chartres*."

(*Donne's Satires versified*, ii, 36.) Henry Pelham was Secretary of War, 1730.

# Le H[eu]p at Hanover. A New Song.

[A satire on the Walpole Family. See Note, p. 614.]

WHen *Robin* ruled the British land, with gold and silver bright,  
To put his kindred all in place, he ever took delight.

Forth from 'the *Venal Land*' he called, *Ho[ra]ce* and *Isaac* came :  
He bid 'em go to foreign Courts, and raise immortal fame.

Two Taylor's daughters, rich and fair, exactly match each brother ;  
*Horace* made suit and gain'd the one, and *Is[aa]c* stitch'd the other.

Alike they were in shape and size, alike in parts and breeding ;  
One to the Court of *France* was sent, one to the Court of *Sweden*.

*Ho[ra]ce* in *France* did treaties make, which ne'er can be repeated ;  
And you shall hear how *Is[aa]c*, too, our *Heir Apparent* treated. [Fred.]

At *Her[en]hausen* he arrived, and knocked at the Ring,  
And told them that in haste he 'd brought a Message from the King.

They took him for a Post-boy first, and so they let him wait,  
It being an hour at least before they open'd to him the Gate.

Incens'd at this, he rav'd and storm'd, and made a mighty Pother,  
And swore by G . d he 'd "teach them all to know Sir *Robert's* brother ?"

Our Pr[in]ce came out and heard him swear, mistook him first for *S[ut]ton* ;  
But, after, ask'd him civilly to eat a piece of Mutton.

But then at Supper as they sat, drinking and gaily sporting,  
*Le H[eu]p* with many a smutty joke his neighbour fell a courting ;

And down her stays his hand he squeez'd, then talked wondrous Pass :  
Quoth he : " *Mon Prince Apparament* : [il est un précieux Asse !]"

The Prince was shock'd, yet smiling said : " These jokes are of the oddest,  
Good 'Squire *Le H[eu]p* ; for you must know Our Ladies are all Modest."

" Modest !" reply'd *Le H[eu]p*, and sneez'd : " Before I go to *Stockholm*,  
As modest as they are, good Sir ! in faith I mean to knock 'em."

The men got up, and laugh'd aloud, the Damsels did retire ;  
Then, to return their low contempt, thus spoke the angry Squire :

" Come, kiss mine a——, your Prince and all : D——n ye, dy'e think I care ?  
Has e'er a *German* Prince like me five thousand pounds a year ?"

Provoked at this Language foul, they call'd him *Hundsfoot*, *Skeliham* !"  
And threaten'd they would use him worse than e'er the King did *Pelham*.

The Pr[in]ce (God bless him !) now stept in, who kept his temper still,  
And said, " This man my Father sent ; and shall we use him ill ?

" No : I to *England* with this news a Letter will endite :  
The King and Queen shall know it all, and they will do me right.

" My Father will revenge th' affront, and turn out all his kin, [= *Walpole's*.  
From him that does for *I[armou]th* serve,\* to him that serves for *L[yn]n*."

Now God bless both our K . g and Q . n, and may they quickly do it ;  
Or shortly else (full well, I ween) they will have cause to rue it. Finis.

[White-letter. No colophon or tune. \* Horatio Walpole was M.P. for *Yarmouth* ; his brother, Sir Robert W., M.P. for *King's Lynn*. Date, 1732-3.]



## The Lusty Miller's Recreation.

"But how the subject-theme may gang,  
Let time and chance determine;  
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,  
Perhaps turn out a sermon."

—Burns, 1786.

Not every reader of these Roxburghe Ballads, except habitual subscribers and admirers, may be able at first to perceive the moral teaching and orthodox religiosity of the ensuing ditty, although its publisher, Philip Brooksby, advertised it as "a most pleasant design," and also "a most delectable new song." Surely he ought to know the true commercial value of his wares, who made a bouncing profit out of them: "For what is worth in any thing, but so much money as 'twill bring?" said *Hudibras* in contemporary days. The ballad is a great Ecclesiastical object-lesson to edify an unborn backsliding generation, predestinated to come two centuries later. What a noble "design!" It exemplifies the inevitable result of rupturing the Tables of Affinities and Forbidden Degrees, which disqualify for matrimony. Wisdom cried out in the streets prophetically, two hundred years before her due time, but she utters her warnings in divers notes and measures, a disregarded Cassandra. Winthrop Mackworth Praed, in 1826 (remembering the rhymes of Burns in his 'Epistle,' "I lang hae thought my youthful friend"), made Friar Bacon's Brazen-Head reiterate them, when chanting the truthful paradox—

"I think that life is not too long:  
And *therefore* I determine,  
That many people read a song,  
Who will not read a sermon."

'The Miller's Recreation' combines both song and sermon. It is a revival of the mediæval Apologue: a 'Morality' without any 'Mystery.' It rebukes those imbecile persons who are bent on marrying their undeceased wife's sisters, any number of them, as though expecting a reduction on taking a large quantity. The previous death of the first wife is a mere detail, of no importance; it would not trouble the new law-tinkers, in Malebolge, or the 'Shrieking Sisterhood' of the platforms. (Judges, whether wilde or jejeune, are zealous to effect each divorce with their rule *nisi*.) Behold in picturesque adumbration the promiscuous 'happy family' desired by advocates of "free love!" They begin by breaking the law, and afterwards agitate for retrospective legislation, to condone all past offences and legitimize the misbegotten 'awkward results.'

The Commons, being a Barkis that is always 'willin' to secularize plunder, would cheerfully bring in a 'short Bill,' a One-clause Act, to the effect that "*Anybody may marry every woman he chooses; not excepting his great-grandmother, 'his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts'; without impediment, and as frequently as may suit his humour.*" An unlimited number of wife's sisters could thus be accommodated. The Peggy, the Betty, the Jenny of the ballad, even their mother also, can all be married to the lusty Miller Robin without delay; whenever Dr. Tristram Shandy issues a comm. gen. license, on receipt of the coveted fees, commanding that the weddings of divorced rakes be solemnized in a cathedral.

Jeremy Collier was reported to have declared that the 'Seven bishops' of 1688, *Septem contra Cæsarem*, while imprisoned at the Tower of London, wrote the 'Miller's Recreation' in an effort to restore their flagging courage, terrified at Popery. If so, they must have shown more foresight than our modern prelates. We doubt their qualifications. "What made them so wonderful clever?" We believe the ballad was issued earlier than 1685. This date disposes of Lake, of Ken, and of Jonathan Trelawney.

Jeremy Collier attacked Tom D'Urfey in a scurrilous '*Short View of the Immorality and Prophaneness of the English Stage*,' 1697. We can conceive the grimly controversial Non-Juror unbending his austerity into mirthful humour. He loved to dabble secretly in the ribaldries of the drama, while affecting to abhor them. Such mock-purity is common enough among prurient prudes and hired informers. Honest Tom D'Urfey made rejoinder, with preface and song, to music by Henry Purcell, in *The Campaigners* (viz. "New Reformation begins thro' the Nation," etc.), 1698—

"Time-phrensy-Curers and stubborn *Nonjurors*,  
For want of diversion, now scourge the leud Times;  
They've hinted, they've printed, our vein it profane is,  
And worst of all crimes :  
Dull clod-pated Railers, smiths, *Colliers*, and tailors,  
Have damn'd all our rhimes.  
Under the notion of Zeal for Devotion,  
The humour has fired 'em, or rather inspired 'em,  
To Tutor the Age," etc.—*Fills*, ii, 45.

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*Note.*—In these morbid temptations of libertines, to seduce or to marry a wife's sister, it is rare for the evil to have commenced so late as the wife's decease. It began with evil covetousness, of earlier growth. The infamy of Monmouth's friend, the notorious Lord Grey, of Werk, was noticed in vol. v, pp. 333, 387. 'The Unhappy Lady of Hackney' (Roxb. Coll., III, 800, *vide post* '*Female Ramblers*') shows the fatal results of such incestuous passion, even as in Grey's case, during the lifetime of the wretched profligate's lawful wife. Shelley, in his '*Laon and Cythna*,' wantonly defied the wholesome instinct of humanity. Despite the beauty of his poetry, his own conjugal offences formed a painful commentary on his looseness of principle. Nothing can palliate or extenuate these outrages of the moral and religious law.

[Roxb. Coll., II, 329; Euing, 157; Douce, II, 140; Jer., II, 153 = Lind., 461.]

## The Lusty Miller's Recreation;

### Or, The Buxome Females' Chief Delight:

Being a most pleasant Design between a certain Miller, the Good Wife, and her Three Daughters. A most Delectable New Song.

Fair *Peggy* first to th' Mill with Grist was sent,  
 Who pleas'd return'd, but would not tell th' event;  
 Which *Betty*, once perceiving, needs must go,  
 Who, sped in the same Tune, returned too;  
 At which the Mother knew not what to guess,  
 And did her self to admiration bless; [ad. = wonder.  
 Till *Jenny*, of the Three the youngest Lass,  
 Would needs go see how all this came to pass;  
 Returns the same: then forth' the Mother set,  
 Who finds the Plot, but ne'r discovered it. [i.e. revealed.

To a Pleasant New Tune. [For the music, see *Pills to p. Melancholy*, i, 185.]

THE Good-Wife her Daughter did send to the Miller,

To grind her Grist neatly, and for to come back;

But little imagined how full he [might] fill her,

To fill up [fair *Peggy*] as full as her sack.

And when she came home her wits were berich'd,

Her Mother did think she had been bewitch'd;

She ask'd her where she had been loyt'ring all day?

But this was all that the Daughter would say,

"Ay, marry, Sir, there's a brave Miller, indeed!"

Quoth *Betty* to *Peggy*: "Your back is all whited!

What has the Miller done? pray tell me truth.

If you have been wronged, then, you shall be righted,

For I have heard say, he's a mad merry youth."

Said *Peggy* to *Betty*, "Your suit is in vain!"

For *Peggy* o' th' Miller would never complain;

For what they could do, by night or by day,

Still this is all that the Daughter would say,

"Ay, marry, Sir, there's a brave Miller, indeed!"

Next morning sweet *Betty*, fair *Peggy*'s own sister,

Would venture her bo[ld]ly, whatever befell;

But how finely the Miller he hug'd her and kiss'd her,

That in a while after [caused Rumour to] swell.

And for to come back again, home she did come, [sic.

And stood like an Image, both senseless and dumb;

For she being loath for to [own] her sweet play,

This to her Mother the Daughter would say,

"Ay, marry, Sir, there's a brave Miller, indeed!"

"Alas!" quoth the Woman, "my other poor daughter!

For she is bewitch'd, as I greatly fear;  
But I will take care how I send them hereafter,

If Millers prove Witches, as it doth appear.  
Then *Bessy* and *Peggy*, come, speak your minds freely,  
And let not your selves be thus simple and silly."

Yet for what she could do, by night or by day,

This it was all that the Daughters would say,

"*Ay, marry, Sir, there's a brave Miller, indeed!*"

"Woe's me!" cries the Mother, "what mean you by this?"

My daughters, pray tell me, for fain I would know.

I' faith, if you will not, I'll find what it is,

For unto the Miller I mean for to go."

At which, up starts *Jenny*, the younge[st] o' th' three,

And said: "Nay, pray Mother, for this time send *me!*"

I'le warrant you that I will find out the knack,

And bring you the meaning of't, when I come back:

"*Ay, marry, Sir, there's a brave Miller, indeed!*"

Then cries the Old Woman: "Once more I will venter: [sic.

I know thou art witty, and wilt find, no doubt,  
The meaning of all!" So on horseback she sent her;

But when *Jenny* came there, she long held not out.

But under the [spell] with much pleasure she fell,

While the Miller so merrily work'd [at his] wheel,

Where she held him tack, till her grist it was ground; [at bay.

Then home she came jogging, and utter'd this sound,

"*Ay, marry, Sir, there's a fine Miller, indeed!*"

"'Tis sure," cries the Mother, "my daughters are mad!

I'le find out the cause on't, whatever betide.

At home you shall stay, and abroad no more gad,

For I to the Miller intend for to ride.

Go, pannel me *Dun*, now, and make no reply!"

At which *Peggy*, starting, "O Mother!" did cry

(As loath the Old Woman should know of the game):

"Pray go not, for fear you bewitch'd sing the same:

"*Ay, marry, Sir, here's a brave Miller, indeed!*"

"Alas! my dear Mother! the Miller is wild,

And if you should go, he may do you much harm."

"Nay, worse!" quoth sweet *Betty*, "you 'chance may be spoil'd,

For he is distracted, when once he is warm.

A spirit does haunt him: I know it full well,

Which nothing can lay but a two-[hand]ed spell!

Then should it get power on you, I'm afraid

You'll be bewitched, so to say, as we've said,

"*Ay, marry, Sir, here's a brave Miller, indeed!*"

"Nay! Mother," quoth *Jenny*, "they are in the right,

For he's a Mad Miller, I needs must declare :

So furious he works, that the [cogs] often smite.

Though the [meal-sack] be fill'd, yet he will not forbear."

"Ods-bobs!" quoth the Mother, "such Millers I love ;

[They work with good will, wherever they move.] [Dropt line.

Then tell me the cause, or no longer I'll stay,

How he hath bewitch'd you? thus onely to say,

*'Ay, marry, Sir, here's a brave Miller, indeed !'*"

Quoth *Jenny*, "I'll go, and I'll ask him the cause !"

"Nay! soft," quoth sweet *Betty*, "I'm older than you ;

'Tis my turn, I'll warrant, by birth-right and laws."

"Come, come, hold your prating!" quoth *Peg*, "'tis my due.

For I'll not be robb'd, I'm resolv'd, of my right,

But the grist to the Mill I will carry, this night."

"In vain you design it, unless we go all"

(Quoth *Jenny*), "for I'll declare what did befall :

*Ay, marry, Sir, here's a brave Miller, indeed !'*"

The Mother, observing the strife grow so hot,

Ne'er stay'd for her Pannel, but mounting astride, [= panneau.

By kicking and whipping of *Dun* she soon got

To the Miller's, who, seeing her, took her aside,

And spreading his sacks, [without blame] he delay'd her,

While in the same coin on purpose he pay'd her ;

While the [Mill-vanes] run round, and merrily play'd,

Till her grist was well ground : then, returning, she said,

*"Ay, marry, Sir, here's a brave Miller, indeed !"*

Then long it was not ere their [fortunes] did swell,

*Pegg's*, *Betty's*, and *Jenny's*, the Mother's likewise :

But none of them could be persuaded to tell

What Champion of *Venus* 'twas made them to rise.

But still the bold Miller they prais'd for his worth,

Who toll-free would never let [any] come forth,

But labour'd to serve them, by night and by day ;

While all the brisk Lasses this of him did say,

*"Ah! marry, Sir, there's a fine Miller, indeed !"* Finis.

Printed for *Philip Brooksby*, in *West-Smithfield*.

[Black-letter. Two small cuts : 1st, the woman, p. 545 ; 2nd, man in a cloak.  
Date, between 1672 and 1689.]



The presumed authorship of the "We are Seven" Bishops remains doubtful. It was a stupendous jest ; made in prospective judgment of those weak-kneed culprits who are impatient to enter into ambiguous wedlock with a gang of wives' sisters, whether deceased, divorced, or merely 'Women with a past.'



The ballad of 'The Lusty Miller's Recreation' is somewhat broad in treatment, but there were worse things in the puritanic sermons of the day, and it was meant to be '*a Moral Apologue!*'"

This adventure of three sisters at the Mill is a twice-told tale: compare Tom D'Urfey's short version, called "The Jolly Miller," sung in his *Comical Adventures of Don Quixote*, Part Three, 1696, beginning, "The Old Wife she sent to the Miller her daughter" (*Pills to p. Melan.*, i, 186). It was sung by Mrs. Verbruggen, as Mary the Buxom, in Act iii, Sc. 2. This does not extend to the mother's visit, and has many great variations from the Roxburghe broadside. It is improbable that D'Urfey wrote both versions. We suppose him to be the imitator and condenser into four stanzas of the longer, and (almost certainly) earlier ballad. On the other hand, no person who was clever enough to write 'The Lusty Miller's Recreation,' could have voluntarily sacrificed such a racy and catching refrain as the one belonging to the 'Don Quixote' stanzas. On the inadmissible supposition of these having been sung antecedently to the broadside version, he could not have changed it into the comparatively tame burden of "*Ay, marry, Sir, there's a brave Miller, indeed!*" The accumulative force of D'Urfey's refrain would thus be lost. Stanza by stanza it had grown more impressive. *Nelly* is the first who goes to the mill.

"Young *Robin* so pleas'd her that, when she came home,  
She gaped like a stuck Pigg, and stared like a Mome.  
She hoyden'd, she scamper'd, she holloa'd and whoop'd,  
*And all the day long, this, this was her song,*  
'*Hoy! was ever poor maiden so lericompoop'd?*'

Tempted by curiosity, *Celie* next makes the adventure.

"She came cutting capers, a foot and half high,  
She waddled, she straddled, she holloa'd and whoop'd;  
*And all the day long, this, this was her song,*  
'*Hoy! were ever two sisters so lericompooped?*'

"Then *Mary* o' th' Dairy, a third of the number,  
Would fain know the cause they so jigg'd it about;  
The Miller her wishes long would not incurber,  
But in the old manner the secret found out.  
Thus *Celie* and *Nelly* and *Mary* the mild  
Were just about harvest time all, *etcetera*.  
They danc'd in the *Hay*,\* they halloa'd and whoop'd, [Note.  
*And all the day long, this, this was her song,*  
'*Hoy! were ever three sisters so lericompoop'd?*'

\* Note.—'Danced in the *Hay*,' a well-known quick-step County dance. Not 'among the hay'; for it was harvest-time. The merry Song entitled 'Love in a Barn? or, Right Country Courtship' (Halliwell Coll. Chap-books), reads thus:

"But still reply'd the Country Girl, 'I've something more to say:  
Amongst the ladies I can't dance, except it were the *Hay*.'"

[Pepys Coll., III, 110 ; C. 22, e. 2, 49 ; Jersey, I, 326=Lindes., 416.]

## Grist ground at Last ; or, The Frolick in the Mill.

Millers, that grind each pretty Lasse's grist,  
Consider now how many you have kist ;  
And see if any with kind *Molly* can  
Compare : if not, pray all from hence be gone.  
Yet stay and hear the song, 'tis rare and new,  
And Millers know such things are often true.

Tune, *Give ear a while*, or, *The Winchester Wedding*. [Vol. vii, p. 288.]

**G**ive ear a while to my Ditty, all you that intend to be merry ;  
I'll give you a song that's witty, of which you will never be weary.  
The matter, I plain must tell ye, is of a conceit refin'd,  
The pretty device of *Molly*, who has so often been kind.  
*Saies old Symon the King ; saies old Symon the King : [Cf. vi, 276.*  
*With a thread-bare [hose] and a malmsey nose,*  
*Sing hey ding ding, a ding ding.*

She went to the Mill with her Grist, to see it most neatly ground,  
But found the Miller i' the mist, for his mill-stones would not go round ;  
He try'd and he try'd again, but he could not make them obey,  
His labour he lost in vain, and could not tell what to say. *Saies old, etc.*

She takes the matter in hand, as loath of any delay ;  
While the Miller amazed did stand, she thus unto him did say :  
" Come, hoist up the canvas with speed, and I'll make the [wheels] go round ;  
[When] the cogs from cobwebs are freed, my Grist will quickly be ground."

Then strait the sailes were drawn up, expos'd to the weather and wind,  
When as the Miller a top the weather-vane right did find.  
Yet found the motion but small, which made him begin to misdoubt  
That he should do nothing at all, for *Molly* began to pout.

But urging her Grist to be ground, the fault she long search'd to know,  
And the vice of the mill she found ; for why ? the stones were too low.  
Then gently she moved the beam, and settled the [sacks] in their place,  
When round the sailes did skim, and her Grist was ground apace.

" More sacks to the Mill ! " was the cry ! " let's now work, and save the wind " ;  
But at last the Miller lay by, he had no more Grist to grind.  
But glad was to find one so witty, to help him out at a dead lift,  
Swearing that none so pretty had e're set his Mill adrift.

The Grist she had Tole-free away, and might have the like when she pleas'd,  
For the Miller he ne'er said her nay, since his labour was mightily eas'd.  
The Lasses that came to the Mill, they envy'd poor *Molly*, 'tis true ;  
But let them say all what they will, *Molly's* the best of the crew.

*Saies old Symon the King, saies old Symon the King, etc.*

Printed for *J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger.*

[Black-letter. Four woodcuts : 1st, the girl, p. 635 ; 2nd, man, vi, 52 ; 3rd, two lovers kissing, reverse of iii, 619 ; 4th, windmill, p. 625. Date, 1684.]

[Roxburghe Collection, III, 237 verso. Apparently unique.]

**Ill-gotten Goods seldom Thrive ;  
Or, The English Antick.**

For *Dick*, that was a Miller by his Trade,  
Did think to be a swaggering roaring Blade ;  
He bought brave Clothes, and powdered all his haire,  
But [he was] serv'd in 's kind for meddling with light ware.

THE TUNE IS, *Was ever [a] Young-man Crost ?*



**A** Lustie Countrie Lad, that lately came to Towne,  
His pockets were so clad with many a silver crowne :  
A Miller by his Trade, his dwelling is at *Bow*,  
A place of much resort, as sundry people know.  
*But Dick, the Miller's sonne, that powder'd all his haire,  
Alas ! he is undone, by meddling with light ware.*

He bought a perry-wig, a gallant suit of clothes,  
Which was bestrew'd with Musk, more sweeter than a Rose,  
A cambrick Band and Cuffs, his halfe-shirt out before,  
His breeches had of ribbons at least a dozen score ;  
*But Dick, the Miller's sonne, etc.* [See *passim*.]

A Beaver, and a feather, the crown did over-top,  
With ribbons round about, like a Haberdasher's shop ;  
He bought a paire of Boots, with huge and mighty toes,  
The size was twenty-foure, which peept up to his nose.

A Rapier by his side, against his Spurs did clap :  
 At last he met a Lasse, that prov'd a cunning snap :  
 His Cloake about his middle, most brave he wore the same ;  
 And walking in *Moore-fields* he met a *Venus* dame.

She rustled in her Silks, as she by him did passe,  
 And after, as I heard, she serv'd him like an Asse :  
 " Good-morrow, Sir ! " quoth she, which made young *Dick* amaz'd ;  
 To see her painted face, his spirits soone were rays'd.

" Faire Mistris ! " then said *Dick*, " let's to the Taverne goe " ;  
 Yet, like a Maiden chaste, at first she answer'd " No. "  
 But *Dick*, opprest with lust, his spirits so did rise,  
 That he did her request, and she no more denies.

Imagine how their time in merriment was spent,  
 With kisses sweet and fine, which *Richard* did content :  
 And with her apron-strings young *Dick* began to play,  
 Yet she, with modest looks, cry'd " Pish ! nay fie ! away ! "

So smoking of his nose, and drinking store of Sack,  
 Thinking to have his will ; but his wits began to crack :  
 So civilly to bed this loving [Toper] goes ;  
 She left him fast asleepe, and stole away his clothes.

The Vintner he came up, his reckoning for to have ;  
 But *Dick*, not well awakt, did call him sawcie Knave :  
 But turning round about, and could no clothes espy,  
 Then *Richard* soone was fore'd " *Peccavi* ! " for to cry.

The Vintner, much in rage, did strike him in the face,  
 That *Richard* at that time was in a [woeful] case ;  
 And with his leg and feet he kickt him out of doore,  
 And bid him, like a Rogue, goe, [and come back no m]ore.

Thus naked home he went unto his Father's Mill,  
 Where he was entertain'd, and doth continue still.  
 When *Richard* took his Tole, he three times more did take,  
 To buy him other Clothes (which she sold for his sake).

*Ill-gotten goods ne're thrive !* take heed, you pilferers all,  
 Lest you, like strutting *Dick*, to such mischances fall.  
 Then, young men, have a care of painted curled [maids],  
 For such, though [they look] faire, may have [been pilfering jades.]  
*But Dick, the Miller's sonne, that powder'd all his haire,*  
*Alas ! he is undone, by meddling with light ware.*

London, Printed for *W. Gilbertson*. [Authore, *Thomas Fairfax*, Eboracensis.]

[Black-letter. Two woodcuts : 1st, the rare original, with both figures joined, of vii, 140 ; 2nd, the couple, p. 623. MS. attribution of authorship is in very old handwriting. Date, 1640-63. This is 'Dick the Miller's Son,' No. 177, in *Thackeray's List of Ballads* which he kept in stock 1685 to 1689. We had failed to identify it in 1878 when editing the *Bagford Ballads*, introduction, p. lxxvii, but indicated it in *Rosb. Ballads*, vol. vi, part xvi, 1886. The burden gives the clue. *Three in the List are still to seek.*]

[Pepys Collection, III, 24. Trowbesh MS.]

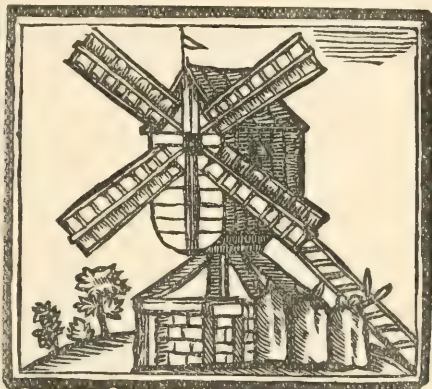
## Roger the Miller's Present,

Sent by the Farmer's Daughter to his Cousin Tom the Taylor  
in London.

The Miller he was brisk and stout, and had the Maid beguil'd;  
The Taylor still, against his will, is forc'd to keep the child.

This may be printed, R[ichard] P[ocock, 1685-88].

To the Tune of, *Billy and Molly*, or, *A Job for a Journey-man Shoe-maker*.  
[See vol. vii, p. 471.]



[Woodcuts of 'Grist Ground at last,' pp. 622, 628.]

A Damsel came to *London Town*, just in the midst of Harvest,  
And she was in a Russet Gown, and seeking for a Service;  
Tho' she of money was but bare, in this I must commend her,  
For being beautiful and fair, kind Fortune did befriend her.

I pray you, listen now to me, in this that follows after;  
I 'le tell her worthy Pedigree, she was a *Farmer's Daughter*.  
She often went with Grist to Mill, where *Roger* us'd to tease her;  
When he had gain'd her kind good will, then sorrow soon did seize her.

[N. B.]

When he had got [what him bestead], poor heart, she straitway dreaded  
That he with her would never wed, because she had crack'd her credit:  
Since he, alas! did her betray, she ruin'd was, and undone,  
From all her friends she stole away, and travel'd up to *London*.

[her m.]

As through the City she did pass, a Taylor chanc'd to meet her;  
She seemed like a proper Lass, therefore he did intreat her  
To tell him if she lackt a place, for he could soon advance her;  
She s[mil]ed with a modest grace, returning him this answer:

"The want of that is all my care I have this very hour;  
No pains nor labour will I spare, but to my utmost power  
My mind is bent to give content, where e'er I shall be hired."  
"Well hast thou said, fair vertuous Maid: by me thou art admired."



Said he : " I will do what I can for thee, and 'tis but reason ;  
 For why, I am a single man, and now this very season  
 I have occasion for a Maid : sweet Damosel, then, come hither ! "  
 " With all my heart, kind sir," she said ; then home they went together.

He doted on her beauty bright, and often would be billing,  
 Still calling her his heart's delight, and said—was she but willing,  
 He 'd make her now his lawful wife ; it was his will and pleasure :  
 He promised her a happy life, with riches out of measure.

She thought upon her former crime, therefore she yields to marry,  
 As knowing it to be high time, no longer would she tarry ;  
 And thus a hasty match they make, they did not stand long arguing :  
 The Taylor, if I don't mistake, he had a thumping bargain.

When seven weeks were gone and past, according to relation,  
 His wife was brought to bed at last, a sudden alteration :  
 He in a sweat did chafe and fret, so sorrow him surrounded ;  
 To see his charge so soon enlarg'd, his heart with grief was wounded.

The *Taylor* and the *Miller*, too, to end this disputation,  
 They both are of the *Fitching* crew, none nearer in relation :      [= thieving.  
 Therefore it seems the case is thus, [*Roger*] he did not much bewail her,  
 Because the Child was now at nurse, with *Tom* his cousin *Taylor*.

The *Taylor* he was *à la mode*, and of a genteel carriage ;  
 He reapeth what the *Miller* sow'd, when being joynd in marriage.  
 For why ? he meeting her full patt, her case, alas ! he pitied ;  
 And now must keep the *Miller's* brat : pray is he not well fitted ?

Printed for *J. Blare*, at the *Looking-Glass*, on *London-Bridge*.

[Black-letter. Two cuts and a border-piece. Date, 1685-8.]



The discomfiture of another licentious miller is twice-told : 1st, 'The Witty Maid of the West,' beginning, "*William* the *Miller*, who lives in the West" vol. vii, p. 426, Roxb. Coll., II, 519) ; 2nd, earlier, 'The West-Country Crafty Maid,' now given.

This miller, who "out-past the cobbler" in evil repute, resembled the 'Lusty Lawrence of 1591' : see p. 547. The Second Part tells of his punishment. In Wood's Coll. the tune is, not *Packington's Pound*, wrongly cited in Pepys Coll. ; but properly, *What should a young woman do with an old man ?* (see p. 679).

[Pepys Coll., IV, 17 ; Douce, II, 167 ; Wood's, E. 25, fol. 29 ; C. 22, e. 2, fol. 105 ; Jersey, I, 136=Lind., 1415.]

## The Crafty Maid of the West ; Or,

The lusty brave Miller of the Western Parts finely Trapan'd :  
 A merry new Song to fit Young-men and Maids.

TUNE, [*What should a young woman do with an old man ?*]. *Packington's Pound*.

YOU Millers, and Taylors, and Weavers, each one,  
 I'd wish you to listen unto my new Song.  
 Here a good example I open will lay  
 Of a lusty brave Miller that late went astray :  
 He out-past the Cobbler, though he was so wild, [vol. vii, p. 135.  
 In one week to get nine wenches [beguil'd].  
*Let Millers take heed how they mischief devise,  
 Or deal with young wenches that's crafty and wise.*

This Miller was lusty, was stout, and was strong,  
And to many Maidens he did much wrong.  
If he met with a Lass who was fair to the eye,  
He'd have a bout with her, or he would know why.  
He'd smoothe up men's wives, if he see them willing,  
With a peck of wheat, or else an odd shilling. *Let Millers, etc.*

There dwelt a young damosel both handsom' and fair,  
And many a suitor to her did repair;  
Among all the rest this Miller would be  
A suitor unto her, and her would go see.  
An Innkeeper's servant this Maiden she was,  
But a Husbandman's-daughter, it so came to pass. *Let Millers, etc.*

He put on his best clothes, and he powder'd his hair, [*Cf.* p. 623.  
As if he had been some Gentleman's Heir;  
With his boots, and his spurs, and his hanger so brave,  
And a lusty brave horse to carry this Knave.  
Thus, gentleman-like, from the top to the toe,  
Where this damosel did dwell the Miller did go. *Let Millers, etc.*

He call'd for his chamber or a private room  
To speak with this Maid quickly and soon;  
But when he espy'd her he did admire;  
Her beauty at present set his heart on fire.  
"All haile, thou fair Virgin!" the Miller did cry:  
"Grant me but your favour, or else I shall die." *Let Millers, etc.*

The Damsel with modesty straightway reply'd,  
"What good I can do you it's ne'er be deny'd."  
"Why, then, I will tell you, my fairest" (said he):  
"It is but to have one night's lodging with thee.  
No silver or gold shall part us in twain,  
Besides a friend to thee I will remain:  
If thou dost prove true, I will marry thee;  
Therefore, my sweet Virgin, take pity on me."

[*Seeing that he is a rogue, she resolves to punish him; and thus replies:—*]

"But first, I must tell you, I have made an oath,  
And now for to break it I am very loath,  
The first that ever in bed to I go,  
He must be stark naked, from top to the toe."  
"With all my heart, honey!" the Miller replied;  
"I like well thy motion: it's ne'er be denied."  
"Besides" (said the damsel), "three pound in my hand,  
I mean for to have, if this bargain do stand."

## The Second Part. TO THE SAME TUNE.

THE money he gave her unto her desire,  
[Since] all things she granted that he did desire.  
His bed she then sheeted, both handsome and brave,  
And finely trapann'd this cheating young Knave.  
She mistrusted what pottage this Miller did mind,  
Which made the young maid to fit him in his kind.  
*Let Millers take heed how they mischief devise,  
Or deal with young wenches that's crafty and wise.*

She got some horse-hair, and chop't very small,  
 And some nettle-seeds to mix it withal ;  
 She drest them, and sifted, and put them in bed :  
 This was a good way to save her maidenhead,  
 And when she had done it, away she went,  
 And straitway sat by him, as [tho'] no harm she meant,  
 " Remember your promise, sweet Lady ! " said he.  
 " Your bed, Sir, is ready ! " then strait reply'd she.

So this lusty brave Miller to bed then he goes,  
 According to his promise he doth all his clothes,  
 His breeches, his doublet, his shirt and his hat,  
 For he was in hopes to have a bit for his cat. [Cf. p. 469.  
 But he was deceived as it doth appear,  
 But now all the cream of the jest you shall hear. *Let Millers, etc.*

Long this brave Miller in bed did not lye,  
 But he thought that his Sweet-heart would come by and by ;  
 Instead of his Sweet-heart he rubb'd his eyes,  
 His sides, back and belly ; yet loath for to rise.  
 He scratched and rubbed, his clothes tore and rent,  
 With fretting and sweating his breath almost spent ;  
 At last out of bed he got, and he swore,  
 As if [all] the room in pieces he 'd tore.

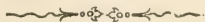
The Tapster [came], seeing him naked to stand,  
 He chanced to have a horsewhip in his hand.  
 " For pity, now help ! " the Miller did cry.  
 " That I will " (said the Tapster), " anon, by and by ! "  
 He whipt him about the chamber so sore,  
 Made him to be[-tramp] all the chamber floor.  
 Because he perceived his actions were base,  
 He ne'er pittied the Miller, but jeer'd in his face.

The Maid she laugh'd at him, and thus did reply,  
 " Sir, I was a-coming : why did you not lye ? "  
 But the Miller he fretted, he curst, and he cry'd,  
 " Must I lose my money, and be punish'd beside ? "  
 " You're right enough serv'd," then straight reply'd she ;  
 " Your money you n'er shall have more out of me.  
 You [mu]st pay for your wit, tho' you thought me beguil'd.  
 I have cool'd his courage, for being so wild."

The Miller himself no answer could make,  
 But stood like a Bull that was baited at stake ;  
 At last in a rage away he did ride,  
 With his back all be-blister'd, and so was his side.  
 The Maid was commended for serving him so,  
 But the Miller is jeer'd by all that him know.  
*Let Millers take heed how they mischief devise,  
 Or deal with young wenches that 's crafty and wise.*

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at *Golden-Ball, Pye-Corner*. [By **John Wade**.]

[Black-letter. Three cuts: 1st, the woman of vol. iii, p. 537; 2nd, young man, p. 652; 3rd, windmill, p. 625. Date of *Brooksby's* circd 1672; *Wood's* was earlier, signed by John Wade; and printed for *W. Thackeray*, at the *Sugar-Loaf*: it bears a slightly different title, viz. 'The West-Country Crafty Maid.']



## The Berkshire Tragedy of the Wittam Miller.

THIS is a Berkshire variation of the tale (already reprinted, disjointedly, on pp. 68, 175) entitled, "The Oxfordshire Tragedy; or, The Virgin's Advice." Therein the seducer who murders his victim is an Oxford Student of theology, but here he is a Miller of Wittam, probably Wittenham. Both ballads were sung to the same tune, and of date near 1700.

The girl's ruin having been compassed by the Wittam Miller and made known to her mother, he is urged to repair the crime by marrying her. This he is unwilling to do. Instead of it, he allures her by night from her sister's door, where she has found refuge. Regardless of entreaties for mercy he murders her, and drags the body to the river. On his return to the mill his disordered condition is observed by the miller's man, and remembered against him when the continued absence of the girl rouses suspicion. Her body is found, and a coroner's inquest brings against him a verdict of wilful murder. A second time arrested, he is imprisoned at Reading, but falsely declares himself to be innocent: he is tried, condemned to death, and at last admits his guilt.

[Roxburghe Collection, III, 802; Douce Coll., III, 1, *verso*.]

### The Berkshire Tragedy; Or, The Wittam Miller.

With an Account of his Murdering his Sweetheart.

[To the Tune of, *The Oxfordshire Tragedy*, pp. 68, 175.]

YOUNG Men and Maidens, all give ear, to what I shall relate;  
O mark you well, and you shall hear, of my unhappy fate:  
Near unto famous *Oxford* town, I first did draw my breath—  
Oh! that I had been cast away, in an untimely death. [text, birth.

My tender parents brought me up, provided for me well,  
And in the town of *Witt[enh]am* then they placed me in a Mill.  
By chance upon an *Oxford* Lass I cast a wanton eye,  
And promis'd I would marry her, if she would with me lie.

But to the world I do declare, with sorrow, grief, and woe,  
This folly brought us in a snare, and wrought our overthrow;  
For the Damsel came to me, and said—"By you I am with child:  
I hope, dear *John*, you'll marry me, for you have me defil'd."

Soon after that her Mother came, as you shall understand,  
And oftentimes did me persuade to wed her out of hand;  
And thus perplex'd on every side, I could no comfort find:  
So for to make away with her a thought came in my mind.

ABOUT a month from *Christmas*—oh, cursed be the day!—  
 The Devil then did me persuade, to take her life away. [p. 509.  
 I call'd her from her sister's door, at eight o'clock at night:  
 Poor creature! she did little dream I ow'd her any spite.

I told her, if she'd walk with me aside a little way  
 We both together would agree about our Wedding-day.  
 Thus I deluded her again into a private place,  
 Then took a stick out of the hedge, and struck her in the face.

But she fell on her bended knee, and did for mercy cry,  
 "For heaven sake, don't murder me! I am not fit to die."  
 But I on her no pity took, but wounded her full sore,  
 Until her life away I took, which I can ne'er restore.

With many grievous shrieks and cries, she did resign her breath,  
 And in inhuman, barbarous sort I put my love to death.  
 And then I took her by the hair, to cover this foul sin,  
 And dragg'd her to the river side, and threw her body in.

THUS, in the blood of innocence my hands were deeply dy'd,  
 And shined in her purple gore, that should have been my Bride.  
 Then home unto my Mill I ran, but sorely was amaz'd;  
 My man he thought I had mischief done, and strangely on me gaz'd.

"Oh! what's the matter?" then said he, "you look as pale as  
 death. [breath?  
 What makes you shake and tremble so, as tho' you'd lost your  
 How came you by that blood upon your trembling hands and  
 cloath[e]s?"  
 I presently to him reply'd, "By bleeding at the nose!"

I wistfully upon him look'd, but little to him said, [t. wish.  
 But snatch'd the candle from his hand, and went unto my bed;  
 Where I lay trembling all the night, for I could take no rest,  
 And perfect flames of hell did flash within my guilty breast.

Next day the damsel being miss'd, and no where to be found,  
 Then I was apprehended soon, and to the Assizes bound.  
 Her sister did against me swear, she reason had, no doubt,  
 That I had made away with her, because I call'd her out.

BUT *Satan* did me still perswade, I stiffly should deny;  
 Quoth he, "There is no witness can against thee testify."  
 Now when her Mother she did cry, I scoffingly did say,  
 "On purpose then to frighten me, she sent her child away."

I publish'd in '*The Post-Boy*' then (my wickedness to blind),  
 "Five Guineas any one should have, that could her body find."  
 But Heaven had a watchful eye, and brought it so about  
 That, though I stiffly did deny, this murder would come out.



The very day before the Assize, her body it was found,  
Floating before her Father's door, at *Henley-Ferry Town*.  
So I the second time was seiz'd, to *Oxford* brought with speed,  
And there examined again about the bloody deed.

Now the Coroner and jury both together did agree  
That this damsel was made away, and murdered by me.  
The Justice he perceiv'd the guilt, no longer would take bail,  
But the next morning I was sent away to *Reading Gaol*.

WHEN I was brought before the Judge, my man did testify  
That blood upon my hands and cloath[*e*]s that night he did espy.  
The Judge he told the jury then, "The circumstance is plain :  
Look on the prisoner at the bar ! He hath this creature slain !"

About the murder at the first the Jury did divide,  
But when they brought their verdict, all of them "Guilty !" cry'd.  
The Jailor took and bound me strait, as soon as I was cast ;  
And then within the prison strong he there did lay me fast.

With fetters strong then I was bound, and shin-bolted was I ;  
Yet I the murder would not own, but still did it deny.  
My Father did on me prevail, my kindred all likewise,  
To own the murder : which I did, to them, with watery eyes.

My Father he then did me blame, saying, "My Son, oh ! why  
Have you thus brought your self to shame, and all your family ?"  
"Father, I own the crime I did, I guilty am indeed ;  
Which cruel fact, I now confess, doth make my heart to bleed.

"The worst of deaths I do deserve, my crime it is so base,  
For I no mercy shew'd to her ; most wretched is my case.  
Lord ! grant me grace, while I do stay, that I may now repent,  
Before I from this wicked world most shamefully am sent."

YOUNG MEN, take warning by my fall : all filthy lust defy !  
By giving way to wickedness, alas ! this day I die.  
Lord ! wash my hateful sins away, which have been manifold ;  
Have mercy on me, I thee pray, and Christ receive my soul !

*London* : Printed and sold at *Sympton's* Printing-Office, in *Stonecutter Street, Fleet-Market*.

[White-letter. Two cuts : girl lying dead ; man hanging. Probably a reprint, originally of date *circa* 1700. Compare p. 629 and 'Oxfordshire Tragedy.' In the Roxburghe Collection broadside is no division into stanzas, but we run on the half-lines to save space. The next broadside ballad on the 'Rogueries of Millers' is dated 1718.]



## The Barnard-Castle Tragedy.

“Of two constant Lovers, as I understand,  
 [Who] were born near *Appleby*, in *Westmoreland*,  
 The lad's name *Anthony*, *Constance* the lass,  
 To sea they went both, and great dangers did pass:  
 How they suffer'd ship-wrack on the coast of *Spain*,  
 For two years divided, and then met again,  
     By wonderful fortune and bare accident;  
 And now both live at home with joy and content.”

— *New Northern Story, Constance and Anthony.*

ANOTHER licentious and cruel Miller appears in ‘The Barnard-Castle Tragedy,’ and closes the Group. The tune here misnamed *Constant Anthony* belongs to the ‘Admirable Northern Story, *Constance and Anthony*,’ beginning, “Two Lovers in the North, *Constance and Anthony*, Of them I will set forth a gallant history” (*Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. i, p. 24, where the earlier name of the tune is cited as ‘*I would thou wert in Shrewsbury*.’ For the ballad which furnished this refrain, *I would give a thousand pound thou wert in Shrewsbury*, see ‘The Valiant Commander and his Lady,’ reprinted in vol. vi, p. 281).

There is singular appropriateness in the choice of the tune, *Constance and Anthony*, for this later ‘Barnard-Castle Tragedy,’ so far as it concerns the locality, inasmuch as the same Appleby in Westmoreland figures in both ballads. The tune had been still earlier known as *Dainty, come thou to me*, concerning which see vol. vi, p. 773.

Beside these *Roxburghe Ballads*, another murder is told in the ballad ‘The Bloody Miller: being a true and just account of one *Francis Cooper*, of *Hocstoir*, near *Shrewsbury*, who was a Miller's servant, and kept company with one *Anne Nicols* for the space of two years, who then proved to be with child by him: being urged by her Father to marry her, he most wickedly and barbarously murdered her, as you shall hear by the sequel. Tune of, *Alack! for my Love [I must die]*.’ It begins, “Let all pretending Lovers.” (Pepys Coll., II, 156.) The burden is, *I for my transgression must dye*. Compare p. 70, ‘*And for mine offence I must dye*’: but ‘The Downfall of William Grismond’ has for tune the unidentified *Where is my Love?* not possibly the same as “Where is my Shepherd, my Love? heigho!” for which see ‘Cupid's Victory over the Virgins' hearts,’ in vol. iii, 554. For the tune of *Alack! for my love I must die*, see p. 120.

So long ago as 1877, in *The Bagford Ballads*, pp. 527 to 533, ‘Rogueries of Millers’ were mentioned. One (reprinted on p. 530) was ‘The Unfortunate Miller; or, The Country Lasse's Witty Invention,’ whereby she preserves her own innocence and secures his punishment. The story resembles ‘The Westminster Frolic’ and ‘The Wanton Vintner’ (see pp. 475 to 481). The transposition of the girls reappears in the ballad of ‘A CUCKOLD BY CONSENT’: “Friends, will it please you to hear me tell?”

[Roxburghe Collection, III, 797; Madden Coll., Camb. Univ. Lib.]

## The Barnard-Castle Tragedy:

Shewing how one *John Atkinson* of *Murton*, near *Appleby*, Serbant to *Thomas Howson*, Miller, at *Barnard Castle*, *Bridge-End*, courted the said *Howson's* Sister; and, after he had gained her entire Affection by his wheedling solicitations, left her disconsolate, and made courtship to another, whom he married by the treacherous advice of one *Thomas Skelton*, who to save the Priest's fees, etc., performed the ceremony himself; and upon her [displaced rival, *Betty Howson*] hearing the news, [she] broke her heart, and bled to death on the spot. This being both true and tragical, 'tis hoped 'twill be a warning to all Lovers.

TUNE OF, *Constance and Anthony*. [Text, *Constant A.*, see p. 632.]

YOUNG men and maidens all, I pray you now attend;  
Mark well this Tragedy, which you find here penn'd:  
At *Barnard-Castle*, *Bridge-end*, an honest man lives there,  
His calling grinding corn, for which few can compare.

He had a sister dear, in whom he took delight,  
And *Atkinson*, his man, woo'd her both day and night;  
Till thro' process of time he chained fast her heart,  
Which prov'd her overthrow, by Death's surprising dart.

False-hearted *Atkinson*, with his deluding tongue  
And his fair promises, he's this poor maid undone;  
For when he found he'd caught her fast in *Cupid's* snare,  
Then made he all alike, *Betty's* no more his dear.

Drinking was his delight, his senses [for] to doze,  
Keeping lewd company when [that] he should repose;  
His money being spent, and they would tick no Score,  
Then, with a face of brass, he ask'd poor *Betty* [for] more.

He at length met with one, a serving-maid in town,  
Who for good ale and beer often would pawn her gown;  
And at All-Fours she'd play, as many people know;  
A fairer gamester [than was she] no man could ever show.

*Tom Skelton*, ostler, at the 'King's-Arms' does dwell,  
To who[m] this false *Atkinson* did all his secrets tell;  
He let him understand of a new Love he'd got,  
And with an oath he swore she'd keep full the pot.

Then for the girl they sent, *Betty Hardy* was her name,  
 Who to her Mistress soon an excuse did frame :  
 " Mistress, I have a friend, at the King's Arms doth stay,  
 Which I desire to see before he go away."

Then she goes to her friend, who[m] she finds ready there,  
 Who catch'd her in his arms—" How does my only dear?"  
 She says, " Boys, drink about, and fear no reckonings large!"  
 For she had pawn'd her smock, to defray the charge.

They did carouse it off, till they began to warm;  
 Says *Skelton*, " Make a match, I pray[you]: where's the harm?"  
 Then with a loving kiss they straightway did agree;  
 But they no money had, to give the priest a fee.

Quoth *Skelton*, seriously: " The Priest's fee it is large:  
 I'll marry you my self, and save you all the charge."  
 Then they plight their troth unto each other there,  
 Went two miles from the town, and go to bed, we hear.

Then when the morning came, by breaking of the day,  
 He had some corn to grind, he could no longer stay;  
 " My business is in haste, which I to thee do tell";  
 So took a gentle kiss, and bid his Love farewell.

Now when he was come home, and at his business there  
 His master's sister came, who was his former dear;  
 " *Betty*" (he said), " I'm wed, certainly I protest";  
 Then she smil'd in his face, " Surely, you do but jest!"

Then within few days' space, his wife unto him went,  
 And to the sign o' th' Last, there she for him sent;  
 The people of the house, finding what was in hand,  
 Stept out immediately, let *Betty* understand.

Now this surprising news caus'd her fall in a trance,  
 Like as if she was dead, no limbs she could advance;  
 Then her dear Brother came, her from the ground he took,  
 And she spake up and said, " O my poor heart is broke!"

Then with all speed they went, for to undo her lace,  
 Whilst at her nose and mouth her heart's blood ran apace.  
 Some stood half dead by her, others for help inquire;  
 But in a moment's time, her Life it did expire.

False-hearted Lovers all, let this a warning be;  
 For it we may well call "*Betty Howson's Tragedy*."

Printed for the Author in the year 1718.

[White-letter. Two cuts: Maid's Funeral, p. 121; and the man of vii, 628.]

[Pepys Collection, V, 285.]

**The Constant Lady and False-hearted Squire :**

Being a Relation of a Knight's Daughter near Woodstock  
Town, in Oxfordshire.

TO A NEW TUNE [second half-line, *As I walk'd forth to take the air*\*].

**N**EAR *Woodstock* town in *Oxfordshire*, as I walk'd forth to take the air,  
To view the fields and meadows round, methought I heard a mournful sound.

Down by a crystal river side, a gallant Bower I espied,  
Where a fair Lady made great moan, with many a bitter sigh and groan.

"Alas!" (quoth she), "my Love's unkind; my sighs and tears he will not mind;  
But he is cruel unto me, which causes all my misery.

"My Father is a worthy Knight, my Mother is a Lady bright;  
And I their only child and heir: yet Love has brought me to despair.

"A wealthy 'Squire lived nigh, who on my beauty cast an eye;  
He courted me, both day and night, to be his Jewel and Delight.

"To me these words he often said: 'Fair, beauteous, handsome, comely Maid,  
Oh! pity me, I do implore, for it is you whom I adore.'

"He still did beg me to be kind, and ease his love-tormented mind;  
'For if,' said he, 'you should deny, for love of you I soon shall die.'

"These words did pierce my tender heart: I soon did yield, to ease his smart;  
And unto him made this reply: 'For love of me you shall not die.'

"With that he flew into my arms, and swore I had a thousand charms;  
He call'd me Angel, Saint: and he, for ever true to me would be.

"Soon after he had gain'd my heart, he cruelly did from me part;  
Another Maid he does pursue, and to his vows he bids adieu.

"'Tis he that makes my heart lament, he causes all my discontent;  
He hath caus'd my sad despair, and now occasions this my care."

The Lady round the meadow run, and gather'd flowers as they sprung;  
Of every sort she there did pull, until she got her apron full.

"Now there's a flower," she did say, "is named *Heart's-ease*, night and day;  
I wish I could that flower find, for to ease my love-sick mind.

"But oh, alas! 'tis all in vain for me to sigh and to complain;  
There's nothing that can ease my smart, for his disdain will break my heart."

The green ground served as a bed, and flowers, a pillow for her head;  
She laid her down, and nothing spoke: alas! for love her heart was broke.

But when I found her body cold, I went to her false love, and told  
What unto her had just befel: "I'm glad," said he, "she is so well.

"Did she think I so fond could be, that I could fancy none but she?  
Man was not made for one alone; I took delight to hear her moan."

O wicked man! I find thou art, thus to break a Lady's heart:  
In *Abraham's* bosom may she sleep, while thy wicked soul doth weep!

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\* *Note*.—This second 'Oxfordshire Tragedy' is not in the Roxburghe Coll. It was sung to a well-known tune (see *Popular Music*, p. 191; sung also to "*As our King lay musing on his bed*"—our vol. vi, p. 744). It is deceptive in its later issue as a 'Garland' (Douce Coll., III, 70 *verso*, and Lindes., 865); yet thus reprinted in the *National English Airs*, 1838, p. 123, viz. Four Parts.



## [The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.] The Answer.

A Second Part I bring you here, of the Fair Maid of *Oxfordshire*,  
 Who lately broke her heart for love, of one who did inconstant prove.  
 A youthful 'Squire, most unjust, when he beheld this Lass at first,  
 A solemn thousand vows he made, and so her yielding heart betray'd.  
 She mourning broke her heart, and dy'd, feeling the shades on every side ;  
 With dying groans and grievous cries, as tears were flowing from her eyes.  
 The beauty which did once appear on her sweet cheeks, so fair and clear,  
 Was waxed pale ; her life was fled : he heard at length that she was dead.  
 He was not sorry in the least, but cheerfully resolv'd to feast ;  
 And quite forgot her beauty bright, whom he so basely ruin'd quite.  
 Now when, alas ! this youthful Maid within her silent tomb was laid,  
 The Squire thought that all was well, he should in peace and quiet dwell.  
 Soon after this he was possest with various thoughts, that broke his rest ;  
 Sometimes he thought her groans he heard, sometimes her ghastly Ghost appear'd,  
 With a sad visage, pale and grim, and ghastly looks she cast on him ;  
 He often started back, and cry'd : " Where shall I go, my self to hide ?  
 " Here I am haunted, night and day : sometimes, methinks I hear her say :  
 ' Perfidious man ! false and unkind, henceforth you shall no comfort find.'  
 " If through the fields I chance to go, where she receiv'd her overthrow,  
 Methinks I see her in despair, and, if at home, I meet her there.  
 " No place is free of torment now : alas ! I broke a solemn vow,  
 Which once I made ; but now, at last, it does my worldly glory blast.  
 " Since my unkindness did destroy my dearest love and only joy,  
 My wretched life must ended be : now must I die and come to thee."  
 His Rapier from his side he drew, and pierc'd his body thro' and thro' ;  
 So he dropt down in purple gore, just where she did some time before.  
 He buried was within the grave of his true-love. And thus you have  
 A sad account of his sad fate, who died in *Oxfordshire* of late.

*London* : Printed for R. B. near *Fleet-Street*. [White-letter. Date, circa 1686.]



[Here was concluded the ballad-story of the Oxfordshire Knight's Daughter and her False-hearted Squire. It needed not the two other Parts that were conjoined to it, when issued as a 'Garland.' 'The Lover's Farewell' is a new departure, being the former case reversed, a distinct story ; its own sequel is 'The Lady's Lamentation.' It had appeared earlier in Black-letter (Pepys's Collection, III, 379), and we borrow the full title. The first and second stanzas of the 'Farewell' were, in 1688, with music by Robert King, published under a different title, viz. 'The Jealous Lover' (p. 54 of our *Bagford Ballads*). It is better, to avoid all misunderstanding, for us to reprint here the whole continuation, but with a preliminary caution that it is a distinct ballad from the one preceding. The tune is named on p. 412. R. B.=Richard Baldwin. The third and fourth parts were added, as a contrast to the first narrative, to lengthen it and double the price. The third part, also the fourth, her 'Lamentation,' was twice issued as a separate ballad ; exemplars of each being preserved in the Pepysian Collection, viz. Vol. III, p. 379, and V, 315 : both distinct from Pep. Coll., V, 285. This is the true solution of the enigma, which had eluded the late William Chappell.]

[Pepys Collection, III, 379, and V, 315; see *Note*, p. 638.]

## The Esquire's Tragedy; Or, The Unfortunate Lover's Farewell.

To the Tune of, *I love you more and more each day.* Licensed according to Order.

“ **F**orgive me if your looks I thought did once some change discover ;  
To be too jealous is the fault of every wounded Lover :  
My truth these kind reproaches show, which you do blame severely :  
A sign, alas ! you little know what 'tis to love sincerely.

“ The torments of a long despair I did in silence smother ;  
But 'tis a pain I cannot bear, to think you love another.  
My fate, alas ! depends on you ; I am but what you make me :  
Divinely blest, if you prove true ; undone, if you forsake me.

“ In thee I place my chiefest Joy ; I seek no other pleasure :  
Then do not all my hopes destroy, who love thee out of measure.  
Forbear to triumph in disdain, since here I lie and languish :  
True love is a tormenting pain, and fills my soul with anguish.

“ The silent night I spend in tears, and melting lamentation ;  
But yet no glance of love appears, but utter detestation.  
Regarding not my piteous moan, my sighs, and sad lamenting,  
Your heart, as flint or marble stone, feels not the least relenting.

“ Your Beauty gave the fatal wound, and did at first allure me ;  
In chains of love I now lie bound, and you alone can cure me.  
Cast not a loyal love away, who at your feet lies bleeding ;  
Unto my sighs one smile convey, for which my tears are pleading.

“ Why should a charming beauty bright resolve to be so cruel ?  
Oh ! let me not be ruin'd quite, in Love's destroying fuel.  
See how my eyes like fountains flow, in crystal streams before thee !  
So do not seek the overthrow of one who does adore thee.

“ Behold, I am thy captive Slave—thy wounded Slave, believe me ;  
And thou alone this life can'st save, and therefore now reprieve me.  
The wound you gave has pierc'd my heart, and you no pity will me ;  
Yet I cannot forbear to love, although with scorn you kill me.

“ If thus you are resolv'd to frown, and slight my friendly favour,  
Soon to my grave I will go down. Farewell, farewell, for ever !  
I find she triumphs in disdain, and still denies me blessing :  
Why should I live to feel this pain, that is beyond expressing ? ”

This said, his naked sword he drew, and to his heart he sent it ;  
And, as he bid this world adieu, she bitterly lamented.  
Thus did she weep when 'twas too late (her tears could not restore him),  
Crying : “ I was unfortunate. Would I had died before him ! ”

**His Unkind Lady's Lamentation for his Death, when 'twas too late.**

TO THE SAME TUNE, *I love you more and more each day.*

“ **A**nd is my valiant 'Squire gone, the glory of the Nation ?  
Then all my joys are from me flown : behold my Lamentation !  
These eyes of mine like fountains flow, as here you may discover,  
Because I prov'd the Overthrow of an entire Lover.

"Ten thousand times I wish in vain that I had never slighted  
My worthy 'Squire with disdain when he would fain have plighted.  
A solemn vow he made to me, he dearly did adore me ;  
But now 'tis to my grief I see he bleeding lies before me.

"All in the frozen arms of Death, my loyal love lies sleeping ;  
Bereav'd of mortal life and breath : this causes all my weeping.  
My very heart for heaviness ere long to break asunder ;  
Nor am I able to express the grief that I lie under.

"I must confess, I stood a while, and heard his mourning ditty,  
Without returning him a smile, or any glance of pity ;  
Because I was resolv'd to try his steadfastness of wooing :  
But little did I think that I should thus have been his ruin.

"Upon the sword he laid his hand, in grief and desperation ;  
Conceal'd I could no longer stand, but straight, with admiration,  
More swift than eagle's wing I flew to him, and kisses gave him :  
But oh ! the sword was thro' and thro' ; alas ! I could not save him.

"These words he utter'd as he died : 'Farewell, my dearest Jewel !  
You should have been my lawful Bride, had you not been so cruel,  
To leave a Lover all alone, in sorrow broken-hearted :'  
This said, then, with a dying groan, he instantly departed.

"Bath'd in streams of purple gore, my weeping eyes beheld him ;  
My golden tresses then I tore, crying, 'My frowns have kill'd him.'  
For being of all hope bereft, Life's thread he vow'd to sever :  
Now, he is gone, and I am left to mourn his loss for ever.

"But why should I presume to live here in this world behind him ?  
No ! no ! the fatal stroke I'll give ; then I perhaps may find him  
In the *Elysian* Fields below, where bleeding Lovers wander,  
And still pour out the grief and woe, which here they once lay under."

*Then from his bleeding breast she drew the sword, with might and power,  
Expressing of these mournful words : "Now comes the fatal hour  
That I must leave this world ! for why ? My Love has gone before me,  
The Pattern of true loyalty, who did in life adore me !"*

### Finis.

Printed for *J. Blare*, at the *Looking-Glass*, on *London-Bridge*.

[Black-letter. Four woodcuts. Date, *circa* 1684.]

This is entitled 'The Knight's Tragedy,' etc., in *Pepys Coll.*, III, 379, a blunder, probably, for 'The Knight's Daughter's Tragedy' ; but it is virtually identical with the White-letter ballad called 'The Esquire's Tragedy,' *Pepys Coll.*, V, 315 ; afterwards tacked on to the 'Oxfordshire Tragedy.'

¶ We have shown on p. 629 the connection of 'The Berkshire Tragedy' with the better-known 'Oxfordshire Tragedy ; or, The Virgin's Advice' (already reprinted on pp. 68, 69, and 175). The Berkshire Tragedy fitly ranges itself among the 'Rogueries of Millers,' being an account of the same murder ; committed by the so-called 'Wittam Miller,' probably of *Whittenham-Topping*.

Allusions have been made (on pp. 69, 411, 412) to the other 'Oxfordshire Tragedy ; or, The Death of Four Lovers' (*i.e.* two lovers in the Parts 1 and 2, and two others in continuous Parts 3 and 4). It was therefore expedient to append this ballad, although it is quite distinct in subject from its namesake.

Here ends the Group,

'The Rogueries of Millers.'

## Another Ballad of Kent.



NE Kentish ballad, unique, yet of date not earlier than 1683, is entitled 'The Maidstone Miracle; or, The Strange Kentish Wonder: Being an account of a Charitable Farmer, who, by Divine Providence, had a vast crop of Corn (which grew in a field which was neither plow'd nor sow'd for several years): it is being look'd upon to be a Reward of his Christian Charity,' etc. To the tune of *Russell's Farewell* (see vol. v, p. 690). It begins, "We have a God enthroned above" (Pepys Coll., II, 78).

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden Ball, in Pye-corner.

No more than a single exemplar remains of 'Hey for Horn-Fair!' 1685 (already mentioned on p. 549, also in vii, 208, and now first reprinted on p. 665); or of another Kentish ballad, concerning 'Sweet Susan of Ashford,' never yet reprinted. Although it has doubled its population in twenty years, *Pegge*-proverbially 'Haughty Ashford,' could never rival Maidstone in liberality. It has a few sepulchral monuments of importance in its handsome old church, which is wedged tightly amid incongruous tenements. The High Street, of fair proportions, formerly the market-place of the district, is graced with two quaintly-built blocks of Middle-Row shops, similar to the 'Middle-Row, Holborn.' Traditional folk-lore yields to Ashford the unenviable credit of being the 'Hub' or linch-pin or umbilicus of '*A Queer Neighbourhood.*'

These lines are quite true about the purloined bells, the Monday-Boys' Wedding, the implied connection of bad farming with Barming-Heath County Lunatic Asylum, and the distraining for tithes at Staplehurst. Also concerning Brooke: where 'The Leper-Hole' through the chancel-wall looks straight towards the altar, from the churchyard, therein the parishioners who were afflicted with leprosy were accustomed to stand, gazing at the celebration of High Mass, in the good old Catholic days, and ready in turn to receive between their lips the consecrated wafer from the priest, they being forbidden to enter the church. At Old-Wives Lees, in Chilham parish, races were run on May 19th annually, by betrothed couples, hand in hand, competing for a prize of £20, which was to become the wedding dowry of the winners. It was to be done "without losing clasp, in smock and smicket," as by the charter of the founder, Sir Dudley Digges, 1638, not *in puris naturalibus* as reported, and drew crowds of spectators; but it was discontinued *circa* 1864, the money being confiscated to appease the insatiate maw of the Education Ogre, 'the Schools.' Romney-Marsh traded successfully with France in Guinea-smuggling, so late as 1812; despite the revenue spies and severe penal laws, getting thirty shillings value for each exported coin, during Napoleon's time and the 'Guinea fever.' Even in 1817 a guinea was equivalent to 27s. (See a full account of this traffic in Miss Julia H. L. De Vaynes' *Kentish Garland*; also 'The Guinea-Smugglers of the North-east Coast' in the late Walter Thornbury's *Tales for the Morn'g.*) The Rev. Robert Harris Barham, author of *The Ingoldsby Legend and Cousin Nicholas*, was in 1817-1820 incumbent of Snargate; Dr. Edw. Wilkinson, in 1870-82.

## A Queer Neighbourhood.

TRADITIONAL LOCAL RHYMES IN THE WEALD OF KENT.

(Now first collected, painfully, from the oldest centenarians.)

**P**roud is *Ashford*, surly is *Wye*;  
 Lousy *Kennington* stands hard by.  
 Break-neck *Charing* lies in a hole:  
 It had but one bell, and that was stole':  
 At *Monday-Boys'* wedding it got a crack;  
 The ringer swore it should never go back.  
*Molash* had three bells, with music to fill 'em,  
 But two were cut down by the thieves from *Chilham*,  
 To buy pots of ale, and like swine to swill 'em.  
*Chartham's* thirst no liquor yet slaked;  
 At *Old Wives-Lees* lad and lass ran [half] naked; [*a.l.* stark.  
 To be married at *Crundall* up-hill they trundle,  
 Unless, in the stink still, they dwelt at *Hinxhill*.  
 There were lepers at *Brooke*, or the church mistook;  
 And curmudgeons at *Smeeth*, darkly gnashing of teeth:  
 They would have betray'd the twinn'd *Biddenden-Maid*,  
 Whose show-bread at Easter is well worth a tester.  
*Romney-Marsh* smugglers, from *Snave* or *Snargate*,  
 Snapt fingers at coast-guard 'twixt *Dymchurch* and *Margate*.  
 If not lost in the dark at *Eastwell Park*,  
 We can take our ease at *Challock-Lees*.  
 One had better be hanged, for hen-roost or arson,  
 Than distrained for tithes by the *Staplehurst* parson.  
 Poor *Aluph Boughton* was never well thought on;  
 To cripples at *Smarden* none gives a farden;  
 From *Paddock-Wood* there seldom came good;  
*Hothfield* and *Headcorn* were known to be dead-born;  
*Mersham* and *Pluckley* crawl crab-like, unluckily.  
*Little-Chart* farming drove tenants to *Barming*;  
 And *Sutton-Vallance* could not strike a balance.  
 If you trust man or woman, for money lent,  
 You may wait till the sky falls in *Weald of Kent*.

*Additional Notes.*—*Crundall* (like *Holme-on-Spalding-Moor*, in *Yorkshire*, *East Riding*), being a landmark, at the top of a steep hill, is known as 'the Visible Church,' with more martyrs than saints. It is told of a churchwarden at *Sutton-Vallance*, whose name was not 'Nippy Dixon,' that he delayed making up his vestry accounts, lost all his vouchers, and, after jotting down his few remembered payments, added one item—"sisteen pund twel: muddled away"!

The county establishment for criminal lunatics at *Barming-Heath*, near *Maidstone*, is comparatively modern; but it had long been needed, and is always 'choak-full.' Kent rejoices in widely-spread insanity, hereditary and *Invicta*. The *Weald* was formerly a 'wild' or forest, and still earlier had been under water. Even now, the river *Stour* often overflows the meadow-land.

Of the *Biddenden Maids*, named *Preston*, the conjoint portraiture is in *Easter biscuit*. See woodcut of it, in *Wm. Hone's Every-Day Book*, ii, 443, 1826.



Final Group of Roxburghe Ballads.

# The Female Ramblers.

Nearly all of the Seventeenth Century.

DEDICATED

TO

ROBERT ROBERTS, ESQ.,

*Of Haven Bank, Boston, Lincolnshire,*

A TRUSTY FRIEND FOR MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS;

Printer and Publisher of the Three-fold

'Drolleries of the Restoration,' 1875-76;

Of the most beautiful Edition of

Sir Thomas More's 'Utopia,' 1878;

And many other choice Books;

WITH HEARTY REMEMBRANCES, FROM HIS EDITOR, J. W. EBSWORTH.



"Three Maids did make a meeting  
With one young-man of late."

—By MARTIN PARKER, *circa* 1635: '*A Good Throo for Three Maidenheads; or, Three Maidenheads lost at Dice.*'

## The Female Rambler Up to Date.

(A New Night-Mère, *alias* Revolted Daughter : *Fin de Siècle*.)

### EDITORIAL PRELUDE TO FINAL GROUP.

*WE never liked her, from the first, when she began to Shriek ;  
She soon has made herself accurst, and men for refuge seek ;  
Time was, from her unlovely ways we could more deftly skip ;  
But few, in these decadent days, escape from her fell grip.*

*She always was unfeminine, intolerant, and vain ;  
Her schemes to over-reach combine, more than true Rights to gain ;  
The Platform heard her angry stamp ; her objurgations shrill  
Consign'd to regions far from damp all who dared cross her will.*

*She lured 'Tame Cats' to take the chair,\* purring at 'Woman's Wrongs,'  
Tho' she was loath'd by maidens fair, and mock'd in ribald songs ;  
Stubborn and rancorous she scream'd, she yell'd, and often swore ;  
A madwoman to most she seem'd in the good days of yore.*

*"Woman a Future has !" she cried : we mark the difference vast,  
Who find her glaring, open-eyed, 'The Woman with a Past.'  
Unsexed, her dogmas taint the town, miasma from foul fen ;  
Her venom poisons and strikes down the hapless race of men.*

J. WOODFALL EBSWORTH.

*The Priory, Ashford, Kent.*

\* One tame cat called himself a Lyon, and professed to Play-fair.

—*Note by Printer's D., a shining light in the 'Chapel.'*

The "Hertfordshire Mercury" P.D.'s are world-famous for sagacity and alertness. They were Orphically Hymned, in 1883, by their grateful laureate, who sang of them, for their 'Wayzgoose'—

*"It was in the prime of Cucumber-time,  
When Sunshine delights and surprises,  
That we caught a glimpse of a couple of Imps,  
Hertford P.D.'s who brought 'revises.'  
They diet on type, as a Coster on tripe ;  
They 'stand not on forms,' but set them ;  
And they feed very high on all sorts of 'pye,'  
So long as the Chapel rules let them."*

FINAL NOTE AND QUERY.—Why do our Ballad Society Subscribers omit to give the Devil his due, by prompt payment, annually? Printers cannot work gratuitously at Ballads and Indices. Are they to furnish paper, and find stubble to mix with their clay?

# The Female Ramblers.

(Gael Deliberer : Winter Sessions.)

" Now this, to my notion, is pleasant cheer :  
 To lie all alone on a ragged heath,  
 Where your nose is not sniffing for bones or beer,  
 But a peat-fire smiles like a garden beneath ;  
 The cottagers bustle about the door,  
 And the girl at the window ties her strings ;  
 She's a dish for a man who's a mind to be poor !  
 Lord ! women are such expensive things."

—GEO. MEREDITH'S '*Beggar's Soliloquy*,' 1861.\*



COURTS OF JUSTICE (so-called) were theatres of amusement to giddy folks, especially when a female culprit was brought for legal vivisection. They were so in 1663 and 1672, when Mary Carleton 'the German Princess' was on trial. In 1752 the case of Miss Mary Blandy, tried at Oxford for poisoning her father, attracted a large audience. In 1815, the unjustly accused and virtuous Eliza Fenning was convicted on the shallowest evidence, and executed, despite many petitions for respite. (The Editor's father knew her well.) Similar interest was felt in 1857 at the trial of Madelaine Smith, of Blytheswood Square, Glasgow (whom the present Editor met): she was supposed to have administered a cup of coffee "medicated" to her seducer, the black-mailer Emile L'Angelier. He, like Darnley, richly deserved his fate. Madelaine received 'the benefit of the doubt' in the Scotch verdict of '*Not Proven*,' and was set at liberty: she soon had several offers of marriage. Powerful fascination dwells in such prisoners. But spectators at the Assize Courts feel more curiosity than sympathy. The possibility of guilt does not repel them, if the criminals are young and beautiful. This is the opinion of our friend Dervaux, who made his maiden speech in 1890: see p. 650. He specially studied these 'Female Ramblers.'

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\* *Note*.—Compare with this opening of '*The Beggar's Soliloquy*' the unpremeditated confirmation of his sentiment in '*The One-eyed Musician*,' p. 66, of John Ingold's *Roughly Told Stories* (Leadenhall Press): a remarkable volume, grim but masterly, and graphic; memorable, in its half-cynical, truthful sadness: "English beggars always have a whining tale of wives and families! It seems to me, marriage with them, at the best, is giving up half their rations to get the other half indifferently cooked. And the poor Englishwoman is never satisfied till she has made a husband of the individual who prevents her earning a livelihood, and blacks her eyes out of gratitude for the babies she gives him."

The summary processes of old were unlike the "linked sweetness long drawn out" whereby the modern loquacious counsel, cross-grained witnesses, and a prejudiced Judge, have succeeded in making law a lottery. Seldom was there a long delay between arrest and trial, or between trial, condemnation, and punishment. Acquittal was the rarest of chances: indeed, was accounted a miscarriage of justice. Judges, in a hurry for their dinner, delivered their charges emphatically and briefly. Verdicts were given unhesitatingly by the muddle-headed tradesmen of an English jury (unable to weigh evidence). Sentence would be pronounced, at once, and execution follow without a pause, wholesale in batches: "Strings for six!" Such were our national ways and religious habits, quietly expeditious, and agreeable to the community; before the car-wheels of Themis were clogged, and the air poisoned with the redundancy of Talk. At Halifax, with its 'gibbet-law,' no less than at Jedburgh, with its 'justice,' the process was shortened.

So had it been at Falkland Castle, after the murder of Rothsay (*vide* Sir Walter's '*Fair Maid of Perth*,' cap. xxxii). Hanging took place without any loss of time, the culprits having been seized red-handed, and a quorum empanelled expressly to declare that death-punishment was due: thus a race was run by the foreman below and the hangman on the ramparts, to see which of them could get through his work most quickly. Malefactors in later times, chiefly of the 'distressful country,' object to such haste, and clamour for 'the law's delay.' Nothing satisfies them—not even penal servitude or the plank bed.

An example of wholesale executions is (Roxb. Coll., III, 316) 'A Sorrowful Lamentation and Last Farewell of all the [ten] prisoners to be executed on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday next, with an account of the places where the unhappy people are to suffer.' (Compare pp. 184, 646, and 717.)

One evil result of our modern system is a bewildering crowd of convicted prisoners, undergoing penal servitude. "These are our failures!" But the earlier practice in our enlightened island avoided any piling up of useless lumber. It cleared the atmosphere, better than gaol-fever. It decreased the surplus population in congested districts, and erected landmarks to adorn the scenery or guide travellers, where gibbets were needed for hanging in chains. It lightened the prison-rates of cost for keep and clothing. When the condemned were executed quickly, whether innocent or guilty, no farther economy was needed. Few complained, or were left to murmur. Everybody was satisfied, especially the officiating clergy, who disliked tediousness in repentance. In Matthew Prior's ballad, neither the Cordelier nor the Hangman disguised their sentiments from the loitering penitent—

"Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart,  
And often took leave, but was loth to depart."

We follow their bright example, while near the close of our Editorial circuit, and make good riddance of some habitual offenders whose room is better than their company. *Place aux dames!* Here are some 'Female Ramblers' to be dismissed into the silent world.

[Roxburghe Coll., II, 164; Euing, 122; Pepys, III, 294; Hath, III, 9;  
Jersey, II, 8=Lind., 1442.]

## The Female Ramblers ;

Or,

The Three Buxome Lasses of Northampton-shire :  
Containing their pleasant Pastime at the Nagg's-Head, together  
with many Intrigues that followed thereupon.

TUNE IS, *Let Cæsar live long* [see vol. iv, p. 389]. Licensed according to Order.

YOU Young-men and Lasses, I'd have ye take care,  
When you are returning from Market or Fair,  
For fear you should stay at the *Nagg's-Head* all night,  
To reap the fond pleasures of wanton delight ;  
And then send [a hint to] the Doctors with speed,  
For physick, lest any by sporting should [n]eed.

These Lasses were buxome, and beautiful too,  
So long as they staid with the Revelling Crew ;  
But yet after this, upon *All Holland-Day*  
Poor Lasses, they p[re]sented their sweet beauties away,  
So that we lamented to see their sad fate,  
And thus they repented, a little too late.

[*All SS.*, Nov. 1.

On last *Christmas-Day*, as I here do profess,  
One of these young Maids in a delicate dress  
Came to a young man, and she gave him a smile ;  
Now when she had been in his presence a while,  
She said : " You may see I am delicate fine :  
Come kiss now, and hug me ! I wish I was thine."

This Damsel one day to the Town she would go,  
That her loving Gallant some kindness might show :  
She sought him a while, but he could not be found,  
Yet still she kept hunting and searching all round ;  
And said, with a sigh and a sorrowful tear,  
" If thou dost not come, I have no comfort here !"

{ *O, my love, thou  
stayest too long !*  
—p. 148.

Another young Damosel, of this very place,  
Did happen to be in a pittiful case :  
Her brawny friend [throwing mud] chanced to let flye,  
Which run down her stockings, and caus'd her to cry :  
" Had ever poor creature such fortune before ?  
This woful disaster doth trouble me sore."

[*No precedent* before.

At length some reflections by chance being spread,  
Concerning the wanton, lewd lives they had led,  
To *Northampton* straight in a passion they go,  
To take out a Warrant, in order to know  
Which was the most honest true maid of the three  
This was to be try'd by a Justice Decree.

[*Jugement de Paris.*



Young *Sarah* was then in a passionate rage,  
 And swore by her maidenhead she would engage [limited liability.  
 An honest man's courage in short to pull down,  
 And have all his Land for to buy her a gown!  
 But straight he said to this young passionate Lass,  
 He'd "keep it, when she had no smock [fit] to [pass"].

Fine delicate *Mantuas* these damsels adore, [=short mantles.  
 With gay yellow Girdles, and twenty things more,  
 To make their sweet beauty most splendid appear;  
 And yet these poor Lasses are never the near!  
 Alone, without Husbands, they're forced to lye,  
 Which makes them right glad of a bit by the bye. [text, couch.

Young Lasses, if you would your Credit maintain,  
 Such idle loose company strive to refrain!  
 'Tis true I would have ye *be merry and wise*,  
 Lest you should your maiden-[fame] lose by surprize:  
 For if that sweet Jewel should chance to be lost,  
 You cannot regain it, by infinite cost.

**Finis.**

Printed for *P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.*

[Black-letter. Three woodcuts: 1st, "Here you may be cured," iv, 358;  
 2nd, bed-scene, vii, 458; 3rd, lady, vi, 82. Date, *circa* 1688-91.]

☞ "How say you, Master Foreman, are your jurymen agreed?  
 The sentence of the Court is, 'Not guilty, but do not do it again!'"

*Sarah is discharged without a stain on her character. But she had none left.*

*Note.*—A Pepysian *Penny Merriment* is similarly entitled '*The Female Ramblers*; or, *A Fairing for Cuckolds*,' printed in 1683. It precedes '*The Unfortunate Son*'; the '*Second Part of Unfortunate Jack*,' 1681; and a '*Pleasant Discourse between Conscience and Plain-Dealing*,' written by C. H., 1674, beginning, "As through the City I pass'd of late." See our *Bagford Ballads*, p. 431: where the author was not identified, he was Charles Hammond.

By the same Charles Hammond was written '*A Fairing for Young-Men*; or, *The Careless Lover*' (mentioned in vol. vii, p. 110, and again here on p. 468): given on p. 673, beginning, "List, you brave youngsters, that live in the City."

His initials, C. H., are appended to two *Roxburghe Ballads*, one being '*The Happy Return of the Figure of Two*' (i.e. Charles II), "I have been a Traveller long" (vol. vi, pp. 324 to 326), printed for *William Gilbertson*, 1659-60. The other, similarly signed C. H., is '*Fancie's Favourite*; or, *The Mirror of the Times*.' It begins, "Come, come away, you maidens fair" (vol. vii, pp. 44-5). Another ballad, unique, but not in *Roxb. Coll.*, giving full signature, is entitled, '*The Credit of Yorkshire, or the Glory of the North*; or, *A New Way to Pay the Maltman*.' To the tune of, *The right Glory of the West*. It begins, "Of late I heard a ditty." Printed for *Richard Burton*, at the *Horse-shoe*, in *Smithfield*. Date partly illegible: he is not known to have printed later than 1674. One '*Glory of the West*' is of 1685—"In *Lime* began a Rebellion, for there the rebels came in." *Ouvry Coll.*, I, 78. Licensed, July 31, 1685.

The '*Lamentation of Malefactors*,' mentioned on pp. 184, 644, is added to this group (p. 719). Date unspecified, between 1706 and 1730. Begins, "Attend a while, good people, pray, to what I shall relate; A warning take, both old and young, by our unhappy fate." They had been previously banded together in riot, Thomas Taplin styling himself 'the Captain of the gang.'

[Roxburghe Collection, II, 453 ; Pepys Coll., III, 71.]

## The Three Buxome Maids of Poel ; \*

Or, The Pleasant Entreague betwixt them and a Country Sieve-maker, who left them a large Reckoning to pay, etc.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Guinny wins her* [p. 649]. Licensed according to Order.



**P**Ray listen to this Ditty, for it will make you merry :  
 Three Lasses, fair and pretty, was treated to Canary  
 In *Yoel* by a loving friend, who it seems did cry " Old Sieves to mend ! "  
 A jolly bonny Blade ; and as he cry'd his trade  
 It was his chance to meet these Lasses in the street,  
 Wh[om] he resolv'd to treat with wine, for they were buxome, brisk, and fine.

The first was mincing *Sarah* ; the second, buxome *Betty* ;  
 The third, young modest *Mary* : all Lasses fair and pretty.  
 With him they to a Tavern went, for to spend the day in sweet content ;  
 The Sieve-maker and they would frolick, sport, and play,  
 And call for liquor store, making the Tavern roar ;  
 The Sieve-maker he swore that he would tickle them, a[ll the three].

Brisk *Betty* did not fear him, but bid him use his pleasure,  
 And straight she sat down near him : he kist her out of measure.  
 At which young *Sarah* seem'd to frown, and her tears in sorrow trickl'd down,  
 Because he kist her first who was the very worst,  
 But, " Pretty girls," said he, " let's lovingly agree ;  
 And do not press on me, so fast ; I'll serve you all alike at last."

\* *Note*.—*YOEL*, alias *YEOVIL*, is in Somersetshire, twenty miles from Bath.  
 'The Three Maids' drank more than was good for them, and were forced to pay.

Quoth *Mary*: "I admire your tender kind embraces;  
 It heightens our desire, when we are joyning faces.  
 By true experience this I know, therefore I declare before we go  
 The Sieve-maker shall be both loving, kind, and free."  
 "Sweet Lasses," he reply'd, "nothing shall be deny'd,  
 If with a flowing tide you'll fill, this [day, my cup with liquor st]ill."

*Bess* knew it must be [not pre]vented; she was not for denying;  
 The rest likewise consented, their f[rollick] they let flying.  
 He held the [bowl], they pour'd it in, *Betty's* [hand jerk'd it] above his chin,  
 And blinded both his eyes. He in a passion cries,  
 "I can't endure the smart, it cuts me to the heart!"  
 With that he did depart away, *and left them all the shot to pay.*

They laught to see him scour, and call'd for more Canary;  
 Then, waiting there an hour, at length quoth modest *Mary*,  
 "I fear that he will come again no more, therefore let's call to know the score."  
 To this they straight agreed: the Drawer came with speed,  
 And cry'd, without delay, "You must ten shillings pay,  
 Before you go your way." 'Tis true, this made the Lasses all look blew.

Tho' joys they had been reaping, yet seeing they were worsted,  
 Poor girls! they fell a weeping, and wanted to be trusted.  
 The Drawer he began to rave, he would present satisfaction have.  
 They having then no stock, each Damsel pawn'd her smock,  
 Which was of dowlas fine, to pay for bread and wine;  
 Then went away at nine, and swore "they'd never [meddle with] sieves no more."

*London*: Printed for *J. Blare*, at the sign of the *Looking-glass* on *London-bridge*.

[Black-letter. Three woodcuts: 1st, a boy sitting in a sieve or basket upheld by a man and a woman, a baby lies swaddled on the ground; 2nd, Lady with upraised fan, p. 647; 3rd, the scroll-work, vol. vii, p. 209. Date, *circa* 1685-92.]

Shabby was the trickery 'The Maids of Yoel' had to endure, they being left in pawn for the reckoning; but common in Somerset, Notts, and Derbyshire. It had been earlier localized in London. C. Hammond (see *Note*, p. 646) has one unique ballad, *circa* 1656, 'A Fairing for Young Men; or, The Careless Lover.' It tells them,

"Lasses there be, too, that will fawn upon you,  
 And make you believe they do love you so deare,  
 When 'tis to try what they can get on you, [qu. from you.  
 To feast their chops with wine and good cheere.  
 One shall be namelesse [who] did serve them all finely,  
 For to a Tavern he led them away,  
 Call'd for good cheere, and welcom'd them kindly;  
*And left those Lasses the reckoning to pay.*" [See p. 674.

In another ballad (reprinted, vol. vii, p. 225), 'The Unconscionable Batchelors of Derby,' at Nottingham Fair, left their lasses in pawn at the alehouse, after having run up the score. The girls paid a forfeit, unwillingly, as those of Yeovil, or 'Will Waterproof' did:

"So fares it since the years began,  
 Till they be gather'd up;  
 The truth, that flies the flowing can,  
 Will haunt the vacant cup."

The tune of '*The Guinea wins her*' is named for two distinct Roxb. ballads in this 'Group of Female Ramblers,' viz. 'The Three Buxom Maids of Yoel' (=Yeovil) and 'The West Country Wonder; or, William the Serving-man's Good Fortune' (p. 708). The tune takes its title from a line in the second stanza of a Pepysian ditty (Pepys Coll., V, 215; Osterley Park, Jersey Coll., III, 38; Lindes, 526), known as 'The Intreagues of Love.'

A few stanzas were given, temporarily and inconveniently, in the *Addenda* to Part XXI (vol. vii, *Second Preface*, p. xii\*\*). It is here reprinted complete.

An Excellent New Song, call'd  
The Intreagues of Love; Or,  
One worth a Thousand.

How happy are we, when we meet with a Beauty  
That is charming and free, and knows more than her Duty.  
Women they were made for men to tame, the Gods above allow the same;  
But this cunning creature will not yield to Nature,  
Nor will let you [win suit], unless you court her to 't, [text, do 't.  
And give her gold to boot: but you—  
But you, must ever swear to be true.

But when the *Guinea wins her*, she 's at your Devotion;  
She 'll freely let you [w]in, Sir, and meet you in the motion:  
'Tis then, if you behold her eyes, how they roll when at the sport she lies:  
First she turns the white, and then she shuts them quite;  
And then with all her might she seems her lips to bite,  
And swears you're her delight: "Such joys, sure,  
She never felt the like before!"

And if you have but gold, Sir, with you she will be moving:  
She cares not though you're old, Sir, she will be fond and loving.  
In Love she 'll pass the time away, and ask you all the night to stay;  
And for your money's sake, she 'll hang about your neck,  
And give a kiss to please, and then your hand she 'll squeeze,  
And look with dying eyes, and swear she dies,  
If that you leave her there.

When she has got your Treasure, and left you no money,  
Then you must wait her leisure, while another she calls 'Hunny!'  
She minds not all the oaths you swear, altho' you vow you love her ne'er so dear;  
But he that brings the *Cole* shall have my Lady whole. [cole=money.  
*For money is the cry*, fine rigging for to buy,  
Or else she will deny the toy, the toy,  
The *Cullies* of the Town call joy.

"But where 's the Charming Beauty that constant is and loyal,  
That loves and will be true t'ye, when put to the tryal?  
*Although you'd Guineas give her down*, yet she no ways can be like the Town.  
For she 'll be just and true, and l[ov]e with none but you:  
While the jilting w . . . let's you and thousands more  
To [buy] her o'er and o'er, and swears, and swore,  
Each is the man she does adore."

finis.

The tune was used for 'The Canter's Confession; or, The Old Roundhead turn'd Ranter': beginning, "Give ear to my confession, which freely I am making." Printed for *Brooksby*. Also, *Guinea wins her* for "I am a mournful Lady, sharp sorrows I lye under" ('The Mourning Lady,' of Maj.-Gen. Talmarsh, June, 1694); "I am as bold a *Hector*, as most is in the nation" ('The *London Libertine*'); "Pray hear my Lamentation, young Gallants of the City" ('The Poor Whore's Lamentation; or, The *Fleet-street Crack's* Complaint,' etc: compare p. 457); and "Young Gallants that are single, be careful how you marry" ('The Hen-peckt Cuckold').

According to our friend Dervaux (see vol. vii, p. 129), "The mothers of wanton damosels make a poor figure in many of the foregoing *Roxburghe Ballads*. Women go off, like the Gorgonzola, though they had been formerly sweet in maidenhood. They degenerate sadly, while their family is growing up. They once were content to slave and toil, uncomplainingly. They denied themselves luxuries, comforts, almost necessities, for the sake of thankless children. They unscrupulously wronged other persons, on their account, and jealously resented favours being diverted from their own brood. No less do they resemble Hens sheltering chickens, than they imitate provident Pussies, who catch birds, or mice, to train up their kittens in the way they should not go. Similarly to hens and cats in later life, women are ready to become aggressive against rebels of their own family. Hence the 'Revolt of the Daughters,' exemplified in pp. 189 to 208, and on p. 634. Mothers who had once clucked joyously, now scream angrily and peck viciously. They 'set their back up,' swelling their feathers or bristling their fur. They spit and they swear."—It is true.

Alas! Dervaux, we know it, shudderingly. Our sympathy enfolds Nellie, Nannie, Susan, Katie, and Magdalen, in every dialogue between a wavering nymph and her indignant mother: who went wrong earlier. *Mater pulchra, sed filia pulchrior*, is a compliment: but the shield has a reverse side. Evil is their inheritance.

If we are compelled to judge the mothers of these 'Female Ramblers' by the sound test, that *rotten fruit must have sprung from a corrupted tree*, a heavy indictment shames the previous generation.

Little could be pleaded in favour of the 'Buxom Maids of Yoel' (p. 647), and less can be said for 'The Wanton Wenches of Wiltshire.' The ballad thus named was sung to the tune of *The Maids a Washing themselves*, which we identified (*vide* p. 549) with *The Devonshire Damsels' Frolic*, beginning "Tom and William, with Ned and Ben" (reprinted in vol. iv, p. 438). To this tune was also sung 'The Discontented Bride,' beginning, "Will the Baker a wooing went" (Pepys Coll., IV, 119). These Wiltshire wenches are numbered, not named, except one of them, the fourth, who is "brisk bouncing *Kate*" (unless *Nanny* be one, since the Nannies were always in mischief). Each of the girls reveals her discontent and amatory longings. The young men listen quietly.



[Roxburghe Collection, II, 492; Jersey, I, 356=Lindes., 912.]

## The Wanton Wenches of Wiltshire :

Being a Pleasant Discourse between Four Young Females, as they sat together in a convenient place to scatter their wa[nton talk]; who, being over-heard by two Young-men, occasioned the whole Discovery of their Discourse.

TUNE OF, *The Maids a Washing* [see p. 549]. This may be printed, R. P[ocock].

Now, young Batchelors, all draw near, and you a pleasant Discourse shall hear,  
Of four young Damsels all meeting and greeting each other together in fair *Wiltshire*.

All complain'd at a sorrowful rate, because they could not enjoy a mate :  
Whilst they made their sad pittiful moan, they thought they were private and all alone.

One said : " I must depart a space, for here I am in a woful case ;  
I find I'm ready to scatter my [laugh]ter, therefore I must find a convenient place,  
Where no younge man may see what I do : and then I'le streightways return to you."

But unto this they would no ways agree, they'd " all go together for Company."

Hand in hand then away they go, like loving Sisters all in a row.

Two young men, hearing their talk and prattle, resolved some more of this gigg to know ;

Therefore, watching them, whither they went, these two young men, by joynt consent,

Both resolved in ambush to lye, where both words and actions they might desery.

" My sweet sister," says *One*, " I find, night and day, such a pain in my mind ;  
Because I am not the blessing possessing which I might enjoy if young men were kind :

How I tremble, while here I reveal the inward torments which now I feel !

But yet in vain do I utter my grief, since no one will yield me the least relief.

" Once I heard of a woman old, whose face was wrinkl'd and blood near cold,  
But yet, I tell ye, she crying, replying, ' *The sorrow I suffer cannot be told !* '  
You may easily guess at the cause, and need not stand very long to pause :  
Now if old women such passion express, I hope a young Damosel can do no less."

Said the *Second* : " Young sweet-faced *John*, you know he is a young lusty man ;  
I dearly love him, provoke him and stroke him, yet he will not kiss me, do what I can.

I have fed him with Custards and Cream, and all things that can pleasant seem ;  
Nay, call him my honey, my love and dear : and yet I protest I am ne'r the near ! "

Said the *Third* : " I am pure, [my hair's] cole-black ; and that you know has a dainty smack ;

Besides, I know I am witty and pritty : then why should I not have those joys  
Being youthful, and just in my prime, and loth to lose my teeming-time : [so?]  
Yet brisk young Gallants no kindness will show ! What reason have I to be served

Then the *Fourth* did begin to prate, and that was bonny brisk bouncing *Kate*,  
Who did with fury behold 'em and told that she was stark mad for a man-like mate :  
" Tho' I am shorter than others may be, yet wherefore should this hinder me ?  
Behold, I am of a delicate Brown ; no colour is better in all the Town !

"Nay, the worst of us all might serve! for surely Batchellors don't deserve  
To have our favour, who spight us, and slight us, and suffer poor Damsels to  
pine and starve.

But we'll tattle no longer of this [foul wrong]!" So e'ry sister sat down  
to [a song]:

And yet, before they had perfectly done, the young men they laught, and the  
wenches [did run].

[Roxb. slightly mutilated.]

[Finis.]

Printed for *J. Back*, at the *Black-Boy* on *London Bridge*, near the Drawbridge.

[Black-letter. Six woodcuts: 1st and 6th are here; 2nd is the girl, vii, 29;  
3rd, girl, iv, 370; 4th, a female pilgrim, iv, 377; 5th, Cupid entangled,  
vii, 455, r. Date, 1685-8.]



## *The Mournful Maid of Berkshire.*

RECOMMENDED to mercy, as having been more sinned against  
than sinning, is this 'Mournful Maid of Berkshire,' who was  
relegated to appear among the 'Female Ramblers.' The ballad  
was sung to the often-mentioned tune of '*The Jealous Lover*' (see  
p. 146). We do not interpret this assignment to mean the song  
"Forgive me if your looks I thought," (see p. 411), but as referring  
to a unique Pepysian ballad, beginning "Farewell, my Love!  
farewell, my Dear!" Printed for *C. Bates*, at the *Sun and Bible*,  
and entitled, 'The Jealous Lover; or, The Damosel's Complaint  
of her Seaman's Unkindness; together with his Chearful Answer  
after all her Sorrow' (Pepys Coll., V, 367).

Despite her anxiety for her 'reputation,' the 'Berkshire Maid'  
invited her own fate, since she remained where she was constantly  
in peril. At the best, she had an evil prospect of a mother-in-law.  
Such a 'looby son' could by no possibility become a good husband.  
Villanous seducers, like '*Dick*,' deserve no pardon. For them is  
no sincere repentance, and no restoration. Vice may be cloaked, or  
shamed into inaction, but seldom is uprooted. Impurity retains  
its vassal for life, or longer: throughout time, if not also,  
throughout eternity. He who has been filthy, continues filthy still,  
*Vestigia nulla retrorsum.*

[Roxburghe Coll., II, 333; Pepys, III, 364; Jersey, III, 96=Lind., 153.]

## The Mournful Maid of Berkshire:

Containing her Moeeful Lamentation for her dearly beloved Maiden-head, which she unfortunately lost upon the Wheat-mow with lusty Dick the dungman.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Jealous Lover* [see p. 652]. Licens'd, etc.

Attend, you friends and parents dear, unto this said Relation here,  
Which to the world I here unfold: a greater Truth cannot be told.

When men to wickedness are bent, and parents give their joynt consent  
To the commission of their crimes, well may we say "*Sad is the times*"!

Friends ought for to instruct them so, that they the Laws of God might know;  
But some are of another mind: as by this sequel you shall find.

There lives a woman in *Berk-shire*, who has one lubey son, we hear,  
And he endeavour'd, night and day, a modest Damsel to betray,

That lived with his mother then. She could not be at quiet when  
He found her all alone, for still, he prest to gain her kind good will.

The modest Damosel often cry'd, his wanton suit must be deny'd;  
Yet ne'er the less, this would not do, for still he did his end pursue.

Sometimes he'd to her Chamber creep, when she perhaps was fast asleep;  
Thinking he might acceptance find, but she was of another mind,

And would not yield to his Request, yet he'd not let her be at rest:  
Swearing that he himself would kill, if he of her had not his will.

"Say what you will, 'tis all in vain, my Reputation I'll not stain.  
Forbear your importunity! why should you strive to ruin me?"

"If you do not your suit forbear, then do I solemnly declare  
Your Mother she the truth shall know, how you would seek my Overthrow."

He never valu'd what she said; so that at length this modest Maid  
Inform'd his Mother, out of hand, who gave the lass this Reprimand:

"Why, housewife! housewife!" she reply'd, "why must my Son be thus  
deny'd?"

Let him enjoy his heart's delight! perhaps he may your love requite.

"For if by him with child you prove, my son I will in kindness move  
To take you for his lawful Wife; then will you lead a happy life."

The Maid was loath to trust to this, but said: "I pray [thee], sweet Mistress,  
Let me go seek some other place, for fear he brings me to disgrace."

Her Dame reply'd: "As I am true, I can't, nor will not, part with you;  
Therefore pray set your heart at ease, and see my Son you strive to please."

Soon after this, he chanc'd to meet the Damsel on a mow of wheat,  
Whom he with vows soon over-came, and reapt what [brought her grief  
and shame.

Now when the Damsel prov'd with child, she then was bitterly revil'd,  
Both by the Mother and the Son: they from their former vows did run.

The Damosel then, in sad distress, with grief of heart and heaviness  
Cry'd out: "Behold my wretched state! a creature most unfortunate.

"Would I the Wretch had never known, for here in bitter tears of moan  
I do my Lamentation make; this heart of mine with grief will break.

“Ye youthful Damsels, fair and young, take care that no deluding tongue,  
Does e'er insnare you, for you 'll find men most inconstant like the wind.

“They seldom value what they swear : therefore, young Damsels, all beware !  
Least at the last you weep like me, in tears of sad extremity.” *Finis.*

[*London* : Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel* in *Guilt-spur-Street*.]

[Black-letter. Roxb. colophon lost, here supplied from the Pepysian and Jersey exemplars. The same woodcut as in vii, 458. Also a headpiece. Text reads, ‘What I forbear to name.’ Date of issue, 1684 or later.]

*Additional Note, on other BERKSHIRE BALLADS.*

Our Roxburghe ballad is totally distinct from the unique and earlier Pepysian ballad, sung to the tune of *All happy times*, and beginning, “There was a damsel young and fair, of whom I will give a relation.” Lie. acc. to Order, and printed for Charles Barnet, it is entitled—‘The Beautiful *Barkshire* Damsel that was courted by a Gallant young Squire: Giving an account how he deluded her into the Fields, thinking there by force to have obtain’d his will. Shewing likewise how she overcame him, and struck him to the ground with his own sword’ (Pepys Coll., V, 239). To this a Second Part was printed, entitled—‘The *Barkshire* Damsel; or, Vertue Rewarded: Being the Happy Wedding between the Gallant Esquire and the *Barkshire* Damsel. To the same tune. Licensed according to Order. Printed by and for *A. Milbourne*], 1697. It begins, “The gallant Esquire named before” (Pepys Coll., IV, 27).

One Berkshire ballad is entitled ‘The Doctor and Beggar-Wench; or, The *Barkshire* Frolick.’ Tune of *Ladies of London* (pp. 549, 555, 667). Licensed by R. Pocock; printed for J. Back. at the Black-Boy on London-Bridge, 1686. It begins, “There was a Doctor that lives in *Barkshire*, of whom I will give a relation.” (Pepys Coll., III, 280; Jersey, II, 53 = Lind., 1126.) He gives her a shilling, meaning mischief, is espied early, escapes, and the news gets home before him; commotion ensues. (Compare vol. vii, p. 377.) The burden varies—‘*And proffer’d to give her a shilling,*’ or. ‘*And bid him remember the shilling.*’

“Since he his credit thus did stain, in doing thus amiss, [The motto.  
He ‘ll never do the like again, he has enough of this.”

Another Berkshire ballad appropriately connected itself with the Group of ‘Rogueries of Millers,’ being ‘The *Berkshire* Tragedy; or, The *Wittam* Miller’ (Roxb. Coll., III, 802), who murders his sweetheart. It was mentioned on p. 183, and is reprinted on p. 623.

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The Norfolk Lass.

“She said ‘twas a trouble, that griev’d her full sore :
She had gotten the same of her Mother before.”

—Sixth stanza, *vide* p. 656.

BRIEF is the Roxb. ballad of THE NORFOLK LASS, but it outruns its welcome. Even among the ‘Female Ramblers’ she could neither gain a footing nor find favour. Her mischance is accounted for by some fortuitous accident or ‘heredity.’ She offers this lucid explanation. We believe trustingly that “her mother was so before her.” It has generally happened thus. Such evasion of personal responsibility was not unknown in ‘the Land of Dumplings.’ In later days “the Virtues grew tired of living for ever with the Bishop of Norwich,” as in *The Pilgrims of the Rhine*. She was not an indigenous product of Norfolk, but her infant may have been.

The Roxburghe ballad of 'The Norfolk Lass' is slightly torn ; its objectionable woodcut is cracked and mutilated. The girl is here called a 'North-Country Lass.' (Let it be remembered, as explanatory of tunes which are so described, yet were decidedly not originally Scotch, that the term 'North Country' was properly limited to Northumbria, although sometimes stretched farther south so as to include counties nearer to London). The tune named here is *The King and the Northern-Man* ("To drive away the weary day": words originally by Martin Parker, *circa* 1636, reprinted in vol. i, p. 521), and music earlier known as *The Slut*, but apparently lost or hidden under some later name. Alternative tune is *Tommy Potts*. The ballad, 'Thomas of Potte,' is in *Percy Folio MS.*, iii, 137:—

'Showing how he won Lord *Arundel's* daughter from Lord *Phoenix*, being [himselfe] only a Serving-man.' It begins—

"All you Lords in *Scotland* faire, and Ladies also bright of blee,
There is a ladye amongst them all, of her report you shall heare [from] me," etc.

[Roxburghe Collection, II, 366 ; Huth, II, 45.]

The Norfolk Lass ; or, The Maid that was Blown with Child.

Of a North-Country Lass I mean for to tell,
Who receiv'd such a Blast made her belly to swell.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The King and Northern-Man* ; or, *Tommy Potts*.

I 'T chanced of late, as I heard one tell,
From *Wessen* to *Maxel* a Maid came to dwell.
She thrived so well, and her body so great,
Made all the Wives in the Town wonder thereat.

It was at a Burial when it was done ;
To talk with this maiden the good women came ;
Then said the good Women, "Are we not beguill'd ?
We stand in great fear that thou art with-child."

But then this Maid began for to swear,
As if in an anger her self she would tear :
"It were a great wonder as ever was known !
If I be with-child, into me it is blown.

"For never no man had with me to do ;
Therefore, good women, 'tis nothing so !"
She wish'd to the Lord, which you little think,
That the ground might open, and in she might sink.

"Why, [if you're] good women"—the[m] she did name,
"Think you, good women, that I am [not] the same ?
If I should swear, if that I did know
That [ever] my body had got such a blow."

[*t.* oft to.

In the Church-porch, hard by the Church-door,
 The women examin'd this maiden therefore ;
 She said 'twas a trouble, that griev'd her full sore :
 She had gotten the same of her Mother before.

[Cf. p. 650.

This passed on, while Tuesday came on ;
 To be sick in stomach this Maiden begun ;
 She calls to one *Goodman* to make her a fire,
 For no other company she did desire.

[=until.

Up into her Chamber she went alone ;
 The women below did hear her to groan ;
 Up went a woman, but I heard no more,
 And there found a dainty Boy laid on the floor.

She took up the pritty Babe, as 'tis a use,
 Telling the mother of this her abuse ;
 Then said she, " Marry ! I told thee before
 That thou wert with-child, though you it forswore."

But then for more of the Neighbours she sent,
 " And for to see this strange Accident ! "
 The strange 'accident' to the women was shown,
 That into the body the Baby was blown.

The sight of the Infant made the wives glad,
 Asking the mother who should be the Dad ?
 She view'd the pretty Babe, which was her Son,
 And said 'twas a dainty boy [brown as] a Bun.

[text, like to.

Next Thursday after to Church it was brought,
 For to have it Christ'ned, as it did ought :
 God-fathers, God-mothers, all that it had,
 They all did agree to the name of the Dad.

All you fair Maids, have better care,
 And of your maidenheads stand more in fear :
 If that your bodies begin for to bown,
 Never forswear 't, for the truth will be known.

[= bend.

Maids go no more to *Weston* to dance,
 But have a care of all such mischance !
 For *Weston* young men such blasts they will blow,
 They'll [crack] maids with [discredit], and they shall not know.

And thus to end my Ditty so new,
 You may report it, for certain 'tis true :
 She would not believe it, till that it was known,
 But into her body the Baby was blown.

Finis.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-Ball*, near the *Hospital-Gate*, in
West-Smithfield.

[Black-letter. Roxb. slightly mutilated. Four woodcuts : 1st, a fair-haired girl lying on the ground, exploding, surrounded by women who have disrobed her ; 2nd, a lady holding a rose, p. 701 ; 3rd, a girl on a couch, p. 658 ; 4th, man in large hat, p. 55. Date, *circa* 1672.]

This cataclysmal 'Norfolk Lass' came "from *Wessen* [*Weston*] to *Mazel*" : localities unknown to fame. Her story is indiscreetly told, and not worth telling.

To complete our first sessional arraignment of these localized 'Female Ramblers,' who trespassed on questionable borderlands, the Bench was forced to listen to the forensic bleatings of a hireling *advocatus diaboli*, the Crown-Prosecutor, one Heaviside Trismegistus, D.C.L., a Courtier of the Crooked Arches and of other shady neighbourhoods. He pleaded against the aforesaid 'Female Ramblers,' most of whom were notoriously old offenders. He was never known to err on the side of mercy. Grim relentless hunger for punishment, to the utmost infliction of the law, inspired his professional eloquence. He avowedly disdained to pity the shivering wretches, who had ignominiously failed to elude detection. He declared that "Cloaked iniquity is the Palladium of English liberty." (Applause followed, but it was feeble.) Extenuating circumstances he deprecated, as a weakening of justice. Severe repression became a necessity of State. The knout should be our favourite plaything, if it were at once acclimatized. He himself was desirous of wielding it, *coram publico*. The nation had rapidly degenerated, in losing the robust enjoyment of legalized torture. Where are now the rack, the water-test, burning alive at the stake, even thumbikens, the Boots, and the Scavenger's-daughter? not to mention the spiked barrel for culprits to be rolled downhill; or the Nuremberg 'Baiser de la Vierge,' which prejudice forbade us to adopt! Shylock's "harmless necessary Cat," having tails in number corresponding with the Muses, was a tame substitute for such thrilling raptures. But it was still available, and conducive to harmonious melody. The rod-in-pickle could point a moral, and adorn, etc., in defiance of humanitarian sentiment. Pathetically he bewailed the innate depravity of the Sex, as being the cause of all mischances or masculine errors. (The Court was here observed to take notes, smilingly, being entirely in accord with its learned brother.) He denied, yes! he emphatically denied, that anybody need to remember his having had a mother. In fact, it was irrelevant, even if it were true; and no documentary evidence to that effect could be producible or credible. As for consideration of 'sweethearts,' or so-called 'Mistresses,' in the troubadour or trouvère sense of the word, he appealed confidently to an enlightened Jury of his countrymen, who knew better, in their commercial integrity, than to descend to such weakness. He quoted eruditely several leading cases, *ex grat.* *Rigdum Funnidos v. Chrononhotonthologos: vide Aldibarontiphoscophormio*, tom. I, iv, and the deliberate judgment of Juvenal (*Sat.* vi), who had established the legal decision that all women were bad, and incorrigible. The sooner they were exterminated the better it would be for the survival of the male fittest. He demanded a summary conviction of everybody, and exaction of penalties.

The Court adjourned for luncheon. "The rest next time."

IT is left for Jurists to decide whether 'The Unhappy Lady of Hackney' should be classed among these variously localized 'Female Ramblers.' She finds no welcome or admittance elsewhere. Her misfortune and sin conjoin her with the hapless victim of Ford, Lord Grey of Werk, the false friend of Monmouth, and reputed writer of those '*Letters from a Nobleman to his Sister*' (i.e. to his undeceased wife's sister, 'Annabel'; Lady Henrietta Berkeley, his own victim) which were in 1683 notorious. (See vol. v, 333). The ballad, "You youthful charming Ladies fair" (Roxb. Coll., III, 800) is accordingly given here. Small though its merits may be, it better deserves a place than a few others, which are retained unwillingly. It scarcely needs further prelude than the words already written on pp. 616, 617, when we introduced the 'Miller's Recreation,' and reproved the incestuous and illicit intercourse with any undeceased or deceased wife's sister: death neither removes nor sanctifies the disqualification.

[Roxburghe Collection, III, 800; Douce, IV, 34.]

The Unhappy Lady of Hackney.

TO AN EXCELLENT NEW TUNE. [See pp. 183, 617, *Note*.]



YOU youthful charming Ladies fair, I pray, now give attention
Unto this dismal tragedy, of which I now [make] mention :
At Hackney liv'd a gentleman, who had three comely daughters ;
And one was marry'd to a 'Squire, who caus'd this sad disaster.

The youngest Sister being fair, and of a comely feature,
Her sister's husband night and day did tempt this lovely creature ;
Telling of her, it was no sin, if she let him embrace her ;
Besides, he 'd take a special care it never should disgrace her.

This Innocent, unto his bow indeed he quickly brought her,
Then took her from her father's house. With many tears they sought her,
Crying, "Alas ! where is she gone ? my youthful child so tender !"
Thus in distraction night and day her parents did lament her.

In all the news, both near and far, her father advertiz'd her;
Yet he no tidings of her heard, so secret did he hide her.
At length she big with child did grow, while this her amorous lover
Did oft frequent her company: none knew it was her brother.

At length in travail strong she fell, so great it was her sorrow,
That she could not deliver'd be; so, sending for her brother,
With wringing hands and weeping eyes, in dreadful lamentation,
"O worst of men!" she then did say, "you've wrought my desolation.

"Your wife, my tender sister dear, does little know my sorrow;
My troubled soul will take its flight from hence before to-morrow.
O sister dear! forgive the crime; and heaven show some pity,
For heinous was the fault of mine. You wretch, that did deceive me!

"Before my soul forsakes this world, and Death's cold arms enfold me,
I'll write unto my Parents dear, who will no more behold me;
And you, vile traitor! while you live, seek no more Virgin's ruin;
Repent, repent, I say, in time! for Vengeance is pursuing.

"See how the pains in ev'ry part do rend my heart asunder.
O Death! now send thy piercing dart, I can't endure it longer:
Seize ye the Infant's life also, whose name would be infamous,
Because its parents wrong did do, by acting things incestuous."

She being deliver'd of her child, her life did soon expire;
Likewise her tender infant dear, which thing she did desire.
In *Covent-Garden-Church*, indeed, in private she was bury'd;
But Heaven did bring to light this thing: the lines she wrote were carry'd,

Unto her tender parents dear, these words were then expressed:
"My loving friends, all pity me, whose case is most distressed.
With floods of tears these lines I write: it was my cruel brother,
My loving sister's husband dear, whose fault I will not smother.

"He overcome me once with wine, and us'd me at his pleasure;
Then took me from my parents' house; in sorrow out of measure,
I lay surrounded night and day, with child then by my brother:
Which struggling lay within my womb, and I the unhappy mother.

"At length in travail I did fall, while many did lament me;
It was the cry of one and all, that there was none could help me,
And I my precious life must loose: so before my life departed
I wrote these lines, to let you know, the traitor proved false-hearted."

When her dear Parents read the same, it scar'd their souls with terror;
Her father cry'd, "My daughter dear, would I had known thy [error]."
Her corps[c] they quickly had took up, and surgeons for to view her,
For fear that she had murder'd been, by him that did undo her.

Her eldest brother, a hopeful youth, grief burst his heart asunder,
And he this life did soon depart; her sister raves like thunder,
To think her husband was so base, to prove her sister's ruin;
Her parents said, "Alas! my child, your death is our undoing."

London: Printed and Sold at *Simpson's*, in *Stone-cutter-Street*, *Fleet-Market*.

[White-letter broadside. Two small cuts: 1, a shepherdess; 2, a Court lady and a gallant. Reprint of an earlier edition than 1720. Two words are transposed in tenth stanza, to read "loving sister's." The word *error* restored; misprinted *sorrow* in thirteenth stanza. The story was suggested in 1682.]

One ballad tells of '*Edinburgh Lasses ; or, Their Progress to the Park to May themselves, and what the event was.*' Tune of, *My Love and I'm a Maying gone.*

"Give ear, kind friends and neighbours, strange news I have to tell,
Of a heavy sad misfortune, which on *May-day* befell :
A sort of pretty Damsels from *Edinburgh* took their way, [pron. *Edinbro.*
Towards *Bristo-town* and the *Sheen's* wells, only to fetch in *May*," etc.

On the same sheet was reprinted a song on '*The Benefit of Marriage ; or, The Married Man's good Fortune, with his Counsel to Young Batchelors.*' Tune is, *A Young Man's Advice.* (Earlier edition, Black-letter, four cuts, has *London, Printed for E. Andrews, at the White-Lion, near Pye-corner, c. 1667.*)

"A Man that had a pretty young wife, who closely unto him did cling, sir,
And lov'd him as dearly as her life, which to him much comfort did bring,
They liv'd in love and true content, and oftentimes in merriment [sir.

He us'd this song to sing, sir :

'Once I lay with another man's wife, and I lay in a great deal of danger ;
But now I have gotten a wife of my own
I scorn to pick on another man's bone,
For I lye at a Rack and a Manger.'

"I would not be unmarried again for all the world's rich treasure,
For whilst I a Batchelor did remain, I never enjoy'd such pleasure ;
But till such time as I was wed, a dumpish, heavy life I led,
With sorrow beyond all measure.

"Did men but know the worth of a Wife, they would no longer tarry ;
But every one to better his life would quickly make haste and marry : [found
Altho' with Creatures the world doth abound, yet for man's use there cannot be
A help that is so necessary. *Once I lay,*' etc.

The chorus of this lively ditty was quoted by Thomas Southern, in his comedy of '*The Maid's Last Prayer ; or, Any, rather than Fail,*' 1693. To the rakes of the town the song offered a wholesome moral. They despised warnings, until age and sickness came. Then, in arrest of sentence they pleaded: *First*—"Woman is quite as immoral and wanton as Man ; she is often the temptress, not the victim." (Examples are on pp. 691 to 695, and 703.) *Second*—"Nature ensnares poor humanity, alike in his strength and in his weakness ; assailing him within by mutinous passions, and outwardly with 'creatures' to be coveted."

"O Thou, who did'st with pitfall and with gin
Beset the road I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with Predestined Evil 'round
Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin !" —*Rubáid, lxxx.*



Horn-Fair at Charlton, in 1685.



“ You horned fumbling Cuckolds, in City, Court, or Town,
 You’re *summon’d* here, and must appear, your fine to render down;
 With pickaxe, spade, and shovel, and basket, you must go,
 To join each horned brother: *Cuckolds all a row.*”—Vol. vii, p. 195.

THE unique ballad of ‘Hey for Horn-Fair!’ was mentioned on p. 549, and is now given on p. 665. It relates the very curious custom, annually held at that date, 1685, and nearly to the present time, on the Thames shore at Charlton, in Kent. It is perhaps the most remarkable of all the Kentish ballads, and was never hitherto reprinted. In our vol. vii, pp. 194 to 196, 1890, we gave a full account of Charlton Horn-Fair; anticipatory of this present reproduction of two citations or summonses, both ballads rare, and now preserved from the chance of the originals being destroyed. The small woodcuts help to illustrate the details, the husbands going with baskets, picks, and shovels, to dig gravel at the gravel-pit and prepare a path for their wives. Certainly they needed to ‘mend their ways’ on S. Luke’s Day. ‘The Scolding Wife’s Vindication’ (vii, 197) boasted of her kicking and cuffing the hen-pecked husband. She thus ended her answer to his Complaint:

“ I solemnly do declare (believe me, this is true)
He shall dig gravel at next Horn-Fair, and that he is like to do.”

The ‘Carman’s Wife’ in the present vol. viii, p. 704, announces—

“ Thy Master, I’le swear, if once he should cavil,
We’ll send to dig gravel, with friends at Horn-Fair!”

Mischief enough: before ecclesiastical lawyers touted for divorces.

A burlesque account of the foundation of Horn-Fair is given in an unprinted poem, of 1675 (Brit. Mus. Add. MS. 23904, f. 46 *vo.*), entitled '*Actæon* ; or, *The Original of Horn-Fair.*' It begins :—

Some time about the month of *July*,
 Or else our ancient authors do lye,
Diana—whom poetic noddies
 Would have us think to be some goddess,
 (Tho' in plain truth a witch she was
 Who sold grey pease at *Ratcliffe-Cross*)—
 Went to the Upsitting of a neighbour, [= Gossips' Feast.
 Having before been at her labour.
 The Gossips had of punch a bowl-full,
 Which made them all sing, "O be joyfull!"

Filled with mirth they take boat at Limehouse, and are sculled to Erith, "where *Punchinello* once was Sheriff," and, after drinking Nantz, go "to a stream which comes from *Dartford*." They disport therein after the fashion of '*The Maids a Washing themselves*' (p. 548), but in broad daylight, until they are surprised by the hounds of Actæon, "a country gent, who hard by lived, somewhere in Kent." At the 'Negromantick spells' of Diana, the man becomes chased. His wife completes his punishment.

And soon of Horns a pair most florid
 Were by her grafted on his forehead, ...
 And then his rage, which over-power'd him,
 Made Poets say his dogs devour'd him.
 At *Cuckold's-Point* he dy'd with sadness ;
 Few in his case now show such madness !
 While Gossips, pleas'd at his sad case,
 Strait fix'd his Horns just on the place,
 Lest the memory on 't should be forgotten,
 When they, poor souls ! were dead and rotten.
 And then, from Queen *Die*, got a Patent,
 On *Charlton-Green* to set up a Tent,
 Where once a year, with friends from *Wapping*,
 They told how they were taken napping.

The following Age improv'd the matter,
 And made two dishes of a platter :
 The tent where they us'd to repair
 Is now become a jolly Fair,
 Where, every eighteenth of *October*,
 Come citizens, demure and sober,
 With basket, shovel, pickaxe stalking,
 To make a way for 's wife to walk in : [= for wives.
 Where having laid out single money,
 In buying Horns for dearest Honey,
 O'er furmity, pork, pig, and ale,
 They cheer their souls and tell this tale.

Finis.

In simple fact, the association of bullocks' horns with Charlton Fair is more easily explained, it being held on S. Luke's Day, 18th October, and the horned ox was as closely symbolical for S. Luke as the eagle was for S. John, or the winged lion for S. Mark, and the angel for S. Matthew. "Very well : I hope here be truths."

It would be wrong to imagine that among 'London Citizens,' whose wives played the wanton, none but tradesmen and carmen suffered as victims of female infidelity. Dean Overall of St. Paul's Cathedral (according to John Aubrey, MS. 8, fols. 93, 94) had a wife whose beauty and levity were equally conspicuous. "Among those who were charmed by her was Sir *John Selby*, of *Yorkshire*—1656; old Mistriss *Tyndale* [of the Priory, near *Easton-piers*, see p. 569, *ante*], who knew her, remembers a song made on her and Sir *John*, part whereof was this, viz. :—

'The deane of *Paule's* did search for his wife,
And where d 'ye thinke he found her?
Even upon Sir *John Selby's* bed,
As flatt as any flounder.' Etc.

"On these two lovers was made this following copie of pastorall verses—*vide* the ballad booke in Museo Sheldoniano, e.g.—

'Downe lay the shepherd swaine, so sober and demure,
Sighing for his love in vaine, so bonny and so pure.
With his head on hillock lowe, and his arms akimboe,
And all was for the losse of her : hye nonny nonny noe.' "

[The present Editor reprinted the eight stanzas, 'The Shepherd's Lamentation for the losse of his Love,' from a printed copy, dated 1656, viz. *Choice Drollery*, p. 65; perhaps the identical 'Ballad-Book' and exemplar mentioned by Aubrey. The true reading of the third half-line is, "Wishing for his wench again." but Aubrey substituted the line, "Sighing for his love in value." Cf. p. 691.]

The ballad of the London Citizen and his wife (given on p. 604), mildly objectionable though it was, put the case clearly on behalf of the female Respondent; and not on the part of the Plaintiff Petitioner. It explains the cause of ninety per cent. of such marital mischances; particularly those of solemnly lugubrious tradesmen during the Restoration Mid-lent carnival, betwixt Civil War and Revolution days. Many prodigal sparks were idle and running wild, gaily attired, haunting the city, on pretence of negotiating loans on mortgages or post-obits, and invariably being fleeced mercilessly by usurers. They paid court to the traders' wives, and 'recovered their expenses,' half from a selfish policy and half from mere sensual wantonness. Sometimes the cornuto was a wittol, who had spread the net, not vainly, in sight of the doomed bird. If anyone deserved compassion, it was the misguided wife; who had been neglected while her husband was absorbed in business. She believed the flatteries of a seducer, whom she had neither sense to distrust nor virtue to resist. No better example could be found than one offered by the healthy-minded Sir Walter Scott, where a wronged husband, John Christie, shows pity to his deluded young wife on her repentance. He removes her from the crowd of revellers, disregards their 'flouts and jeers,' and bears his own humiliation with true dignity.

“ ‘How often have I told thee, when thou wert at the gayest and the lightest, that pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall? Vanity brought folly, and folly brought sin, and sin hath brought death, his original companion. Thou must needs leave duty, and decency, and domestic love, to revel it gaily with the wild and with the wicked; and there thou liest like a crushed worm . . . Thou hast done me much wrong—dishonoured me among friends—driven credit from my house, and peace from my fireside. But thou wert my first and only love, and I will not see thee an utter castaway, if it lies with me to prevent it. Rise up, woman, and follow me.’ ”

“He raised her up by the arm, while, with streaming eyes and bitter sobs, she endeavoured to express her penitence.

“Lowestoffe . . . exclaimed: ‘Ay, let them go! the kind-hearted, believing, forgiving husband—the liberal, accommodating spouse! Oh what a generous creature is your true London husband! Horns hath he, but, tame as a fatted ox, he goeth not.’ ”—*Fortunes of Nigel*, cap. xxxvi.

This anticipates Arthur's arraignment of the guilty Guinevere.

The notoriety of shrews and wantons, with the dastardly conduct of their henpecked husbands, such as Tom Farthing (pp. 671, 701), led them to be mocked at the Charlton revels.

“Horn Fair is happily placed in the almanack, so that people who live by shows, rope-dancing and the like, can go from Stepney Fair to Charlton, and so from Charlton to Croydon Fair.” Thus wrote Sir Walter Besant, describing incidentally the Horn-Fair of 1756 in his novel, *‘The World Went Very Well Then.’* The book is full of memorable studies of life and character. It displays the neighbourhood of Deptford and ‘Redriff’—that is, Rotherhithe.

“The visitors, if the day is fine, begin to come down the river as early as eight in the morning, and for the most part they remain where they land, at Cuckold's Point, Redriff, eating and drinking until the procession is formed, which starts at eleven or thereabouts, and by that time there is a vast crowd, indeed, gathered together about the stairs, and the river is crowded with boats carrying visitors from London Bridge, or even from Chelsea. As for the quarrels of watermen and the splashing of the passengers, and the exchange of scurrilous jokes, abuse, and foul language, it passes belief . . . Those who join in the procession array themselves in strange garments: some are dressed like wolves, some like bears, some like lions; some, again, like wild savages, and some like Frenchmen, Spaniards, Russians, or the lusty Turk, and some wear fearful masks; but all are alike in this respect, that *they wear horns* tied upon their heads in various fashions. The women among them, however, who ought rather to be at home, do not wear horns upon their heads [of course not: they are supposed to be the bestowers, not the wearers, of these excrescences], but masks and dominoes . . . This magnificent procession, which is almost as good as the Lord Mayor's Show, leaves Rotherhithe, headed by drum and fife, at eleven in the forenoon, and marches through Deptford, across the bridge by way of the London Road, through Greenwich to Charlton Common.”—*The World Went Very Well Then*, chapter xv, 1887.

So thoroughly sound a writer as Besant makes no display of the licentious folly that used to be flaunted by both sexes at Charlton's Horn-Fair. Nevertheless, at the date ascribed, 1756, wanton disorders were rife. The Fair lost its legal sanction and privileges in 1768, but continued to be held irregularly, until it was finally suppressed, so late as 1872.

[Pepysian Collection, IV, 128. Probably unique.]

Hey for Horn-Fair ;

Or,

Room for Cuckolds, here comes a Company !

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Winchester Wedding*. [= *The King's Jig*: vii, p. 208.]

This may be Printed. R[oger] L[e] S[trange].



AT *Charlton* there was a Fair, where lads and lasses did meet ;
 Young *Johnny* and *Jenny* came there, to dance to the fiddle so sweet.
 Brisk *Sue*, she led up a Dance, and called for *Sellenger's Round* ;
 And *Nelly* to *Will* did advance, and neatly tript o're the ground :
 Fair *Frances*, with her fine meen, and *Dorothy*, gay as a Queen,
 With *Fanny* and pritty-faced *Nanny*, the glory of all the Green.

The Wives from their houses fled, and thither with joy did repair,
 Forsaking their Husbands' dull bed, to find out Gallants at *Horn-Fair* ;
 There kisses with glasses go round, upon the Maids' Marmalade cheek,
 And many sweet pleasures were found, which vainly their Husbands did seek.
 Poor *Johnny* to *Betty* did call, and pray'd her to keep her at home ;
 But *Billy* was silly to bawl, since Cuckolds must have their doom.

The Lanthorn they vainly expose, an honest man there for to find;
 Their light and their labour they loose, for they'l with their Misses be kind.
 Although their Husbands them love, their wives they seldom do please;
 This *Kitty* most kindly does prove, 'tis *Christopher* gives them their ease:
 Young *Christopher* must be their mate, their Gallant agen and agen,
 Sweet kissing must never be missing: no pleasures are like young men.

Close under the hedges they lye, and there they sweet Furmety eat;
 And if their old Husbands stand by, the Wives will put on them the cheat:
 When *Roger* had found out fair *Nell*, he takes her a little aside,
 But what he did there I sha'nt tell, with playing at Whoope-all-hide!
 'Tis then the sweet pleasure begins, the Lover enjoys with the Lass;
 One Billing oft makes the Maid willing to dally upon the grass.

The Fairings they give on this Morn obtain them a jolly renown, [p. 672.
 All sorts and all sizes of HORNS, the A-la-mode Gifts of the Town;
 The caps and the watches they give, to the Fine, and the Tatter'd, and Torn,
 They without distinction receive, for there they buy nothing but Horn:
 Let the Cuckolds assemble all here, and for their dooms patiently wait, [pate.
 Here's Horns for the brows of each Deer, gilded-Horns for the Rich-man's

And thence to fair *Greenwich* they came, to drink a sweet Bumper of Wine,
 To raise up the hearts of each dame, and make them look briskly and fine:
 'Tis Wine that doth heighten Delight, and gives to Love's torments an ease;
 Like Love, [it] can shorten the night, and e'ry young pallat can please.
 Then Claret created Desire, within the soft breast of each Dame;
 New kindled a lovely bright fire, until that *Aurora* came.

Let Husbands take care of their Wives, if that they are mindful of Fame;
 And though they live troublesome lives, let 'em keep in the Buxom young Dame:
 Their treasure may quickly be lost, and cause them to mourn and complain,
 And when the Wife's tumbld and tost, the sighs of a Husband are vain:
 When once the Thief findeth his prey, he presently seizeth his Game;
 And in the night all Nymphs will play, though they live to repent the same.



SIR,—These are to warn you, now you are lawfully Summoned,
 that belong to the *Hen-peck't Frigat*, to come to *Cuckold's-Point*,
 not only Compleated, Bifronted, and Fortified, but also with a
 Basket, Pick-Axe, and Shovel, on the Nineteenth of *October*, 1685.
 By eight of the *Clock* in the *Morning* precisely, then to be ready, with
 the rest of your Brethren, to march to the *Gravel-Pits* to dig Gravel
 to make a Foot-Path for your Wives to go to *Horn-Fair*; and
 that Decency may be observed in such a numerous Assembly, you
 are hereby enjoyned to respect Seniority, that the Ancientest of
 the Tribe may have Precedency, which cannot be so well discernable
 by their age as by the broad Palm of their Heads. Herein
 you are not to fail, under the Penalty of a Garret Correction, and
 forfeiture of all your Goods and Chattels, Except your Master's
 Joynture.

Thomas Can't-be-quiet Beadle.

Printed for C. Denmisson, at the Stationers'-Arms within Aldgate.

[Black-letter. For the two woodcuts we substitute an appropriate one on p. 665,
 and two others on p. 661. Date, 1685: 18 Oct. being Sunday.]

[Wood's Coll., 417, art. 12 ; Osterley Park Coll. ; Lindes, 502.]

**A General Summons for those belonging to the
Hen-Peck'd Frigate,**

To appear at Cuckold's-Point on the 18th of this instant October.
Licensed according to Order.

YOUR Presence is required and are hereby lawfully Summoned (as belonging to the *Hen-Peck'd Frigate*) to appear at *Cuckold's Point* (being the ancient place of our rendezvous) on the 18th of this Instant *October*, precisely by Seven of the clock in the Morning, well fitted with a *Basket*, *Pit-Axe*, and *Shovel*, there to give your Attendance, till the List of your Brethren, the Knights of the *Forked Order*, is called over, and then, at the word of Command, to march in good order to the Gravel-Pits, there to dig Sand and Gravel for repairing the foot-ways, that your wives with their friends may have pleasure and delight in walking to *Horn-Fair*: whereof you are not to fail, under the *Penalty* of a Garret-Correction, and the forfeiture of all your Goods and Chattels, except your Master's Jointure.

[Signed,] **Thomas Cann't-Be-Quiet**, Beadle.

A New Song on Horn-Fair.

TUNE IS, *Ladies of London*. [By D'Urfey; date, 1685 : vol.iii, p.369.]

HERE is a summons for all honest Men
Belonging to the Hen-peck'd Frigate ;
And I will tell you the place where and when,
Both Gravel and Sand for to dig it :
To mend their ways, 'tis no idle tale,
Remember your forehead's adorning,
At *Cuckold's Point* you must meet without fail
By seven o'clock in the morning.

Shovels and *Pit-Axes* you must provide— [=pick-axes.

It is but in vain for to cavil ;
You must bring with you a Basket beside,
In order to carry the Gravel,
That your sweet Wives may walk to the Fair,
With Gallants that dote on their beauty :
See that you do it with diligent care,
Consider it is but your duty.

Tailors with Turners, and Coblers too,
Also Barbers, Pipers, and Scrapers ;
Nay, and besides there's a notable Crew,
A thousand or two of *Ale-Drapers* :

All must appear and patiently wait,
 While they have receiv'd their direction ;
 And if our Laws you shall here violate,
 Beware of a Garret-Correction.

But if you do it with perfect delight,
 That Woman that finds you regard her,
 She to requite you will sure dub you knight,
 And one of the *Forked Order* ; [Cf. p. 698, iv, 368.
 For there w[ere] some last Year made so,
 And one was kind *Robin* my neighbour :
 This may encourage you freely to go,
 As knowing you sha'n't lose your labour.

Doing of this you may lead a sweet life,
 As long as you flourish together :
 Can any man be too kind to his Wife ?
 I pray you now do but consider.
 Therefore, I pray, be sure to attend,
 And be not of labour too sparing ;
 When they return, you will find in the end
 They'll bring you a HORN for a Fairing.

Printed for *J. Deacon*. [Perhaps written by **Abraham Miles**?]

[Mixed-letter. Woodcut, similar to that on p. 665, a stag-horned man offering to a toper a paper marked 'Prepare for Horn-Fair.' Behind sit two other horned men boozing and smoking at an open inn, with sign of the Stag's-Horns. Date, 1686, or later. Probably a year after 'Hey for Horn-Fair' (p. 665.)]

Abraham Miles wrote 'The Dubbed Knight of the Forked Order,' his favourite subject of jest (see vol. iv, p. 368) ; also, 'Hey boys, my father's dead !' which follows on p. 699. Another ballad (registered to Francis Grove, June 9, 1637), was reissued in *Wit and Drollery* ("Jovial Poems" 1661), beginning thus :

"Not long ago, as all alone I lay upon my bed,
 'Twixt sleeping and waking, a toy came in my head,
 Which caused me in mind to be my meaning for to show
 My skill and wit : and then I writ '*Cuckolds all a Row !*'"

Cuckoldom and shrewishness were bantered incessantly in the literature of the sixteenth century. No malice poisoned the rough jests and horseplay at Charlton Horn-Fair. Revellers spent money freely, drank to excess, and sang loudly, to drown the noise of the symbolical horns, or the cries of Ursula who sold roast pig. No one complained of ill-usage. The rollicking fun passed harmlessly ; 'Zeal-of-the-Land Busy' being absent. The sham saint provokes the sinner.

Some writers made the sensual passion of '*Female Ramblers*' their sole theme. R. Burton in 1655 printed Philo-Fancy's 'Maids, look about You !' (to the tune of, *Wet and Weary*) :

"As I went forth one Evening tide, it was my chance to spy one,
 Was walking by a River side, but he would not come nie one.
 A maid was stoupin' hard by him, a gathering of Primroses ;
 As she gathered by the spring, she made them up in posies.
Hark how the Blade did cog, pretending he did wooe her !
But he within his heart did mock, on purpose to undoe her." Etc.

A Brace of Knaves.

- "A Brace of Sinners, for no good,
Were order'd to the Virgin *Mary's* shrine,
Who at *Loretto* dwelt in wax, stone, wood,
And in a fair white wig look'd wondrous fine.
- "Fifty long miles had these sad rogues to travel,
With something in their shoes much worse than gravel:
In short, their toes so gently to amuse,
The priest had order'd peas into their shoes."

—DR. WOLCOT'S *Pilgrims and the Peas*.

THAT the worst women who were committed to the tender mercies of Bridewell and its "discipline" (see p. 569, *ante*), could always be matched with such "saucy companions" as this 'Tom Farthing' or the 'Swaggering Man,' is beyond dispute.

'Tom Farthing' figured in *A Perfect Collection of Songs à la Mode*, 1675. A 'charge' had been issued in the previous century by the renowned Dogberry to Seacoal, Oatecake, and others of the Messina Watch to "comprehend all vagrom men." Their successors in London might have fulfilled their office, according to their ability and discernment, by locking up 'Tom Farthing, the 'Ingenious Braggadocio,' and the 'Swaggering Man.' As the Ancient Mariner acknowledged, without a blush, they "were a ghastly crew!" Pilgrimage never led them to the shrine at Loretto, but to Tyburn, and gave them no "liberty to boil their peas."

The Roxb. Coll. exemplar is a late reprint. The original suggestion for it was an earlier ballad (see vol. iii, p. 576), of date 1662, entitled '*Your humble servant, Madam!*' beginning, "I am a blade that from an old trade have taken out a new one: 'tis onely this, to court and kiss, swear oaths, and ne're a true one." 'To a very fine *Northern* tune,' identified with *Have at thy Coat, Old Woman* (see *Popular Music*, p. 365).

The recrudescence of this 'Cheating Lover' as a 'Swaggering Man,' after having been described '*like a saucie rascall, Sirrah!*' in 'The Ladye's Vindication' (vol. iii, p. 582), may be accounted for by disorderly taste and attraction toward "low life." In 1849, twenty-seven years after the 'Tom and Jerry' craze begotten by Pierce Egan, the leaders in literature, M.P.'s, rising barristers and medical students, listened delightedly at 'Paddy Green's' to J. W. Sharp singing, "My name it is *Sam Hall*, chimbley-sweep; *bis*: I've robbed both great and small, and now I pays for all," etc., ending with his own forecast, "When I goes up *Holborn-hill*, in a cart—in a cart—and at *Tyburn* makes my will, d. your eyes!"—an oath closing each stanza. Vulgarly changes the outward garb only, varying disguises, now with music-hall 'Coster Ballads' or *Tara-ra-boom-de-aye* fandangoes, as they did earlier with 'Willikins and his Dinah,' or 'The Rat-catcher's Daughter.' We still use the cant of 'Progress.' But Dr. Ponnoner's mummy knew how to hit the nail on the head—*rem acu tangere*: he "merely said that 'Great Movements' were awfully common things in his day [four or five thousand years ago]; and as for Progress, it was at one time quite a nuisance, but it never progressed." (E. A. Poe's *Some Words with a Mummy*.) The mummy also records the consolidation of certain Provincial States—whose "habit of bragging was enormous—into the most odious and insupportable despotism that ever was heard of upon the face of the earth." When asked the name of the usurping tyrant, he replies, as well as he could recollect—"It was *Mob*." But this anglicism of 'Mob' scarcely ranges back earlier than 1679. We must evidently read, $\delta \Delta\eta\mu\omicron\varsigma$, or $\eta \Delta\eta\mu\omicron\kappa\rho\alpha\tau\iota\delta\acute{\alpha}$.

[Roxburghe Collection, II, 447 ; Jersey, II, 67 = Lindes, 1205.]

Tom Farthing ;

Or, The Married Woman's Complaint.

TO A NEW TUNE, well known by the same Name [*Tom Farthing*].



[He belongs to p. 622. She is Mrs. Farthing.]

Tom Farthing, Tom Farthing, where hast thou bin, Tom Farthing ?
 Twelve a clock ere thou come in ; four or five ere thou begin.
 Lye all night and do nothing : 'twould make a woman weary, weary ;
'Twould make a woman weary.

Had'st thou bin a lively Lad, and giv'n me part of what thou'st had,
 It would have made my heart full glad, and made me wondrous merry, merry ;
And made me wondrous merry.

But thou art a Country clown, sometimes up and sometimes down ;
 Still doing what was never yet done : 'twould make a woman sorry, sorry ;
'Twould make a woman sorry. Etc.

The Second Part. TO THE SAME TUNE.

Tom Farthing, Tom Farthing, thou mak'st me mad, Tom Farthing !
 'Twas not for this I did thee wed, nor brought thee to my marriage-bed,
 But 'twas to loose my maiden-head, of which I'm wondrous weary ;
Of which I am wondrous weary.

Could'st thou once but do [what's meet], and show thy self to be no cheat,
 My very heart with joy would beat, *And 'twould make me wondrous merry. Etc.*

But by thy side, thou idle drone ! I lie like one that lies alone ;
And remedy I can get none, *which makes me wondrous sorry, sorry.* Etc.

And 'though a Woman's such' (you cry), 'that no one can her wants supply,'
I 'le find out one shall satisfie ; *and make me wondrous merry.* Etc.

For since thou never yet has done 't, I 'le bide no more (a pox upon 't !),
But venture, let what will come on 't, *and never more be sorry, sorry.*

Tom Farthing, Tom Farthing ! a warning be, Tom Farthing !
Henceforward that no woman take a fumbler, for *Tom Farthing's* sake,
Unless she will him Cuckold make, *for he 'll make her doubly weary, weary.*

But if a Husband must be had, try him first, or else you 're mad ;
Then should he prove a capering Lad, he 'll make you wondrous merry, merry,
And of him you 'l ne'r be weary. Finis.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the *Golden-ball*, near the *Hospital-gate*, in *West Smithfield*.

[Black-letter. Four woodcuts: 1st, the man in a tessellated alcove, vi, 76 ;
2nd, woman, p. 670 ; 3rd and 4th, both on p. 460. Date, 1675.]

[Roxburghe Collection, III, 484.]

The Swaggering Man.

[TUNE OF, *Have at thy Coat, Old Woman.* See p. 669.]

I Am a blade that hath no trade, most people do adore me ;
And I can Hector, swagger, and lie, and drive a town before me.
I have a Wife of wanton life ; she strives me to trappan, Sir ;
I nothing say, but hike my way : ' There goes the Swaggering Man, Sir ! '

With my red silk hose, and square-toed shoes, I Hector, swear, and swagger ;
And every coxcomb that I meet, I push him with my dagger.
At cards and dice I am the man, the noted gamester's plan, Sir ;
I love my pelf, and cock my felt : ' There goes the Swaggering Man, Sir ! '

O then I go to the *Royal Exchange*, where merchants they are walking ;
All this seems something odd to me, they are [so] idly talking.
But if a purse, or a gold watch, come by the sleight of han', Sir,
I nothing say, but hike my way : ' There goes the Swaggering Man, Sir ! '

From thence I to the [*Rose*] Tavern go, where a waiter does attend me ;
I call for Liquor of the best, the Ladies do commend me.
Behind the door there stands my score, the shot they do demand, Sir,
I nothing say, but hike my way : ' There goes the Swaggering Man, Sir ! '

From thence I go to *Pater-noster-row*, where they deal in silk and sattin ;
I pay for one and hike off three : all this is no false-latin.
But if I am catch'd, O then I 'm snatch'd, and obliged to give an answer ;
I'm guilty found, and must come down, from being a Swaggering Man, Sir.

But now I have spent all my means among those rakish fellows ;
And am at last condemn'd, and cast, to hang upon yon gallows :
I sail to *Tyburn* in a cart, my body to advance, Sir ;
The ladies cry, as I pass by, " Don't hang the Swaggering Man, Sir ! "

[White-letter, with one cut, but no colophon. Date, *circa* 1697.]

Two Ballads of Fairings.

"Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If Fairings comes thus plentifully in."

—*Love's Labour Lost*, Act v, sc. 2.

SHAKESPEARE, in *The Winter's Tale*, Act iv, sc. 4, shows us the country lasses Mopsa and Dorcas being treated by their swain to purchases from the pedlar Autolycus, already promised to them as 'Fairings.' When there are '*Two Maids wooing a Man*,' even a golden apple brings discord among jealous goddesses.

Mopsa.—I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.
Dorcas.—He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mopsa.—He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

Clown.—Is there no manners left among maids? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed . . . to whistle off these secrets?

Mopsa.—I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry-lace and a pair of sweet gloves.—*Winter's Tale*, *loc. cit.*

Thomas Bowne's 'Fairing for Young Men and Maids,' beginning, "As *Thomas and Mary* did meet," was reprinted in our vol. vii, p. 111. Another ballad, printed for John Trundle (who died between July 1626 and June 1627) was 'The Lover's Gift; or, A Fairing for Maids,' beginning, "My Love she is faire, surpassing compare." She is Edmund's Priscilla (Pepys Coll., I, 250).

Another bears title of 'Kissing Goes by Favour; or, A new[ly] composed merry disposed Ditty, showing how kissing began when the world began, and is like to [go on while the world lasts].' The tune is our accommodating Lass of Lynn's *Aye, marry and thank you too!* (see vol. vii, p. 421, etc.). Printed for *Thomas Vre*, at the *Angel*, in *Guiltspur-street*, without *Newgate*. It begins—

"To complement and kisse some holds to be a sin,
But I can tell you, first of all, how kissing did begin:

First *Adam* he kist *Eve*, and so he got a sonne;

'Tis above five thousand years agoe since kissing first begun:

Since kissing first begun, brave boyes! since kissing first begun;

'Tis above five thousand years agoe since kissing first begun.'

'*He that has the most money, he is the best man*' (words of a lost ditty), is the tune named for our two next ballads. They were written and published as a pair. One is by C. H., the other by J. P., whom we identify as Charles Hammond and John Playford. They are unique, and remained hidden, until a recent year, when we met them. Both were printed for Francis Grove *circa* 1655. This date is printed on the same C. H.'s broadside ballad of 'The Birds' Noats on *May-day* last, wherein many passages were discovered about *London* in the fields between young men and maids, Lovers and their Sweet-hearts, Lords and Ladies, Men and their Mistresses.' It begins, "In the merry month of *May*, when pretty birds do sing, with chirping and with sugared noats to welcome in the Spring." (See vol. vi, pp. 323 and 309, where three stanzas are quoted.) Printed for Richard Burton in Smithfield, dated 1655. The tune here named, '*Down in a meadow, the river running clear*,' is '*The Haymarket Mask*,' in Laur. Price's 'Country People's Felicity; or, A brief Description of Pleasure.'

"Shewing the ready way of sweet content,
By them that ply their work with merriment;
They eat, they drink, they work, and sport at pleasure:
They pipe and dance, when time and place give leasure."

[Trowbesh Transcripts from 'Book of Fortune' Coll. of broadsides.]

A Fairing for Young-Men;

Or,

The Careless Lover.

Who is resolved in his mind, upon a merry strain,
To love, but not long, unlesse his Love loves him againe;
He wishes all Batchelors to be rul'd by this Song,
And then their Sweet-hearts should not foole them so long.

TO THE TUNE OF, *He that hath the most Money, he is the best Man.*



[The man belongs' to this ballad;
and the woman to p. 193, ante.]

I Ist, you brave youngsters that live in the City,
And likewise you Countrey-lads hearken a while,
Here are some verses, I hope they will fit ye,
Which when you have heard may cause you to smile.
I loved a Maid once, but she did deceive me,
And for the losse of her I'le not complaine:
No beauties of Freedom shall ever bereave me,
For I cannot love if not loved againe.

My Love, for beauty, I needs must commend her,
And for her carriage it seem'd very faire;
But such a politick Wit did attend her,
That I had like to be caught in fooles' snare:
For, by experience be sure I can tell thee,
False love will puzzell and trouble thy braine;
Then let not fond smiles and glances compell thee
To love, and [yet] not be beloved againe.

She in my company often consented
 For to be merry and passe time away,
 And for a while I rested contented,
 Though in her carriage she seem'd very coy.
 But when I perceived her subtle delusion,
 Her humours no longer I then would maintaine,
 For 'tis a madness, and breeds a confusion,
To love and not be beloved againe. [text, not to be.]

The more you seeke to a Maid, she will slight you,
 Strive for to please her as well as you can;
 The more you intreate her, the less she 'l requite you:
 Such fooles some maidens do make of a Man!
 Then they 'l fly from you, thinking to prove you,
 But for their absence never complaine;
 The more then you slight them, the better they 'l love you,
For I'le never love if not loved againe.

The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

SOME, like the wind, will be always changing,
 And yet with fancies will lead you along:
 When that their minds on others are ranging,
 Thinking to charm you with their false tongue,
 They 'l kisse you, they 'l clip you, they 'l tell you a story,
 When all your time will prove labour in vain;
 At last they will leave you, and [count] that a glory: [*t. take.*]
But I'le never love if not loved again.

Batchelors all, that heare this my Ditty,
 Take my advise, and be ruled by me;
 Slight your coy Lasses in Countrey and Citty,
 Then to your humours they 'l quickly agree.
 The more you creep to them, the sooner they 'l leave you;
 Keep a while from them you 'l hear them complain;
 Tell them you 'l leave them, if once they deceive you;
Then if you 'll love them they 'l love you again.

Lasses there be, too, that will fawn upon you,
 And make you believe they do love you so deare,
 When 'tis to try what they can get on you, [=from you.]
 To feast their chops with wine and good cheare.
 One, shall be namelesse, did serve them all finely,
 For to a Tavern he led them away,
 Call'd for good Cheere, and welcom'd them kindly,
And left those Lasses the reckoning to pay. [Cf. p. 648.]

Have a care ! have a care ! Young men, be carefull !

Maids are too cunning for you now-a-dayes ;
Some will be sullen and some will be cheerefull,

Some are too nimble, and some have delays.

Some Maids are wanton, and some Maids are civil,

But I 'le chuse a Maid that means honest and plain :

For some are too cunning, I think, for the Devil,

But I 'le love that Maid that will love me again.

She that loves truly, be sure, will ne're leave thee,

But faithful and constant will alwayes remaine,

And of thy Estate she 'l never deceive thee,

But give thee good counsel the same to maintain.

She 'll ne're put you off with so many denyals,

As some there be that delights in that straine,

To waste your means and your time upon trials,

But if you love her she 'l love you againe.

You Young-men all, I have sent you a Fairing ;

They that are honest hearts beare it away ;

And for to give it your loves be not sparing,

For 'tis good counsell and truth, I dare say.

Young men be carefull, but be not deceitfull,

Let not your Sweet-hearts have cause to complain :

If they prove constant, then prove not ungrateful,

But if they love you, then love them again.

C[harles] H[ammond].

London, Printed for Francis Grove, dwelling on Snow-hill.

[Black-letter. Four cuts: 1st, reverse of woman, p. 542; 2nd, man, p. 542; 3rd, astonished man, p. 673; 4th, lady, vii, 138. Date, circa 1655.]

¶ This is honest guidance to a happy wedding. Young men were counselled to celibacy, in 'The Batchelor's Delight' (vol. iii, p. 723: compare iv, 74, etc.), of which we quote one stanza, showing that hanging was chosen in preference to the matrimonial noose; except by 'Le Vieulx-par-Chemins' in Honoré de Balzac's delightful mediaeval burlesque, *Les Contes Drolatiques*.

"A thief once rode up Holborn-Hill, towards Oliver Cromwell's palace ;

A maid that bore him some good will had begg'd him from the gallows :

'O no !' (quoth he), 'I 'le go to the gibb, and not be a slave to my own ribb :

Drive on the cart, good fellows !'"—*The Batchelor's Delight*.

By Edward Wade, probably a brother of our John Wade, was written 'The Country Lasse's Good Counsel to all her Fellow-Maids :

Wherein she doth make it plain appear

That, of all living, a single life she loves most dear,

And wishes [you] maidens all-a-row

To take heed of false tongues where ever you go.'

It begins, "Come, all you young damsels, where ever you dwell" (compare vii, 526). We reprinted a different 'Maidens' Counsellor,' with its own burden of *A single life is free from care* (vol. iv, p. 77); and another, with a burden of *The Maid is the best that lies alone* (in our *Bagford Ballads*, p. 1020).

J. P.'s 'Fairing' (p. 676), warns maidens against the perils of marriage.

[Trowbesh Transcripts of the unique 'Book of Fortune' B.-L. Ballads.]

A Fairing for Maides.

Being the honest Maid's Counsel to all other,
 Better than she had given her by her Mother :
 She wishes Maides in time for to be wary,
 And with what Young-men they intend to marry :
 A single life is gallant, she doth say ;
For being bound perforce they must obey.

TO THE TUNE OF, *He that has the most money [he is the best man].*

ALl you brave Damsels, come lend your attention,
 I a brave FAIRING unto you will send ;
 The counsel is honest of which I make mention,
 The verses are witty which here I have pen'd.
 Some young-men are honest, and some are deceitful,
 And soone with faire speeches will lead you away :
 Then chuse not a young-man the which is ungrateful,
For when you are bound, then you needs must obey.

First I advise you, all that hear this Ditty,
 With due admonition in time to be rul'd ;
 For young-men are cunning in Country and City,
 Then see that by policy you be not fool'd.
 Some will speak you most fair, thinking to insnare you,
 And many cunning baits [they] for you will lay ;
 But I wish all Maidens in time to be wary,
For when you are bound, then you needs must obey.

You that are single, and in haste would marry,
 Thinking you have stai'd your time over-long,
 Let me advise you forthwith to be wary,
 For hasty marriages oft produce wrong. [t. produceth.
 When you are wedded then comes care and trouble,
 Then farewell single life and Maidens' joy ;
 If Husbands be dogged, then woes do redouble,
For when you are bound, then you needs must obey.

What if they ' promise and vow,' they do love you !
 Yet ne'r the sooner do you them believe ;
 For it is but policy, some waies to prove you,
 Or by some flattering waies you to deceive.
 Some are so skilful and crafty in wooing,
 That they will follow you, both night and day ;
 But when they have gain'd you it proves your undoing :
For when you are bound, you needs must obey.

Some young-men are civil, and wooe so demure,
 Butter would not melt in their mouth, you would think ; [N.B.
 But, when they have won you, they are crab[b]ed and sowre,
 And from their old promises straight they will shrink.
 He that looks most civill, as often is spoken,
 When he weds a Maiden her bones he will pay :
 Then let this to maidens be still a true token,
For when you are bound, then you needs must obey.

The Second Part. TO THE SAME TUNE.

There's many will promise you shall live most gallant,
 Until they have brought you unto their own Bow ;
 But when they have gain'd you, they will spend your talent :
 This by experience some maidens do know.
 Some do not wooe for love, nor for beauty,
 But seek after riches as much as they may :
 Then, maidens, ne'er yield unto such men in duty,
For when you are bound, then you needs must obey.

Whilst you are single, there's none to curb you :
 Go to bed quietly and take your ease.
 Early or late there's none to disturb you,
 Walk abroad where you [will], and when you please.
 A single life is free from all danger ;
 Then, maids, embrace it, as long as you may,
 And never yeeld to neighbour or stranger,
For when you are bound, then you needs must obey.

When you are wedded, then farewell all pleasure !
 [Unless] your Husband be loving and kind ; [t. And lest.
 Marrie in haste, you will repent at leasure,
 This by experience too many doe find.
 Children proceeding must have cloath[e] and diet,
 And Nurses' wages oft times you must pay :
 When Maids from such cares do stil' live in quiet,
For when you are bound, then you needs must obey.

Yet I will not any Maiden disparage,
 If she a constant Youth chance for to find ;
 Then let her joyn with him in lawful marriage,
 If he unto her be loving and kind.
 Where Love remaineth it is a great blessing ;
 But if men be froward and sullen, I say,
 There the women's woe is alwaies increasing,
For when they are bound, then they needs must obey.

Now in love I wish all Maids to consider
 These witty Verses which here I have pen'd ;
 Though the gift be small, yet [ac]cept of the giver [t. exc.
 This FAIRING through all Parts to maidens I send.
 And so for to end with my old Resolution,
 The which is both honest and true, I dare saie,
 All Maidens be rul'd by this Song in conclusion,
For when you are bound, then you needs must obey.

J. P. [probably John Playford].

Finis.

London, Printed for Fra[n]cis Grove, on Snow-hill.

[Black-letter. Four woodcuts: 1st, man with twisted cloak, vii, 138; 2nd, hooded woman, vi, 178; 3rd, young Squire, vii, 279; 4th, Lady, p. 542. Date, circa 1655.]

¶ The burden of this Fairing is proverbial; answered by the ballad '*She is Bound, but won't Obey*;' or, 'The Married Man's Complaint in choosing a Wife: Desiring other young men to have a care and to look before they leap.' Tune of, *The West-Country Delight*, or, *Hey for Zommersetshire!* (*Popular Music*, p. 542). It begins, "I am a married man truly" (see vol. vii, p. 429). Compare p. 696.

Popular as a Country Fairing, and at seaport towns, must have been the R.-L. ballad, now restricted to a unique exemplar, with title and burden of '*A Kiss of a Seaman is worth two of Another*; or, *The Maiden's Loyalty*.' Written by S. S., to the tune of *Leave thee, leave thee* (iii, 561). Printed for John Andrews at the White Lyon, in the Old Bayly, 1656-66. It begins,

"When *Venus* did my heart inspire,
And set my love-sick heart on fire,
Young *Cupid*, with a strict commission,
Did curse me with his own tuition.
Love's grown so hot that I can't it smother,
A kiss of a Sea-man's worth two of another."

Thirteen stanzas follow. S. S. was probably Sam Shepherd. He wrote '*Love's Return*; or, *The Maiden's Joy*: being a compendious Dialogue between two constant loyal-hearted Lovers.' It begins, "Arise from thy bed, my Turtle and Dear!" Tune of, [*Now*] *the Tyrant*, or, *The Maiden's Sigh*. Printed for F. Grove, on Snow-hill, 1654. This antecedent '*Maiden's Sigh*' has not yet been recovered, in time to be recorded in these final pages of *Roxburghe Ballads*.

Another 'Fairing' celebrated the *Origin of kissing*, in eleven stanzas (see p. 672).

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The Young Woman's Complaint.

"WHAT can a young Lassie, what shall a young Lassie,
What can a young Lassie do wi' an auld man?
Bad luck on the pennie that tempted my minnie
To sell her puir *Jenny* for siller an' lan'.
He's always compleenin frae mornin to e'enin,
He hoasts an he hirkles the weary day lang; [coughs; totters.
He's doyl't and he's dozin, his blude it is frozen: [=doited; sleepy.
O dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!
"He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
I never can please him, do a' that I can;
He's peevish an' jealous o' a' the young fellows,—
O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!
My auld auntie *Katie* upon me taks pity!
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
I'll cross him, and wrack him, untill I heart-break him,
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan."

—BURNS, 1792, *Scots' Musical Museum*, iv, 327.

WHAT *should a Young Woman do with an Old Man?* has been mentioned as a tune on p. 626; and previously on pp. 195, 244, 245. We preserve from oblivion the *unique original* of this racy Black-letter ballad: one that is probably unknown to all the unqualified 'editors' and commentators on Robert Burns. He had himself adapted either Jean Allardyce's or the traditionary Scottish version floating in Ayrshire, after it was forgotten in England, and composed on this theme one of his most delightful songs, signed B. in Johnson's *Museum*. The tune is cited (instead of *Packington's Pound*, which is inapplicable), in Wood's Coll., E. 25, fol. 29: printed for *Wm. Thackeray* at the *Sugar Loaf*: the earliest known exemplar of '*The West-Country Crafty Maid*' (see p. 626).

The Young Woman's Complaint ;

Or,

A Caveat to all Maids to have a care how they be
Married to Old Men.

THE TUNE IS, *What should a young Woman do with an old Man ?* or, [*Now*] *the Tyrant [hath stolen my dearest away : see vol. vi, p. 67].*

- Come, all you young damsels both beauteous and free,
I'll summon you all to listen to me :
- " A song of misguiding concerning my marriage ;
Sorrow's the cause of this my ill carriage."
A Maiden of fifteene, as it may appear,
She married an Old Man of Seventy-two year ;
And by her misfortune, well prove it I can,
That she is sore troubled with an Old Man.
- " When he sits down by me, he'll presently blame me ;
He often doth chide me, and threatens to lame me ;
And fain would I hide me, but cannot tell where :
He calls me ' young Giglet,' and sometimes ' bold whore !'
But hold thy tongue, man, for I am none such ;
I dare not call ' Cuckold !' though I think as much."
She throws by her bracelet, her hat, and her fan ;
Sings, "*Cursed be the time that I saw this Old Man !*"
- " To speak of his Livings, his land, and his fee,
Or of his Relations, too tedious 'twill be ;
His humping, his grumping, his cursing and swearing.
He's almost quite blind, and hard of his hearing ;
His pate it is bauld, and his beard it is thin ;
His breath it doth stink, [for he's canker'd within] :
And now let him do what ever he can,
Judge if it be fitting to love this Old Man ?
- " In bed as I lye, he groaneth, he cryeth ;
Like one that is dying in sorrow he lyeth :
Instead of Love's blisses, he scratches and grumbles,
And all the night long he tosses and tumbles.
And [I] lying and dying, and telling the clock,
Weeping and wailing, expecting a knock,
And wiping away the tears as they ran :
What shall a young woman do with an Old Man ?

The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

“ **H**E stoopes in the shoulders, and goes almost double,
 He is alwaies to me a continual trouble;
 His breast it sticks forth, even almost with's snout,
 He seldom goes far without letting a rout.
 His hands they do shake, and he's very lame,
 And all his whole body is quite out of frame;
 His nose it is long, and his face pale and wan,
With all the ill properties of an Old Man.

“ When he walks abroad with me, sometimes, in the street
 He limps and he stumbles—the boys they do see 't,
 And laugh him to scorn; he creeps and he grumbles,
 He coughs and he spits, and at last he down tumbles.
 Then I cry and lament that e're I was born;
 But to 'quite his love, I'll make him wear the horn.
 For let me do what ever I may, or can,
I still shall be plagu'd with this doting Old Man.

“ If I with some young men do chance for to meet,
 And do but them friendly and courteously greet,
 Then he begins presently to scould and brawl,
 And a thousand base names he then will me call:
 Which makes me with grief and sorrow lament;
 And now it's too late, I fear, to repent.
 But I'll get a youngster, that please me well can;
Then a fig for this doting, [this] feeble Old Man!

“ I forc'd was to marry him 'cause of his wealth,
 But I'll have another now and then by stealth;
 For with him I must never expect any joy;
 Which vexes me worse, I shall ne'r have a boy.
 Therefore I'm resolved to live merry and jolly,
 And take the best course to quit melancholly:
*For what should a young woman do with this Old Man,
 But make him a Cuckold, as soon as she can?*

“ There's young-men enough which will make much of me,
 And I unto them will be gallant and free;
 They'll court me, and kiss me, and please me full well,
 And I will not want it, the truth I you tell.
 His chests I'll set open, his money let fly;
 For I'll lead a merry life, untill I dye.
*What should a young woman do with this Old Man,
 But make him a Cuckold, as soon as she can?*

“ My Advice is to you, all Maids that are young,
That you get you Husbands that will not you wrong.
For sure youth with age will never agree,
As by this Ditty you plainly may see.

Therefore, take you warning all by my miscarriage,
Be sure to be wise in your choice of marriage :

*For I [will] assure you [that], do what you can,
You never can love such an old doting man.”* Finis.

London, Printed for William Gilbertson, dwelling at the Bible in
Giltspur-street, without Newgate.

[Black-letter. Four cuts: 1st, an old man in tall peaked hat and large boots, his arms extended (mentioned in vol. vi, p. 517); 2nd, lady, vol. vii, p. 31 right; 3rd, prim couple on p. 493, *ante*; 4th, woman, vii, 140. Date, *circa* 1665.]

*** The words of the genuine original ‘Young Woman’s Complaint,’ or, ‘*What should a Young Woman do with an Old Man?*’ had never hitherto been reprinted. Three versions of ‘*What can a Young Woman do with an Old Man?*’ of 1665, 1714, and 1792, are now at last presented in this same Volume Eight, for comparison, on pp. 195, 244, 678 and 679, respectively: our motto is the masterly condensation of the story, by the ‘Ayrshire Ploughman,’ ROBERT BURNS. He was the true alchemist to turn lead into gold.

Befittingly follows a rare ballad in favour of an English Ploughman.

The Ploughman’s Praise.

ONE Somersetshire matron vainly attempted to influence her daughter in favour of a wealthy squire, disparaging the poor lover (honest “*Roger*, with his kisses”), because he was no more than “a fellow that doth follow the plough.” But in time she arrived at knowledge of his merit. The ballad was briefly quoted on p. 457, virtually promised, and is now given complete. *The Evening Ramble* is named for the tune, but not found.

Before the pageant closes, we glance once more at Rural England, with its honest ploughmen and their fitting helpmates, sweethearts or wives, daughters of cottagers or farmers, who laughed merrily, tending their poultry, and sang sweetly—like Izaak Walton’s Maudlon, milking her cow and cheering it the while. Love-gifts were brought to them from each neighbouring wake; a ‘fairing’ of ribbon as a ‘bonny breast-knot,’ fresh flowers gathered from the hedgerows, “gifts for a poor-man’s love to give,” or, some drowsy garden’s pride, our White Rose of the Stuarts, and the rapturous beauty of the English “red red rose.” Roses bordered with grass-plots, not gravel. The yew-trees had been fantastically clipt into the shape of peacocks and pagodas, or monumental urns, to enhance by contrast of solemnity the lush profusion of the honeysuckle and clematis, or the stately hollyhocks. To tend these flowers, lovers lingered at twilight; but they needed no excuse beyond Hesperus and a day of ungrudged labour.

The Ploughman's Praise :

In a Dialogue between a Mother and her Daughter ; which
 Daughter resolves to forsake a wealthy 'Squire, and marry
 Roger the Plough-man for his Plain-Dealing.

TUNE OF, *The Evening Ramble*, etc. [See p. 681.]

“ DEAR Mother, I reckon to marry, I hope you will give your consent ;
 For, as I am told, full eighteen years old I was in the midst of last Lent.
 'Tis time I was marry'd, you know ; three winters and summers agoe
 I then did discover the joys of a Lover, when *Roger* he tickled me so. [p. 200.
 Oh ! he is as pretty a fellow, I vow,
As ever was train'd up to follow the Plough.”

“ Why, huswife, what mean you by *Roger* ? ” (the passionate Mother reply'd),
 “ A Country Clown, the scorn of the Town ! You may be a Gentleman's Bride.
 For, daughter, I'll make it appear, that now in fair *Somerset-shire*,
 Besides gold and treasure, and wealth out of measure, my rents are 200 a year.
 And do you imagine that I will allow
My Daughter to marry a fellow at Plough ? ”

“ The Plough is a staff to the Kingdom, a pillar and prop to the Throne ;
 On every hand it fattens the land, with plenty, 'tis very well known.
 For if we had Guineas untold, more than a whole kingdom could hold,
 What man would be quiet without any diet, for who ever liv'd upon Gold ?
 No creature, dear Mother : and therefore I'll vow
To marry a Husband that follows the Plough.”

“ But Gold is a beautiful metal, this City and Court to adorn ;
 To satisfy you, a handful or two is worth many bushels of Corn.
 The Farmers, where ever they dwell, their Corn they will readily sell,
 For money, to any, so sweet is the Penny ; without it there's none can live well.
 And therefore, dear Daughter, consider this now,
And take not a Fellow that follows the Plough.”

“ I shall have hereafter, dear Mother, two hundred a year, and above ;
 A plentiful store, I'll covet no more, but marry the Man that I love.
 Tho' in a poor Jerkin he goes, and patches, perhaps, on his Hose ; [a Rose.
 Dear Mother, pray hear me, when e'er he comes near me, his breath is as sweet as
 If ever I marry, I solemnly vow,
It shall be 'a Fellow that follows the Plough.'”

“ Dear Daughter, I strange at your fancy ! this 'Squire that courts you, I know,
 Will make you his Wife, and love you as life : in jewels and gems you may go.
 He's wealthy and handsome withal ; both lusty, strait, proper, and tall ;
 And you'll be attended, & likewise befriended, have Servants to come at your call.
 Pray, why will you slight such a happiness now,
And take a poor Fellow that follows the Plough ? ”

“ A fig for the bully young 'Squire ! a *crack* he does constantly keep ; [Cf. p. 457.
 He'll revel and sport with Ladies at Court, while I in my Chamber may weep,
 To think of my sad overthrow : but *Roger* will never do so.
 He's honest, I know it, and cannot foregoe it ; and, Mother, he loves me, I know.
 And therefore, if ever I marry, I vow,
It shall be with Roger that follows the Plough.”

"Dear Daughter, if that be the reason, thy Wisdom I needs must commend ;
A right honest Man will get what he can, but others will wastefully spend,
And ruine their families quite : I think thou art much in the right.
I will not deny thee, let *Roger* lye by thee, since he is thy joy and delight.
And when thou art marry'd, my love shall be shown ;
I'll give him a Farm and two Ploughs of my own." **Finis.**

Licensed according to Order.

Printed for *P[hilip] Brooksby*, at the *Golden Ball*, in *Pye-Corner*.

[Black-letter. Two cuts : 1st, the buxom mother in a hood, vii, 206 ; 2nd, white lady, as her daughter, vii, 133. Date, 1672-7.]

An admission of the Ploughman's merit is due to the Maid's brave defence of him ; she deserves all the happiness of their wedding. Of 'The Discontented Plow-man,' who ends his troubles (where others found them) in matrimony, one stanza is in vol. vii, p. 285 ; the ballad follows in *Addit. Notes*.



The Blind Man eats many a Fly.

"I know a little girl who is very, very shy.

(Be careful of the girl that is shy !)

She goes about so modestly, with downcast eye.

(Be careful of the downcast eye !)

She wears upon her forehead a tiny baby curl.

(Be careful of the tiny baby curl !)

And everybody says 'She is a harmless little girl.'

(Be careful of the harmless little girl !)

CHORUS. *There are all sorts of girls ; yes, every kind of girl :
Some of them are foolish, and some are much too wise :
You may trust them all, no doubt,
But you're better far without
The harmless Little Girlie with the down-cast eyes."*

—By HUGH MORTON.

ANOTHER sort of Country Lass, "a damsel mild," early in the Spring of 1627, had boasted that "*My father gave me house and land*" (cf. vol. vii, p. 291). She was not more trustworthy than the one who similarly carried to London '*Roger the Miller's* present to his cousin *Tom the Taylor*' (p. 625). Each of the girls ensnared a respectable man to marry her, although she was what John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, called 'a buttered Bun.' The ballad was duly entered to John Wright on 12th April, 1627, in the Registers of the Stationers' Company, D. 140 : *Transcript* iv, 176.

We are incidentally reminded of '*All's Well that ends Well*' (mentioned in 1598 by Meres as '*Love's Labour's Won*'). Lavache is the least loveable of Shakespeare's clowns. Unlike Touchstone with Audrey, he, in marrying Is'bel the tire-woman, looked forward to profiting by his own merited disgrace. He was "a poor fellow !"—"If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage ; for young *Charbon* the puritan and old *Poyssam* the papist, howsome'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one ; they may joul horns together, like any deer i' the herd."—*All's Well*, i, 3.

The Blund eates many a Flye ; or, The Broken Damsel made whole.

My Father gave me House and Land,
And said he would be willing,
If I were married out of hand,
To add another odd shilling.

THE TUNE OF, *My Father gave me House and Land.* [See vol. vii, p. 191.]

OF late there was a Damsel mild, as I have heard for certain,
To London went, being with child, and there to try her fortune ;
Where soon she had a Master got, with whom she was well pleased,
A Widdower, old and rich, God wot, whereby her joys encreased.
*For I have heard it spoken plain, if that a Girl be undone,
She quickly is made whole again, if she goes up to London.*

This Girl went with the Carrier up, that in the Country lived,
And for to leave this pretty Duck I think no jot he grieved.
For he his payment had indeed, although the Girl was weary,
And she a Master got with speed, which made her blith and merry.
*Whereby it now appeareth plain, if that a Girl be undone,
She is quickly made whole again, if she goes up to London.*

This Girl but a small time had been with this Man on a tryal,
But her to wooe he did begin, and would have no denial ;
But she, having a nimble wit, unto him thus replied,
And said, the Match it was not fit ; his Sute must be denyed :
*And thus then by her flattering speech, knowing that she was undone,
By this Man was made whole again, when she came up to London.*

Quoth she : ‘ I have, in the Country, great store of wealth and riches ;
And many for to wed with me, indeed their finger itches ;
Both Gentlemen and Tradesmen brave to me did sue for favour,
And many a youth my love did crave, but all have lost their labour.
Amongst these Gallants, good and bad, the best I might have chosen ;
For I great store of suitors had, full thirteen to the dozen.

“ A Goldsmith and a Mercer brave, a Silkman and a Draper,
Three wealthy heirs, young Gentlemen, the which could rant and vapor.
A Feltmaker and a Shoemaker, a Glover, Weaver, and Taylor,
A Tanner and a Currier, and a bold-hearted Saylor.
But yet I loved the Saylor best ; but for my friends’ displeasure,
I had followed him from East to West, and served him at his pleasure.’”

Yet still he followed on his Sute, and woo’d this Girl most stoutly,
And she, like to a Virgin mute, did stand it out devoutly.
At last upon Conditions he the Fort from her obtain’d,
And she surrend’red quietly, whereby he profit gain’d.
On these conditions both agreed, which you shall hear hereafter :
When you THE ARTICLES do read, it then will cause some laughter.

The Articles agreed upon are these :—

Woman.—*You shall not go to law with my Father for my Portion.* Man.—*I will not.*
Woman.—*You shall not call my children Bastards to prove your self a Cuckold.*
Man.—*Not I, upon my honesty.*
Woman.—*You shall not be jealous if I go with another man to drink a Cup of Sack.*
Man.—*Indeed, Sweet-heart, I have no such Thoughts.*
Woman.—*On this condition, hand and heart
I give to thee till Death us part.*
Man.—*And I will prove as true to thee :
Come, let us kiss and married be.*

The Articles being sealed indeed, the matter was so carried,
A Priest they sent for with all speed, and so they both were married.
But mark what after did betide, which caused the Man to wonder,
At three days end his lusty Bride was strangely fal'n asunder.

She had one Boy and eke a Girl, which the Midwife brought unto him,
Which made him scratch where it did not itch, and said it would undo him.

The Midwife prayed him be content, his Bride was young and fair :
" You have no cause for to repent, you have a lusty Heir :
There 's some would give a thousand pound for such a Boy, I tell ye !
But such fruits are not in some found, for want of a great belly.
Then, pray, come, and love your Wife, and so be reconciled ;
You are not the first, upon my life, the which hath been beguiled !"

So straight he went into the Hall, and did salute each neighbour,
And kindly drank unto them all, and thank'd them for their labour.
In merriment he there did say : " If all be gold [that] doth glisten,
My Wife has Land for her brave Boy, and money for his Sister ;
For surely I must love her dear, she is both young and fair,
And by her [speech], it doth appear, a very rich Man's Heir."

To go into the Country, both, his wife he oft intreated ;
At last she yields, but very loath, knowing that him she had cheated ;
But when that they came to her Dad (this jest is worth the telling),
His House and Goods, and all he had, was scarce worth forty shilling ;
Her friends, on which she did so boast, good folks by Almes do cherish,
And their Poor House built at the cost and charges of the Parish.

" Said he : " Are these your friends, indeed ? Where 's your great wealth and
I married you in haste and speed, but may repent at leisure. [treasure ?]
The Blind, I see, catch many a Fly, and I must be contented ;
For Marriage goes by Destiny, I can no way prevent it." [See Note.
And so to London back they go, having receiv'd no profit ;
The Articles do bind him so, he dares say nothing of it.

You Shop-keepers and Tradesmen light, that live in London City,
I do you all with Love invite to read this pleasant Ditty :
Some Tradesmen to the Country sends bad wares and broken glasses ;
And Country Lads, to make amends, send them up broken Lasses.
*If a Country Girl do chance to dance, and by that Jig be undone,
She quickly is made whole again, by some Tradesmen in London.*

So to conclude my merry Jest, the which is worth the reading,
My love to you it is exprest ; I wish you good proceeding.
Young Men and Maids of each degree, Widdowers and Widdows lusty ;
In perfect love, without flattery, be constant, true, and trusty :
*So need you not for to complain, like to some Girls being undone,
Nor seek to be made whole again by going up to London.*

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden-Ball in Pye-corner.

[Black-letter. One cut, the rejoined couple, on p. 138. Date of original, 1627.

** No doubt the saying was proverbial that "*Marriage comes by Destiny,*" and it had been usually held to involve cuckoldry, with such "a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave" as the clown Lavache, who waited on the Countess of Rousillon. He it was (see p. 683) who sang, in her hearing—

" For I the ballad will repeat, Which men full true shall find,
Your marriage comes by destiny, Your Cuckoo sings by kind."

Nevertheless, being ready to adventure the risk, he seemed to court it. (cf. p. 683.

Rest and be thankful.

(*A Halt on the Wayside.*)

“ Ma bonne enfant, t'es dans un âge tendre
Ousque le cœur z'oscurcit la raison ;
Des faux plaisirs il faudra te défendre
De t'inculquer leur Satané poison.
Je vas guider ta jeunesse éphémère,
Et les écarts de ta simplicité.
C'est pas le tout dans ta noble carrière,
Il faut avoir de l'émabilité.”——*Louis Festeau.*

IT was a painful necessity—foreseen shudderingly from the beginning of volume iv, after completing *The Amanda Group of Bagford Poems and Ballads*, not to mention three volumes of ‘*Drolleries*’ of the *Restoration* for our friend Robert Roberts, of Boston; but the duty of a faithful chronicler laid on the Editor the burden of fearlessly unveiling the pictures of levity and vice among both localized and unlocalized ‘Female Ramblers,’ who wrought mischief to themselves and to their gallants in the Stuart times. It was no light sport, no shooting at a toy popinjay on gala days, but an incidental task. The subject may better suit a laboratory or dissecting-room, with a plentiful use of the scalpel and disinfectants. Faugh! it is nearly over, your worships, except a few other so-called ‘Ladies of Pleasure.’ There had not been more wickedness and folly of old than are in our later days. On the contrary, we believe Sir Thomas Browne, the worthy physician of Norwich, was right, as usual, when he wrote ‘Of some relations whose truth we fear’: “Men count it venial to err with their forefathers, and foolishly conceive they divide a sin in its society”: “This is one thing that may make latter ages worse than were the former; for the vicious examples of ages past poison the curiosity of these present.” (*Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, VII, cap. xix.) The world tends to become worse, instead of better. Happier lives were spent of old. When innocent pleasures were suppressed, by the rebel Ironsides, people turned to grosser debauchery:

“ But the sin ye do by two and two, ye must pay for one by one.”

In 1667, our “Dear Little Village on Thames” was newly recovering from both Plague and Fire. It gave no promise or threat that it would grow to the unwieldy bulk of two centuries later. Jaded libertines sang warmly in praise of ‘Country Innocence,’ envying the homespun lovers of guileless maidens. (See p. 697.) Vice was rare in the lonesome glades. In lives of outdoor toil there is comparative security. Idleness and luxury always tend towards the downward slope. Yet the sordid cares of poverty leave no more room for true purity to linger in humble lives than the unblushing prodigality of wealth can do, with its hardening selfishness and waste. Compare ‘The Country Man’s Paradise,’ on p. 709.

[Pepys Collection, V, 210 ; Madden, I, 434 ; and Lindes., 596.]

The Two Entire Lovers ;

Or,

The Young-Man and Maid's care and grief crown'd with Joy and Comfort.

TO AN EXCELLENT NEW AYRE [BY SHAW : *Three lines of Music given*].

I Lov'd you dearly once, 'tis true, but now (thank Heaven !) I'm free ;
And as my Love was scorn'd by you, so yours is now by me.
In vain you do expose your charms, my heart for to surprise,
Which [is prepar'd for all alarms, and] can withstand your eyes.

Did not I oftentimes intreat, your favours to obtain ?
And likewise bowed to your feet ; but then 'twas all in vain.
When first you forced a laugh at Love, I found you most untrue ;
But, since you do inconstant prove, I'll do the same to you.

When hand in hand we us'd to walk, no joys were like to this ;
You told me that I had your heart, and seal'd it with a kiss.
You swore the Rocks should move, e'er you 'd your faith betray.
Then I was so [w]rapp'd up in Love, my senses fled away.

Farewell, false-hearted Woman ! so cruel unto me ;
Long have I been betray'd by you, and lost my liberty ;
But now I am resolved hereafter to beware :
No faithless woman ever shall again my heart ensnare.

There's nothing so disloyal proves as faithless Woman-kind,
For they are never true to Love, but fickle as the wind.
They have a pretty Art, to dart you with their eyes ;
But when they've gain'd your heart, they will your Love despise.

Young men I'd have you all take care, and do not fall in Love ;
For if you like a face that's fair, she may disloyal prove.
[Since], to my grief, I find, my Love she is untrue, [text, For.
But I'll no more trust Woman-kind, but bid them all adieu.

The Maid's Answer to the Entire Lover. TO THE SAME TUNE.

MY Dear, why dost thou so exclaim, against poor Woman-kind ?
Leave off, I pray, and blush for shame ! for, of a truth, we find
Young men flatter, cog and lye, dissemble and betray,
And guilty are of perjury, as much, or more than they.

You say you lov'd me well at first ! Then what can be the cause
You slight me now ? Was I unjust ? Did I offend the Laws
Of Loyal Love in any case ? Now, for a truth, I see,
Some other Beauty you embrace, and lay the fault on me,

Who ne'er was guilty in the least of any small offence;
 And as my sorrows are encreas'd, kind Heaven's influence
 Support my heart, my spirits raise, and crown me with content:
 For sure, young men have many ways to wrong the Innocent.

A thousand solemn Vows they 'll make, of faith and loyalty;
 And gold between them oft is broke, in Love to live and die:
 Yet having gain'd the virgin's heart, and much encreas'd her flame,
 She's left to undergo the smart: he glories in the same,

Taking a pride in their distress, whilst sorrow they endure;
 A greater piece of wickedness was never acted, sure.
 Some has gone bleeding to the grave, and some distracted run;
 Some tomb'd within the watery wave: this Perjur'd Men have done.

We are to blame, perhaps you 'll say, in granting Love too soon;
 I tell you, some that does betray comes morning, night, and noon.
 Nay, as they soon our Presence 'go, both sigh and weep they can:
 We are not wise enough to know the false Deceit of Man.

Thanks to my stars I have not been so Ignorant, but I
 Have all those snares of Folly seen, and kept my Chastity,
 Pure and unspotted, like the Dove. You could not get the Field;
 Therefore you said I did not love, because I would not yield.

I hate the motion which you made, and evil actions all;
 My Innocence is not betray'd, nor never, never shall.
 Wherefore you may prepare, for why? your hopes are all in vain:
 A Maid I vow to live and die, e'er I 'll my honour stain. *Finis.*

Printed for *P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.* [1687.]

[Black-letter. Woodcut, two lovers seated under a tree. Compare p. 689.]

Brought among these 'Female Ramblers' to mark *the tune of*
 'The Shepherd's Ingenuity,' on p. 689, the ballad lifts us into
 a healthier atmosphere, by showing an intelligent Maiden, who
 preserves alike her honour and her sweetness.

The foundation of the broadside version, '*Two Entire Lovers*,' is a song
 without title in Henry Playford's *Banquet of Musick*, vol. i, p. 13, 1687. The
 first stanza reads, "Which is prepar'd for all alarms, and can," etc. This is
 better than the broadside corrupted text: "*was the cause[r] of my harms, but now*
I can," etc. *B. of M.* continues thus:—

"Not all your feigned sighs, or tears, my Pity e'er can move;
 Who once gets free from Beauty's snares, is mad again to love.
 No, *Cloe*! now my heart's my own, and so it shall remain;
 I value not your smile or frown, your favour or disdain." *Finis.*

[Roxburghe Collection, II, 426 ; Douce, II, 205, *verso* ; Lindesiana, 71.]

The Shepherd's Ingenuity ;

Or,

The Praise of the Green-Gown.

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Two Entire Lovers* [see p. 687].

Licensed according to Order.



Amongst the pleasant shady Bowers, as I was passing on,
I saw the springing grass and flowers was gently pressed down ;
Then streight I thought unto my self, " Whoever here has been,
I'm sure some gentle Shepherdess hath gotten a Gown of Green."

Long may that Shepherdess enjoy that pleasant Robe of Love,
And eke the Swain that gave it her, that he may constant prove ;
For all the robes that Ladies wear, which ever I have seen,
Not one of them can now compare to the sweet Gown of Green.

Some for to gain their Ladies' love will give them chains and rings ;
Some give them fans and fancies too, but these are foolish things.
If you would fain her love obtain, let this be your endeavour,
To give her a fair Gown of Green, and then she's yours for ever.

When as my *Celia* fair and I did meet upon the Down,
Our study only was to try to fit her in a Gown.
She found the fairest fashion then, as ever yet was seen ;
She did become it passing well : *'t was a fine Gown of Green.*

The Gown which I gave her of late was almost out of hue,
 Therefore I resolved straight to make another new;
 The stuff lay ready then to cut, the board was tight and clean,
 So to the work my hands I put, *to shape this Gown of Green.*

My arms I clasped round my Love, to take her measure true; [drew;
 She, fearing I would wanton prove, then straightwayes backwards
 With her small waiste I closed fast, as we two Twins had been:
 She, strug'ling, catch'd a fall, at last, *to shape this Gown of Green.*

She asked me, "Is this the way, in shaping of a gown?"
 "Yes, if you'd have it neat and gay, 'tis done by lying down,
 Taking your measure handsomely, to make it strait and e'en:
 A lively posture of a Maid, *to shape a Gown of Green.*"

I rais'd her from the tender grass, to view her noble dress:
 She thought herself a handsome Lass; in troth, I thought no less.
 Her Beauty in this robe did shine, more bright than *Flora's* Queen:
Now Lasses, if you would be fine, put on the Gown of Green.

Now, all you little pretty maids, that covets to go brave, [may have.
 Frequent the meadows, groves, and shades, where you those garbs
 When *Flora's* coverlid she spreads, then *Bridget, Kate, and Jane,*
May change their silly maiden-heads for curious Gowns of Green.

Finis.

Printed for *P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.*

[Black-letter. Three woodcuts: 1st, the Shepherd with crook, as in vol. vii, p. 413; 2nd, grim lady of vol. vii, 203; 3rd, the couple sitting on a bed, vol. vii, p. 458. Date, *circa* 1682-8. Burton's cut on p. 689 is for p. 694.]

No less popular than the taunts about 'digging gravel' (p. 661), or 'riding the stang' at the festival of the Skimmington (p. 704), was another oft-recurring jest of the olden times, a well-understood allusion to wearing a 'Green-Gown.' The choice song with this burden, *circa* 1635, in one of the Restoration *Drolleries*, was sung to the tune of *Hunting the Hare* (*i.e.* the ballad beginning, "Songs of Sonnets and rusticall roundelays": *Popular Music*, p. 323). The original is in the *Antidote against Melancholy*, 1661, called '*The Green Gown.*' It was prolonged to a ballad, entitled '*The Fetching Home of May,*' and is reprinted in vol. iii, p. 312.

"*PAN*, leave piping, the Gods have done feasting,
 There's never a Goddess a hunting to-day:
 Mortals marvel at *Coridon's* jesting, ['jeasting.'
 That gives them assistance to entertain *May*.
 The lads and the lasses, with scarves on their faces,
 So lively as pusses, trip over the Down: [p.=hares.
 Much mirth and sport they make, running at *Barley-Break*:
 Lord! what haste they make for a *Green-Gown*!

"John with Gillian, Harry with Francis,
 Meg with Mary, and Robin with Will;
 George and Margery lead all the dances,
 For they were reported to have the best skill.
 But Cicely and Nanny, the fairest of many,
 That came last of any from out of the town,
 Quickly got in among the midst of all the town,
 They so much did long for their *Green Gown*."

An earlier allusion to the *Green-gown* and dancing the *Hay* was in *Choice Drollery*, 1656: "Down lay the Shepherd swain" (cf. p. 663).

To sport it on the merry downe, to daunce the lively *Haye*; [*a.l.* trip.
 To wrastle for a *Green-gowne*, in heate of all the daye;
 Never would she say me no, yet me thought I had thô [thô = then.
 Never enough of her *hye nonny nonny noe*.

But gonne she is! the blithest lasse that ever trod on plaine;
 What ever hath betided her, blame not the Shepherd Swayne.
 For why? She was her owne foe, and gave her selfe the overthroe,
 By being so franke of her *hye nonny nonny noe*. **Finis.**

To Robert Guy's "Longing Shepherdess," known as "*Laddy, lie near me!*" we return in *Additional Notes* (see also vol. vii, p. 322).

[Pepys Collection, III, 59; Douce Coll., I, 119.]

The Longing Shepherdess; or, Lad[d]y, lie near me.

ALl in the moneth of *May*, when all things blossom,
 As in my bed I lay, sleep it grew loathsome;
 Up I rose and did walk, over yon mountains,
 Through [the high hills] and dales, over rocks and fountains.
 I heard a voice to say, "*Sweet-heart, come chear me!*
Thou hast been long away. Lad[d]y, lye near me!"

Down by yon river's side and surging billows,
 A pleasant Grove I spide, well set with willows;
 In it a Shepherdess singing most clearly,
 And still her note it was, "*Lad[d]y, lye near me!*
Come away, do not stay; sweet-heart, come cheer me!" etc.

"Sweet-heart, thou stay'st too long, *Phœbus* is watching;
Aurora with her steeds is fast approaching.
 She doth her chariot mount, which much do fear me: [=fright.
 Each hour a year I count, till you lye near me.
Come away, do not stay; sweet-heart, and cheer me," etc.

Hymen keeps holiday; Love, take thy pleasure!
Cupid hath thrown away his bow and quiver;
Boreas doth gently blow, least I should fear him,
 Yet dare I not to stay alone to hear him.
 "Come away, do not stay, sweet-heart, and chear me!
 Thou hast been long away. *Laddy, lye near me!*" etc.

By R[obert] G[uy].

Printed for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, and *J. Wright*.

[Black-letter. Three cuts: 1st, man, iii, 492; 2nd, lady with rose, vii, 279;
 3rd, departure of the Duchess of Suffolk, i, 288. Date, before 1681.]

All poetry of sentiment and expression degenerates into vulgar dulness, when reduced to the common denominator of the populace. The masses = ‘them asses’! Robert Guy’s original (our p. 691) sinks into Ritson’s *North-Country Chorister*, at Durham, in 1802.

Laddy, Lye Near Me.

AS I walked over hills, dales, and high mountains,
 I heard a Lad and a Lass making acquaintance;
 Making acquaintance, and singing so clearly:
 “Long have I lain alone; Laddy, lye near me!
 Near me, near me, Laddy, lye near me! [passim.
 Long have I lain alone; Laddy, lye near me!”
 “What if I lay thee down, Lassie, my deary?”
 “Cannot I rise again? Laddy, lye near me!”
 “If I get thee with bairn, Lassie, my deary!”
 “Cannot I nurse the same? Laddy, lye near me!”
 “I’ll never marry thee, Lassie, my deary.”
 “Do as thou wilt,” said she; “Laddy, lye near me!”
 “What will thy parents say, Lassie, my dearie?”
 “Never mind, let us play. Laddy, lye near me!”

Hamlet declared that “Frailty, thy name is woman!” Young men found “To this conclusion must we come at last!” Two-thirds of all the sensual temptations came from the girls, ever since the Flood—and certainly before it.

To the Tune of, *The Bonny Grey-eyed Morn.*

’TIS Woman that seduces all mankind;
 By her we first are taught the wheedling arts;
 Her very eyes can cheat: when most she’s kind,
 She tricks us of our money with our hearts.
 For her, like wolves, by night we rove for prey,
 And practice ev’ry fraud to bribe her charms:
 For suits of Love, like law, are won by pay,
 And Beauty must be fee’d into our arms.”

—JOHN GAY’S *Beggar’s Opera*, 1727.

In five ballads of the Roxburghe Collection (II, 207 and 538; III, 277, 353, 366), the wantonness of a nymph displays itself, seeking her own ruin. Such ‘creatures’ have the depraved mind that solicits dishonour. (Cf. pp. 721, 722.) Burns quoted the old Scots song, ‘Had I the wyte? *She bade me!*’ Three are entitled, severally, ‘The Unsatisfied Lover’s Lamentation’; ‘Have at a Venture’; and ‘A Homely Dialogue’ (pp. 693–5): all girls of unruly passions. Others (on pp. 710–8) display the mercenary greed of proclaimed hirelings, misnamed ‘Ladies of Pleasure.’ Theirs is the double ministration of Evil Women, amateurs and professionals: neither class extinct or evanescent.

This “Unsatisfied” wanton Lass is doomed to follow the evil sisterhood of Yoel and Wiltshire. We put her out of suspense. She is quite as clamorous as the Four Wenches were; as unreasonable and immodest as the Three. Let her take her place in the Dock.

[Roxburghe Collection, II, 538 ; Huth, II, 130.]

The Unsatisfied Lover's Lamentation.

This hapless Lass, in discontent, laments and makes her moan ;
And is with sorrow almost spent, because she lies alone.

TUNE OF, *Hey, Boys, up go we !* [See vol. iv, p. 264, " Now, now, the Tories."]

THIS twenty years and more that I have liv'd a single life,
Wanting a young-man's company, and can't be made a Wife :
Oh ! could I find some brisk young Lad, one bout with me to try,
'Twould ease my heart, that now is sad, *and hey, boys, down I'le lye.*

Unfortunate indeed am I, unmarried to remain ;
Ten thousand sighs, at least, have I spent, sent, but all in vain ;
And whosoever asketh me, 'tis sure I 'le ne'r deny,
Who am in [sore] necessity, *and hey, boys, down I'le lye.*

Had I ten thousand pounds in Gold, I'd give it for a touch ;
Or Jewels, more than e'er were sold, I'd think them not too much ;
But freely I would give them all, to ease my malady :
Come, *Jack or Will*, and take your fill, *for hey, boys, down I'le lye.*

And sport as long as you think good, then lie you down and rest :
If this by [you] were understood, I then should sure be blest.
Then come away, for pitty sake, one bout with me to try ;
With[ou]t I wed, my heart will break], *then hey, boys, down I'le lye.*

With kisses and embraces sweet, your courage I'le refresh,
To make my happiness compleat, [enthrall'd] by [Cupid's m]esh :
Come, come, with speed, and [stay my n]eed, or else for love I dye ;
I sigh and mo[a]n, and sadly groan, *that hey, boys, down would lye.*

Was ever any loving Girle like me left in distress ?
The thing which some do count a Pearl, there's nothing I love less.
My maidenhead I do not esteem : would it were gone ! say I :
I shall be vext, and much perplex, *till hey, boys, down I lye.*

There's not a Lass, I do believe, in Country or in City,
That wanting [love] did so much grieve, and yet did find less pitty.
My very sheets each night I gnaw, and like one mad am I ;
Yet shall not rest, but be oppress, *till hey, boys, down I lye.*

'T were better I had been unborn, than such a life to live,
That young-men all, both great and small, deny relief to give.
By nature I am not so foule, or shapelesse, to the eye :
Then give some case to this disease, *and hey, boys, down I'le lye.*

Such wanton thoughts possess my mind, by night and eke by day,
That sometimes I am half inclin'd to make myself away.
Then I these thoughts do check again ; in time I hope (say I)
[To] find a friend that may extend *his love, then down I lye.*

As yet I hapless do remain, and quite bereav'd of hope :
Were I in either *France or Spain* I'de ask leave of the Pope,
That I might trade with some young blade ; he could not me deny :
Then should I be from torment free, *and hey, boys, down I'de lye.*

Finis.

Printed for *J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger.*

[Black-letter. Four woodcuts : 1st and 2nd are on p. 448 of vol. iv ; 3rd and 4th, on p. 251 of vol. vii. Date, *circa* 1674.]

[Roxb. Coll., II, 207; Pepys, III, 233; Huth, I, 128; Jersey, II, 266 = L., 291.]

Have at a Venture.

The Charms of Love so powerful are, what mortal can withstand?
Or who can say oppose they dare, where *Cupid* bears command?
This Damsel quickly she did yield, the youngster's skill to try:
The twinkling Archer won the field, and then she down did lye.

TUNE OF, *Hey, boys, up go we!* [See vol. iv, p. 264.]

A Countrey Lad and bonny Lass, they did together meet,
And as they did together pass, thus he began to greet:
What I do say I pray mind well, and thus I do begin:
If you would [let me kiss you, *N*]ell, hold up, and I'll [soon w]in!"

"Oh, Sir!" (quoth she), "I love the sport, yet am afraid to try;
And for your love - I thank you for 't - find but conveniency.
My mind I'll tell you by and by, your love my heart doth win;
And presently, I [you will kiss; 't is but a venial s]in."

He clasp'd this Damsel round the waiste, and softly laid her down;
Yea, wantonly he her embrac'd, and her delights did crown:
T[o him] quoth she, "My brisk young Lad, 'tis but a venial sin!
For I should soon have run right mad, had you not p[ray'd to w]in."

The sport he did so close pursue that he was quickly tired,
But when he did her beauty view, his heart again was fired;
He came on with such fresh supplies he did her favour win,
And, finding Babies in her Eyes, he bravely [look'd there]in. [Note.*]

"What pleasure is there like to this!" the Damsel then did cry;
"I've heard them talk of Lovers' bliss: oh! what a foole was I
So long to live a maid e're I did this same sport begin!
This death I now could freely die. *I prathe* [loose or w]in!"

She seem'd at last to be content, and glad at heart was he:
His youthful strength was almost spent, so brisk a Lass was she.
He vow'd he never was so match'd, nor ne'r shall be agen:
And for that time they both dispatch'd, though he had [sworn to w]in.

But when she from him parted was, thus she began to cry:
"Was ever any wanton Lass in such a case as I?
He that hath got my [kiss" (she said)] "I ne'r shall see again!
And now my heart is almost dead, to think [love is in vain]."

"But yet, it had the sweetest taste that ever mortal knew!
Our time we did not vainly waste; believe me, this is true.
Should I e're see my bonny Lad, I'd venture once again,
And let the world account me mad, [pleasure is paid with pain.]"

Finis.

Printed for *J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger.*

[Black-letter. Three woodcuts: 1st, the girl, iv, 447; 2nd, the man, iv, 448;
3rd, reverse of couple, iii, 507. Date, circa 1674.]

* Note.—He saw himself mirrored in her eyes. Thus Herrick, *Hesperides*,
"Or, those Babies in your eyes, in their crystal nunneries" Drayton has this
also, "While in their crystal eyes he doth for *Cupids* look."—*Polyolbion*, xi.

[Roxburghe Collection, III, 353. Apparently unique. See *Note*.]

A Homely Dialogue, betwixt a Young Woman and her Sweet-heart.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE, *Alace ! poor thing* [= *A loving Husband*, etc. *Note*].

AS I was walking forth, I chanced for to see
A young man and a maid, but they did not know me.
She, being in the merry vein, did chick him under the Chin,
And, smiling in his face, she cry'd, "*Alace ! poor thing.*"

She, by his love and complements, did understand and find
That she might safely let him know and understand her mind ;
Pretending for to stumble, on the ground her self did fling,
And said, "Sweet-heart, I fell by chance. *Alace ! poor thing.*"

This young-man, standing still a while, ev'n for a little space,
Then finding opportunity, and a convenient place,
Underneath her shady bowers, close by a pleasant spring, [t. shadow.
Upon the Maid hi[s] eyes] he threw. *Alace ! poor thing.*

I could not choose but laugh, to see these two so close employ'd ;
This young-man was contented, the maid was overjoyed.
Expressing of her love to him, she close to him did cling ;
Then, smiling in his face, she said, "*Alace ! poor thing.*"

It was not long before this youth was tyred with that sport ;
And laid him down to rest a while, and drew his breath full short.
She turn'd to him, and kissed him, and close to him did cling,
Then, smiling in his face, she cry'd, "*Alace ! poor thing.*"

She finding him in fainting fits, then she began to weep,
And with her hands she [playful hits], to keep this youth from sleep.
"Thy weaknesse" (said she unto him) doth make my veins to sting :
Come, fie for shame ! rouse up thy self ! *Alace ! poor thing.*

"The Souldier that doth venture, he ventures in the Field, [Cf. p. 696.
Altho' that first repulse he get, the day he will not yield,
But cast about, and charge again, and take the other fling :
I'll do my best to second thee. *Alace ! poor thing.*"

Finis.

[Black-letter. No colophon. Woodcut, described in vol. vii, 378. Date, c. 1669.]

* * A longer version, twelve stanzas, is signed S. B., in Pepys Coll., III, 137 ;
Douce, II, 155 : viz. 'The Mourning Conquest,' unsigned in Bagford Coll.

TO THE TUNE OF, *A loving Husband will not be unto his Wife unkind.*

As I did walk abroad one time, I chanced for to see, etc. [*As above.*]

The young man very bashful was, but had a good intent, [Bagford second.
He lov'd the Maid with all his heart, but knew not what she meant ;
And much ado she had, poor heart, this Young-man for to bring
Unto her bow, which made her cry, "*Alas ! poor thing.*"

[Five stanzas follow, nearly identical with Roxb. : then this eighth.]

And coming to himself again, his face lookt wondrous wan,
Wishing he were as strong as when he first with her began :
And in a rage, he swore, he thought no Woman e'er could bring
A man so weak, which made him cry, "*Alas ! poor thing.*"

Quoth she, "Sweet heart, the Souldier that doth venture in the Field," etc.

This agrees with our final stanza. Three additional stanzas, of no merit, tell of his fresh temptation, failure, and dismissal in disgrace. 'The Mourning Conquest' was reprinted entirely in *Bayford Ballads*, pp. 447, 448, 1877; it being in Bagf. Coll., II, 135; Rawlinson, 35, etc. Printed for F. Coles, Vere, Wright, Thackeray, and Passenger, *circa* 1674.

¶ Of another saucy ballad (probably by John Lookes, and at the same date published by some of the associates named above), 'The High-prized Pin-Box,' five copies remain. (Reprinted on p. 713.) For many of better note we hunt in vain, or clutch a fragment. 'Orwell' writes—

"Strange doom! high wisdom wreck'd and lost, or just a splinter drifts ashore,
Through dark and stormy ages tost, to make us grieve there is no more;
And such as this big dullard, he, gets handed down safe to this day—
The heir-loom of stupidity, to make us grieve another way."



The Politick Country-man.

"I've lost my Mistress, Horse, and Wife;
But when I think of human life,
I'm glad it is no worse:
My Wife was ugly and a Scold,
My Mistress was grown lean and old;
I'm sorry for my Horse!"

—*Epitaphium Uxoris*, 1769.

THERE were, in 1671, many unscrupulous and depraved women, without honour or modesty, who contaminated all persons by their influence. Such a woman is fatal, as Tennyson's *Guinevere*.

"She, like a new disease, unknown to men,
Creeps, no precaution used, among the crowd,
Makes wicked lightnings of her eyes, and saps
The fealty of our friends, and stirs the pulse
With devil's leaps, and poisons half the young."

Churlish and brutal husbands found no welcome at Horn-Fair; they were spectators, and mockers of the Hen-pecked.

At Charlton 'Horn-Fair' (pp. 661 to 668), it was against the impotent staveling, the flouted and bastinadoed 'Poor Anthony' of the *Drolleries*, the broken prodigal of 'Mirth for Citizens' (p. 699), or the betricked and fleeced 'Tom the Taylor,' that public scorn was directed. So was it against the Pinchwife and Fondlewife of Restoration dramatists, Wycherley and Congreve. In the pillory of literature their share of addled eggs and dead kittens was perennially abundant. Sanctimonious puritans, exclusionists, 'Protestant brisk boys,' and Dutch William's factious Revolutionists, who yelled forth "*Let Mary live long!*" monopolized the odium of cuckoldom. They formed an overwhelming majority of 'Bull-feather' tradesmen—if half the tales were true.

In contrast to the disreputable gang of 'Female Ramblers,' and evil wives, it is good to remember such a generous and virtuous 'Country Lass' as the one described by 'The Politick Country-man': a stanza was quoted on p. 561. Another such Maid is on p. 682.

[Case 22, e. 2, fol. 163; Huth, II, 57; Jersey, I, 360 = Lindes., 1069.]

The Politick Country-man :

Plainly setting forth the many misfortunes of those men who have miss'd of their aims in choosing a Wife; also discovering the vast difference between the *London Mistresses* and the *Country Dames*.

TUNE OF, *Hey, boys, up go we*; or, [*Ah !*] *Jenny gin*. [See vol. iv, 264; vi, 178.]



Since Women they are grown so bad, I 'le lead a single life;
Not one in ten there 's to be had will make a careful wife:
Therefore I think 'tis best for me single for to remain:
For some are bound and would be free; but wishes are in vain. [Cf. p. 677.]

One man he hath a Scolding Wife, that ne'er will quiet be,
But wearies him out of his life: oh! what ill luck had he,
To marry one whose wretched tongue doth cause him to complain,
But knows not how to ease his wrong, *since mourning is in vain.*

Another [man] hath a Drunken Wife, that spends all she comes near,
And drunkenness oft breedeth strife, it plainly doth appear;
And let him chide her all he can, a Sott she will remain,
And he cannot be freed again, *all vexing is in vain.*

Another hath a Wanton One, whose lust he can't suffice;
And good men are too oft undone by such, whose rowling eyes
On all men gaze; as if they could by looks their wills obtain,
And never will do what they should; *good Counsell is in vain.*

Another hath an idle pack, that will not get her Bread,
Nor keep good Clothes upon her back, but loves to lie in bed :
Good Counsell she doth still refuse, reproof she doth disdain ;
Her friends she strangely will abuse, *that checks her, though in vain.*

But he that with a Slut doth meet, hath the worst luck of all :
She stinks as she doth walk the street ; her "nasty beast !" they call.
And if you strive to make her neat, then will she scold amain ;
That with her you dare hardly eat, *to help this 't is in vain.*

Then you that have good careful Wives, esteem them as a prize ;
Tender them as you do your lives, or Apple of your eyes :
For it a certain Treasure proves, and Love will there remain,
There's nothing that their love removes ; *all strivings are in vain.*

Oh ! give to me the Countrey Lass, that loves the Milking-pail ;
For she'll be constant, and, alas ! nought can with her prevail :
She loves the man that drives the Plow, and sometimes sows the grain :
He that to her doth make a vow, *his love is not in vain.*

The lusty Lad that stoutly Mows, he loves the Dairy-maid ;
She's constant, wheresoe'er she goes, no wantonness is play'd :
All looseness she doth clear despise, and l[eud]ness doth disdain : [t. loose.
The Plowman she doth Idolize, *she loves, but not in vain.*

Now to conclude, and speak my mind, pray count it not a jest !
Observe, and you shall closely find a Countrey Lass is best ;
For she is clear, without deceit, and constant will remain :
He that with such a girle doth meet, *his love is not in vain.*

Printed for *J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackery* [sic], and *T. Passenger.*

[Black-letter. Five woodcuts : 1st, the weak-legged man, and 2nd, girl, with hand on a tree, both in vol. iii, p. 537 ; 3rd, the silly youth, with house, iii, 540 ; 4th, countryman, and 5th, country-woman, not copied. Date, *circa* 1682.]

BIRTH for CITIZENS.

"Room for Cuckolds, here comes a Company !
Room for Unthrifts, *St. George* is at hand,
With his idolaters, drest up in costly furs,
And their rich colours, that lately were pawn'd.
Bald pates and periwigs, high plumes and topping sprigs,
See how they dance their rigs, thorough the *Strand*."

— *A Sonnet : Choyce Poems*, 1658, p. 76.

THE next case called at our Roxburghe Court proves to be the prosecution of an old offender, one ABRAHAM MILES. He had been often convicted, and was as incorrigible as the 'Female Ramblers.' Neither the venerated Chappellaine Gulielmus nor the Molassian Prior could work his amendment. He wrote various libels, such as 'The Dubbed Knight of the Forked-Order' (vol. iv, p. 367, where a list of his offences is given), besides 'The Beating of the Drum at *Tidcome*' (Tetworth, 1662)—"All you that fear the Lord"; and 'A Relation of the Great Fire in *Lothbury*, 1662,' beginning, "Give thanks, rejoice, all you that are secure." Tune of, *Fortune my Foe, or, Aim not too high.* Printed for E. Andrews.

[Roxburgh Collection, II, 328; Pepys, IV, 117; Jersey, II, 107 = Lind., 507;
Case 22, e. 2, art. 65.]

Birth for Citizens; Or, A Comedy for the Country.

Shewing a Young Farmer his unfortunate marriage,
His wife is so churlish and currish in carriage;
He married her for beauty, for 's own delight;
Now he repents it, both day and night.
By phisignomy adviseth young-men that at wenches skip,
To be sure to look [at wedlock] before that they leap:
To leap at a venture, and catch a fall,
Raising the forehead, [will] break horns and all.

TUNE OF, [*I am*] *Ragged* [*and*] *torn, and true.* [See p. 555; and vol. ii, 409.]



HHEY, boys, my Father's dead, and what need I to fear?
With gold and silver I am sped, and have fifty pounds a year.
Then why should I be single? I will not lead the life;
My gold and silver doth gingle, a wooing I 'le go for a Wife.
Sure thrice happy am I, if I obtain this Bride;
There is none can her come nigh in all the whole world beside.

A dainty fine Lass I know, as ever *England* bred;
Her skin is as white as snow, and her hair of a crimson red:
She lives but in our Town, she is vertuous, chaste, and wise:
If I win her, my joys are crown'd, besides a matchless prize.
Sure thrice happy [am I, if I obtain this Bride], etc.

I 'le get her Father's good will, and Mother's too beside;
Then next I 'le try my skill to win this lovely Bride;
I 'le hug her, and buss her, and kiss her, in her lies all my pride,
As *Conventicle Dick* serv'd his 'sister' and t'other [folk] too beside. [*Sure, etc.*]

She hath two hundred pound to her portion, and a great deal of Land; [*t. and l.*]
Thus shall I come quick to promotion, for love I take her by the hand!
[Thus it hap'd] when I went to be married, I was in the height of my prid';
Brave gallants on horseback w[ere] carried, to accompany me and my Bride.

Oh, we had a gallant brave Wedding indeed, and delicate dishes store;
Those were welcome which were of our bidding, but little we minded the poor;
O we had both Sack and Canary, and the Musick bravely did play;
O then I drank Sack and Sherry: I thought it would never be day.
Sure thrice happy was I, that I have obtain'd this Bride;
There's none can to her come nigh in all the whole world beside.

The Second Part. TO THE SAME TUNE.

WHEN I and my Bride [went to] bed, on my wedding-day at night,
 My fancies with pleasures she fed, for I had my full delight.
 She [could teach in] *Venus's* school, and with me she did daddle;
 But I, a young puny fool, [knew nothing of curb or] saddle.
 But then, on the morrow morn, O she laughed me to scorn;
 She drank Sack and Canary in silver, and made me drink out of a horn!
 But when our wedding did cease, and our brave banquets were done,
 My joys did quickly decrease, and my sorrows soon after begun.
 She told me she would be Master, and all the whole household guide:
 I told her it gave disaster; she said it should quickly be try'd:
 Then against her I took stick, thinking she durst not come nigh:
 With a cudgel my bones she did lick, that for pardon I quickly did cry.
 She's grown so devilish curst, and in it she takes a pride,
 Makes nothing my head to burst, and bang my bones besides;
 She makes me to go to plough, ditch, hedge, and thresh beside;
 And, "*Jack*, come serve the sow!"—to this slavery I'm ty'd.
 [Tho'] I do get up in a morn, and for her make a fire,
 I'm a cuckold and laugh'd to scorn, a holly-crab pays my hire.
 Then, [before] her clothes she gets on her, Sugar-sops must ready be;
 And I, forsooth, wait on her, with bowing [low] on my knee.
 At Dinner she is [grown so] stout, that by her I must now stand,
 To wait with a Napkin on my arm, and a Trencher in my hand.
 Some desire I may them pledge, and she is full of hate;
 If I kiss not my hand, and make a leg, she lays me over the pate.
 Another thing troubles my head, and grieves me worse than this,
 When her Comrade is wish[ing] me dead, I must [never take it am]iss;
 I must draw her a cup of long tipp[le], if it be a cold frosty night,
 Or she beats me as lame as a cripple: O the Bull's-pizel doth me fright!
 She kicks me about the house, and puts me in bodily fears;
 I dare not say '*Dun is the mouse!*' she pinches me through the ears.
 She makes Horns at me, and doth slight me, and makes me a *Jackanokes*;
 She kicks me, she pricks me, and bites me: O! I feel her devilish strokes.
 I wish young-men hereafter be not too quick in wooing their wives;
 And beware of red-hair disaster, or repeat it all days of their lives.
 Chuse a wench of a dark brown hair, and one of a middle size;
 Cole-black will fill thee with care, and others [than husbands she'll prize].
Sure thrice happy [was] I, [until] I obtain'd this Bride;
There's none can her come nigh in all the whole world beside.

Abraham Miles.

¶ The pretty by-names this young woman hath for her Husband:
 a *Simple Simon*, a *Tom Nichols*, *Jack Adams*; a Muddy-brained
 Cuckold, a Hopping *Dick*, a *Nicknindigo*, the Devil's Turnspit.
 Here follows his portion of Dyet, for several days of the week:
 of a *Monday*, if he rises not betimes in the morning, instead of
 posset she comes up with a Holly Crab, and pays him about in
 his shirt; on *Tuesdays*, she bangs his back with a good cudgel;
 on *Wednesdays*, she kicks his breech, and lugs his ears, instead of
 feeding him with Beef and Sauce; on *Thursdays*, *Fridays*, and
Saturdays, she pays his back with a Bull's pizle, till he cries,
 "*O, good Wife, I will never do so no more!*"

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden Ball, in Py[e]-corner.

[Black-letter. Four woodcuts: 1st, the Cornuto, vol. vii, p. 204; 2nd, Louis XIII and Marie de' Medici, vii, 548; 3rd, helmed head, *Cuthred*, p. 714; 4th, the noseless scroll, p. 699. Date, soon after 1671.]

For a Spendthrift to sink into a slavish digger of gravel, and 'Ride the Stang,' appears incongruous; but Abraham Miles knew the Seamy Side of life too well to make a mistake.

Impotent men found no commiseration when they presumed to marry. Their insulted wives might ask them awkward questions—as did the innocent Blanche, Messire Bruyn's lady, in Balzac's *Le Péché Véniel*: "You must have fought the battles of love very early, to be thus completely broken up?" Or, as in the original—

"Blanche dit au vieux Bruyn: 'Je pense,' seit elle, 'que vous avez deu faire des armes en amour de bon matin, pour estre ainsy pieçà ruiné.'"—*Les Contes Drolatiques*.

Apparently unique is a ballad entitled 'The Married Man's Complaint, who took a Shrow instead of a Saint.' To the tune of, *Come off my mother, sirrah* (Cupid's cry: see *Addit. Notes* = 'Honesty is Honesty.' The same tune was earlier known as *Thomas, you cannot*: see *Percy Folio MS.*, iv, 116). It begins:

"Was ever poor man mistaken so, in choosing a wife at a venture? [her.

I thought her a Saint, she prov'd a Shrow, I think 'twas Old Nick that sent
For all that doth glister is not gold, a fair young maiden may prove a Seold;
Therefore let not young men be too bold:

For I wish I had never been married, been married,

For I wish I had never been married."

Printed for R. Burton, circa 1655. (Douce Coll., II, 150.) Woodcut of a 'Fight for the Breeches,' and two more of the Death's-Dance cuts, viz., 2nd, Lady with baby on her arm, repulsing a skeleton; 3rd, another skeleton (Death leading a robed man: vol. iv, p. 754). Compare vol. iii, p. 620.



[The Lady alone belongs to p. 656.]



[Both cuts suit p. 700.]

[Huth Coll., II, 147, *vo.* ; C. 22, e. 2, fol. 204 ; Jer., I, 176 = Lind., 695.]

The Westminster Frolick ; or, A Cuckold is a Good Man's Fellow.

A wanton wife that loved a relishing Bit,
In *Westminster* the same then she did get ;
And it is now concluded so together,
Her Husband must be fain to wear Bull's-feather. [iii, 418.
But yet the youngster he did not do well :
Ah, silly Fool ! that he must kiss and tell,
She may thank her self, the business *is so bad* ;
Play with a man, ne'r trust a tell-tale lad.

TUNE OF, *Hey, boys, slap goes she* ; or, *Alas ! poor thing.* [pp. 478, 692]

IN *Westminster* there is a Wife, a very noble dame,
And she doth live a merry life with sporting *Venus*' Game ;
But yet her name I will conceal, though she doth backwards fall ;
She doth transgress her Marriage-bed, *and that spoiles all.*

For she did cast a wanton eye upon a lively Youth,
And you shall hear it by and by, we tell it for a truth,
That with a young-man she did lye, to sport and chase and squall :
Pox take her Stease ! they came too low, *and that spoiles all.* [=stays.

And many a day this Young-man came with her to sport and play ;
She was so fir'd with her Gallant, she could not say him nay.
He teu'd her soundly on the bed. She cry'd, " Lad, have at all !
Strike up, I say, my noble Lad, *for that spoiles all.*"

She did the Young-man so insnare, and said her hand was warm,
That he would mount to a full Careir ; I wish he took no harm :
She let him lye at Twick a Twack, when she did [well-nigh] fall ;
The bones in her Stease they did crack, *and that spoyled all.*

" When I 'me in bed, then come, my Lad, the pleasure is so sweet ;
We 'l have a dish of butter'd eggs when we again do meet :
Thou art good metal, I am sure, I will be at thy call ;
Come on, my dear, and do not fear, *for that spoiles all.*

" My bonny Lad, never be sad, with thee I 'le sport and play ;
Ne'r talk of half a Crown a week, I 'le please thee every way.
Thou'st never want while I have account, I will be at thy call ;
Ne'r think upon 't what will come on 't, *for that spoiles all.*"

But he had a soft place in his Crown, as I will make appear ;
To tell it all about the Town, where he went every where,
That she in kindness did excel, he had her at his call ;
But he 's a Clown to kiss and tell, *so that spoiled all.*

Then it came unto her husband['s] ear, how he had sported with his wife :

" Now I am a Cuckold, I do fear, and must be all my life ;
My Neighbour has so forked me, he has had her at his call,
He has plaid too much a[round] her knee, *and that spoiled all.*"

Before her face, to her disgrace, and her Husband, too, was there,
He did declare the very case, that she was Market ware.

Before their Neighbours where they went, he spoke both some and all ;

" She made him to eat some Flesh in Lent, *and that spoiled all.*"

Then the poor contented silly man, he made no farther strife;
Though he must wear the Bull-feather, he 's beholding to his wife;
She has Hornified his head so brave, when she did backwards fall;
The Tell-Tale Lad was but a Knave, *for that spoiled all.*

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden-Ball in Pye-Corner.

[Black-letter. Four woodcuts: 1st, pretty girl wearing a hood, p. 625; 2nd, young man in alcove, vi, 52; 3rd, full-length cuckold, reversed, vii, 204; 4th, old bearded man, hatted, at table, *Bagford Bds.*, p. 973. Date, *circa* 1672.]

¶ This 'Westminster Frolic' was mentioned on p. 478. It is distinct from the Roxburghe Collection, II, 543, with same title. It resembles 'A Pleasant Jigg.'

[Roxb. Coll., II, 258; Pepys, III, 14; Douce, II, 182, *vo.*; Jer., I, 338 = L., 2107.]

A Pleasant Jigg betwixt Jack and his Mistress;

Or, The Young Carman's courage cool'd by the sudden approach
of his Master, who found him too kind to his Mistress.

TUNE OF, *Let Mary live long* (see vol. vii, p. 347). Licensed according to Order.



J W.E.

A Carman of late, who liv'd in the City—a sorrowful Ditty!
His wife was too great with their 'Prentice Boy,
But a swingeing young spark at a wench in the dark;
Now this his Dame knew,
And therefore stout *Johnny*, and therefore stout *Johnny*,
Must tickle her too.

It happen'd one day, his Mistress came to him;
No question she knew him, to be e'ry way a lad for her turn.
"Where's your Master," she cry'd. "With a friend," he reply'd.
She then, void of shame,
Said: "*Johnny*, come kiss me! sweet *Johnny*, come kiss me!
Make much of thy Dame."

"Sweet Mistress, I fear a woful disaster, the wrath of my Master:
If once he should hear I play'd with your lute,
He would liquor my hide." "You're a fool!" she reply'd:

"Take courage, for shame!

O fear not your Master! Boy, fear not your master,
But pleasure your Dame!

"I count it no crime to dally in pleasure; we'll toy out of measure;
'Tis not the first time, nor sha'n't be the last.

Therefore, come on, my Boy, let us pleasure enjoy:

Take courage, for shame!

'Tis sweet recreation, 'tis sweet recreation
To pleasure thy Dame.

"Thy Master, I'll swear, if once he should cavil,
We'll send to dig *Gravel*, with friends at *Horn-Fair*! [See p. 661.

He dare not say no: but at home we will stay,

In order to play the frolicsome game.

Pray do not deny me, *John*, do not deny me,
But pleasure thy Dame!

"Thy co[urage, one t]ells, and w[ell, too,] I know it,
If thou wilt bestow it—for pleasure excells

The best in the Town. Thou art lusty and strong,

And can'st bridle thy tongue:]

Thou here [wilt not slander], thou here wilt not slander,
But] pleasure thy Dame."

His Master, by chance, then being near them, did soon overhear them,
And strait did advance, with fury and rage;

Like a fellow Horn-mad he fell on the lad,

His shoulders he paid:

'Cause *John* in his pasture, 'cause *John* in his pasture
A trespass had made.

"Ah! what hast thou done? So sad a vexation was ne'r in the nation!
Horn-mad I shall run, without all dispute;

Oh, ye villain!" said he, "I will not make you Free,

But bring you to shame!

Because you have wrong'd me, because you have wrong'd me,
And played with your Dame."

[*Cactera desunt.* No colophon. Black-letter. Four cuts: 1st, the man in vol. vi, p. 173; 2nd, woman of vii, 323; 3rd, a boy, given in *Bagford Ballads*, p. 63; 4th, a man, Guy Faux, from iii, 392, right. Jersey exemplar has 'Printed for *J. Buck*, at the *Black-Boy* on *London-Bridge*.' Pepys, 'Printed for *P. Brooksby*, *J. Deacon*, *J. Blare*, *J. Back*.' Date, *circa* 1691. The woodcut on p. 703 belongs to p. 720.]

¶ As in the second 'Westminster Frolic' (p. 702), so is it with this Carman's Wife, in the husband's absence. The shrewish wife of a broken spendthrift, making 'Mirth for Citizens' (p. 699), would be equally ready to inveigle a raw youth, whether the "tell-tale lad" or Jack the Knave, to "a Pleasant Jig." Each woman deserved to get an ovation of rough music—pots and pans—marrow-bones and cleavers, *tan-ran-ran* from her indignant neighbours at a *Skimmington*. Butler described it in his *Hudibras*, Part II, canto ii, 1667.



The Lovers' Battle.

"From *Paphos* Isle, so famed of old, I come,
To raise recruits, with merry fife and drum:
The Queen of Beauty here by me invites
Each nymph and swain to taste of sweet delights.
Obey the call, and seek the happy land
Where Captain *Cupid* bears the sole command."

— *Cupid's Recruiting Sergeant*, 1770: see *Note*, and p. 706.

THOMAS ROBINS wrote the next following ballad, 'The Lovers' Battle.' Many of his other works, so far as known, are unobjectionable.

Most of them found their way into the *Roxburghe Ballads*, and these pages of reprint; notably his versions (on pp. 512, 517) of '*Robin Hood's Chase*' and '*Robin Hood and the Beggar*.'

Also a version of 'Johnny Armstrong' (vi, 600); of 'England's Gentle Admonition' (iv, 470); 'The Loyal Subject's Joy' (vii, 674); and 'Jack the Plow-Lad's Lamentation' = "Gentlemen, gentlemen"; also, fully signed, 'The Scornful Maid and the Constant Young Man' = "All hail, all hail, thou Lady gav!" (given in the *Addit. Notes*), are by T. R.



[This woodcut belongs to p. 622.]

He must have been keeping the evil company of Abraham Miles, when he descended to wallow in the mire of the 'Lovers' Battle.' The subject failed to inspire him, and he desecrated it like a Yahoo. He mistook *Ἀφροδίτη* for one of the *Hetairai*.

NOTE. — '*Cupid's Recruiting Sergeant*,' quoted above, was mentioned on p. 188; sung by Vernon at Vauxhall Gardens, 1770, with music composed by Mr. Potter. It is a Cantata, the six lines "From *Paphos* Isle," etc., being in recitative, and introductory to the air, "Ye Nymphs and ye Swains": see p. 706.

The present case of misconduct was notorious in the Olympian law-courts, often mentioned jestingly at the Games, and not quite forgotten in the Elysian Fields. The petitioner, whom nobody ever pities, was the crippled Vulcan; the co-respondent no less a person than Mars, the god of War. According to the indictment, he "fought a sore combat with Venus." The details were not always fit for publication, and they shocked a Lord-Chancellor, who sought to make penal the reporting such improprieties. Olympic deities claim immunity for their own peccadilloes.

Anyone who plays a match against Aphrodite may save time by flinging up his cards, or the sponge. It is not a square game. The dice are cogged, and the aces marked at a corner. Woman intends to win, *aut fas, aut nefas*. 'Fanny's pretty ways' are known. At the 'Jugement de Paris' the umpire was bribed; when the dainty goddess of Love and Beauty claimed the golden apple, inscribed "for the most fair!" (Lovely Woman is always the most unfair.) Aphrodite knew her business too well to fatigue the adjudicator with pleadings. "I promise thee the fairest and most loving wife in Greece!" One whisper or smile from Beauty, and the other scale kicks the beam.

[Roxburghe Collection, III, 777. *Continued from p. 705.*]

Cupid's Recruiting Sergeant.

(*Continued from motto of p. 705.*)

YE nymphs and ye swains, who are youthful and gay,
Attend to the call, and be blest while you may;
Lads and lasses, hither come, to the sound of life and drum:
I have treasure in store, which you never have seen.

*Then haste, let us rove to the Island of Love,
Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen!*

Each nymph of sixteen, who would fain be a wife,
Shall soon have a partner to bless her for life.
Ye Lasses, hither come, to the sound of the drum:
I have sweet-hearts in store, such as never were seen:
Haste, haste, let us rove to the Island of Love, etc.

Would a swain but be blest with a nymph to his mind,
Let him enter my List, and his wish he shall find.
I can bless him for life with a kind, loving wife,
More beautiful far than was nymph ever seen.

Then haste, let us rove, etc.

In *Paphos* we know of nor discord nor strife,
Each nymph and each swain may be happy for life.
In transport and joy, we each moment employ,
And taste such delights as were never yet seen.

*Then haste, let us rove to the Island of Love,
Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen!*

[White-letter slip. Printed for John Wheble, 24, Paternoster Row, London, 1770, in *The New Merry Companion*; or, *Complete Modern Songster*, p. 260.]

[Roxburghe Collection, II, 302; Huth, II, 6; Jersey, I, 351 = Lindes., 88.]

The Lovers' Battle:

Being a sore Combat fought between *Mars* and *Venus*, at a place
called Cunn[ing]-Castle, under-Hill.

Bold *Mars*, like to a warrior stout, great brags did make in field;
But *Venus* she gave him the rout, and forc'd him for to yield.
Then *Mars* drew out his Rapier strong, thinking to win the day;
But *Venus* charged him so [long], he was glad he got away. [t. 'sore.']

TUNE IS, *The Chorals' Delight* [= *When Aurora in azure was blushing*, iii, 533].

AS I by chance abroad was walking, under a pleasant shadow tree,
There *Mars* and *Venus* I heard talking, not thinking I [could hear or see].
Then I drew near, & sate down by them, they not thinking I had been so nigh them,
For to hear their complementing, and to see some jovial sport:
How *Mars* fair *Venus* there did court.

Said *Mars*: "I am the God of Battle, [ay,] and master of the field;
I love to hear the musquets rattle, I am well armed with lance and shield.
Oh! I can make the world to wonder, and break the bands of Peace asunder;
I can conquer towns and nations; be they ne're so stout or strong,
Bold *Mars* can lay them all along.

"The stoutest he which ever drew rapier, if *Mars* do meet him in the field,
Though like a warrior he doth vapor, I care not for his spear or shield;
For I can make loud cannons thunder, and I can cut his Troops asunder:
If my Grenadoes I let fly, sir, I will make the proudest foe to yeild,
Or else by *Mars* he dies in field.

"There is no town which is in this Nation, no hall nor tower, castle nor fort,
But I can soon make alteration, if they delight with me to sport;
For the strongest castle, town, or tower, I can conquer in an hour;
If close siege I once do lay to 't, my men will to me stoutly stand,
And soon the same we can command!"

"Bold *Mars*, I think you do but vapor; a challenge with you I will make:
A Castle I know defies your rapier, your men and you cannot it take.
If that you please but for to try it, your men and you must dearly buy it;
Ere you do gain the fort or castle, you will be forc't for to retreat,
For 'tis three to one you will be beat."

"*Venus*, come show to me that favor, to let me know where this castle doth stand.
I will not rest till won I have her, and make her yield at my command.
This Castle, I pray thee, let me know it, and the ready way to go unto it;
And I will thank you for your pain, for close siege I will lay out-right,
And I vow to storm it, day or night."

"The ready way unto this Castle I can direct you very well,
For through t' high alley you must rattle, if I the truth to you must tell.
Hard by B[ack]-lane, if you do but mind it, under [Twin'd]-hill, there you may
This Castle is well fortified: if you against it siege do lay, [find it.
It is three to one you're beat away."

Then in a rage *Mars* drew his rapier, and vowed this Castle he would take,
So up t' high alley he did vapor, and towards [Back]-lane he strait did make.
Under [Twin'd]-hill he found a centre, where [bravado] soon did enter.
"Clap to [gates] to *Mars*!" then she cry'd; and close siege with his men he lay;
But in the end *Mars* did loose the day.

For *Venus* boldly did so charge him, with service hot in open field,
 By her valor stout she almost scar'd him, which made him and his men to yeild.
 "How now, bold *Mars*!" stout *Venus* cry'd; "the battle is mine, who dare deny it?
 I thought, bold *Mars*, you did but vapor, for no such courage I can see!"
 So she kick'd *Mars* out of her [territory.]

When *Mars* he see he was so beaten, he took his leave with *Venus* fair,
 In a rage these words he fell a speaking: "My [ch]ance is spoyl'd, I greatly fear.
 Farewell! [this glade] where I first did enter; farewell! [this earth from sky to
 And farewell! *Venus*, [with] castle fair; I never will come at thee again: [center;
 For I have lost my labor and my pain."

By T. R. [= Thom. Robins. Cf. p. 705.]

[London, Printed for Thomas Passenger, at the Three Bibles, on London-Bridge.]

[Black-letter. Three woodcuts, inappropriate: 1st, the man in black cloak, iii, 613; 2nd, woman with large fan, vi, 296, r.; 3rd, curious, four savages tattooed. Colophon lost, but here supplied from Lindes., 88. To the same tune, *Mars and Venus*, was sung 'The Young Man's Careless Wooing' (see *Addit. Notes*)—"Down in an arbour devoted to *Venus*." The present text, being corrupt, is modified. Thus the second line misreads, "not thinking I had been so nigh"; which forms a tautological anticlimax. Date, 1670-83.]

Mars deserved his fate when he was caught in *flagrante delicto* by Mulciber, and hung up in the net. It did not vex Aphrodite, who soon coaxed her uxorious spouse to condone her offences. She being eternally beautiful (thanks to sea-air and to Pears' Soap, established B.C. 7587), no judge could decide against her.

Seeing that the stock of lovely maidens was not exhausted with *Cenone*, *Venus* ought not to have tempted Paris with *another man's* "loving wife," as the most seductive bait. Why proffer a damaged article, while unspoilt fruit was abundant? She had learned a bad lesson from her own *mésalliance*, and evil experience of matrimony, "so far as she had got." We are surprised at the bad taste of men who break the Seventh Commandment; thus showing their vicious preference for second-hand goods and other travellers' baggage. It is reprehensible even to marry a widow (unless she has a good jointure, not forfeited at second nuptials). Dervaux thinks that "the grand old Hindoo custom of *Suttee* avoided all difficulties, and might well be revived. It operated beneficially, counteracting any tendency to feminine preponderance, and it left a free competition to the young virgins." These are problems for the future: when war and pestilence cease.

A different version from the Roxb. Coll. 'Lovers' Battle' is found in the ballad 'Mars and Venus; or, The Amorous Combatants,' to a pleasant new tune, or *Mars and Venus*. It begins, "Abroad as I was walking, in the fields to take the ayr," etc. (Pepys Coll., III, 234, and Jersey, I, 799, now Lindes., 3). Printed for J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger.

"*Mars* strives for to give *Venus*' Castle the rout,
 But she most valiantly did beat him out:
 He lost the day, for all he was three to one;
 He could not stay, his [courage] was all gone." etc.
 "She bids him come, as often as he will;
 For all his force, she will resist him still."

[Trowbesh Coll., Black Folio; Huth, I, 47; Jersey, I, 159 = Lind., 902.]

The Country-man's Paradise.

See *George* and *Nell*, that love full well, say Kissing is no vice; [Of. p. 672.
To live in the Country, and making Hay, he calls a Paradise.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Philander* [1680: see vol. iv, p. 38].

NOW *Sol's* bright shining beams dryes up the wintery flood;
Hay-harvest will draw near, it [seems] well understood;
Then I with *Nell*, [I] know full well, some youthful trick must play,
And lay her down upon the ground, *as we are making Hay*.

And when the parching heat doth force us to give o'er,
We to the Shades retreat, and there we'l [more and more]
Repeat the favours we have shown, at several times at play,
Which to ourselves were only known *when we were making Hay*.

When we have rested well, we to our work again;
I keep close to my *Nell*, my sight she'll not refrain.
When we to the land's end do come, most prettily we play;
Her waist I clip, and taste her lip, *as we are making Hay*. [Add. Note.

If she doth prove with child, as she perhaps may do,
She cries, she's then beguil'd, persuades me to be true!
Unknown to any of our friends, we married are straightway,
And none doth know that it was so, *when we were making Hay*.

And thus we carry on our Country jests and sport;
No dread we think upon, we value not report:
Report hath long a Lyar been, I have heard many say,
And now I long till we begin *again to make the Hay*.

Our Life more pleasure yields, and brings to us such sport,
More pleasure in the Fields, than in a Prince's Court;
For all the day long, from morn till night, we merrily do play,
And thus our hearts we do delight *as we are making Hay*.

Before the sun doth rise, we musick have at will;
The pretty Lark up flies, our pleasures to fulfill.
We with our Bag and Bottle too do feast us every day;
We hear no strife: this pleasant life *we have in making Hay*.

Who, then, doth not delight to lead a Country life?
Our pains it doth requite, each man enjoys his wife;
Yea, hand in hand to labouring work they go both night and day,
And sometimes they together play, *besides their making Hay*.

No Citizen, I say, can be from care more free,
Although they go more gay and finer drest than we;
Such pleasures they but seldom meet, as we have every day,
That walk the Meadows brave and sweet, *and help to make the Hay*.

Printed for *J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackery, and T. Passenger*.

[Black-letter. Five woodcuts: 1st, Husbandman and Serving-man, vi, 523;
2nd, woman with fan, p. 673; 3rd, Lady, iii, 494; 4th and 5th, the couple,
on p. 138, divided. The *Haymaking* cut is on p. 728. Date, *circa* 1680.]

Note.—On pp. 686 and 696 the Country Lass was praised for her ignorance
of the Town's evil ways, in contrast to the 'Misses' and 'Female Ramblers.'
She soon learned lessons of wantonness. In this Haymaking ballad, Hymen has no
'secondary education' for the Bride, beyond the ante-nuptial teaching of Cupid.

[Douce Coll., I, 112; Huth, I, 148; C. 22, e. 2, fol. 134; Jersey, I, 3 = Lind., 1131.]

The Lady of Pleasure; Or, The London Misse's Frolick :

Whereby she got Money by her subtil devices and witty intreagues,
as she led in the loose career of her life, which you'll find by the
subsequent matter.

To a pleasant new Play-house Tune. This may be printed, **R. L[e] S[trange]**.

THERE was a Lass in *London* town, both beauteous, fair, and witty,
She travell'd *England* up and down through e'ry Town and City :
She got money by 't, she got money by 't, she got money by the bargain ;
She got money by 't, she got money by 't : four-pence half-penny farthing.

At last she came to *Stourbridge* Fair, and there she met a Farmer, [Note.
Who did desire to know her name, and swore he would not harm her.
But she got money by 't (etc.) : four-pence half-penny farthing. [passim.

She told him she was kind and just, and ne'r would do no Evil ;
Her hand she in his pocket thrust, which was indeed uncivil.

She told him then she was in haste, and so from him she started,
Who little thought to be disgrac'd, when she had him deserted.

But when the Reckoning came to pay, the Farmer mist his money :
" O then," quoth he, " she's gone away, whom I call'd dear and honey ! "

The Farmer he a stranger was, and so at last they stocks'd him ;
But this was not the worst, alas ! the wicked [drink] had fox'd him. [drugged.

She travell'd then to *Bristol* Fair, and there she met a Barber,
Who gaz'd upon her beauty [rare] ; love in his breast did harbour.

The Barber was exceeding kind, and monstrously did praise her ;
But he did in conclusion find, she had spoil'd [him, like the Grazier].

She saw a Cobbler brisk and free, a sitting in his stall too ;
With him she would familiar be, while he was at his aul too.

Thus you may see some *London* Dames, that live about the City,
By such like tricks procure their shames, but 'tis the more the pitty ;
Yet they get money by 't (ter.), etc. : four-pence half-penny farthing.

Printed for *J. Back* at the *Black-Boy* on *London-Bridge*.

[Black-letter. Five cuts : 1st, man, vii, 475 ; 2nd, lady, vi, 178 ; 3rd, man with money-bag, vii, 362 ; 4th, woman at money-chest, vii, 534 ; 5th, small man in a cloak, vii, 515. Date, before 1686.]

Note.—*Stourbridge* Fair, held near *Cambridge*, is described in *Wm. Hone's Every-Day Book*, 1832, col. 1300–5, 1832 ; and *Year-Book*, col. 1537–48.

A sequel to the 'Lady of Pleasure' is entitled 'The *London* Miss well-fitted ; or, An Answer to the Four-pence Half-penny Farthing.' To the same tune. Licensed by *Roger Le Strange*, and printed for *J. Deacon* at the sign of the Angel, in *Guilt-spur-street*, 1684–5. It begins, "The *London* Miss was ranting fine," etc. An 'argument' foretells the tale (*Pepys Coll.*, III, 238)—

And now she perfectly doth find that she is quite forsaken ;
Thus she is fitted in her kind, if I am not mistaken.

[C. 22, e. 2, fol. 153; Pepys, IV, 360; Jersey, I, 355 = Lind., 745.]

The Miser Gump'd of his Gold ;

Or,

The Merry Frolick of a Lady of Pleasure in *Bartholomew Fair* :
shewing how she fed the Usurer with Pig, but made him pay
for the Sawce.

[See Note, and page 716.]

TO THE TUNE OF, *Let Cæsar live long* (see p. 645). Lic. according to Order.

A Lady of Pleasure, in *Bartholomew Fair*, was powder'd and painted, nay, drest
in her Hair ;
In such rich apparel she then did appear, as if her Estate was ten thousand a year.
Of each huffing Gallant she would make an Ass : she fed them with Pig,
but they paid for the Sawce.

Among all the rest I will mention but one, a Miser, who is in fair *London* well
known,
Yet I will forbear now to mention his name, because I am willing to keep free
from blame :

Of this wretched Miser she made a meer Ass : she fed him with Pig,
but he paid for the Sawce.

'Tis known this old Miser he seldom did eat, from year's end to year's end,
a meal of good meat ;
Except it was given him freely, and then, he would eat as much as five labouring
Men :

He hap'n'd to meet with this beautiful Lass, who fed him with Pig, but
he paid for the Sawce.

It hap'n'd this Miser went over the rounds, and under his arm he had seven-
score Pounds ;

The which he was going that morning to lend, this Lady she met him and said,
" My dear friend,

Your former good nature lays claim to a glass." She found Wine and
Pig, but he paid for the Sawce.

The Miser he told her, he dare not drink Wine, nor any such liquors, until he
had Din'd ;

Quoth she, " Since we here did so luckily meet, I now am resolved to give
thee a treat."

Away to her chamber they straightways did pass : she fed him with Pig,
but he paid for the Sawce.

A Dinner she straightways provided with speed ; the Miser he like an old Farmer
did feed ;

Concluding that he should have nothing to pay, but to eat and drink, aye, and
so go his way.

The Lady supply'd him with glass after glass : she found him with Pig,
but he paid for the Sawce.

Note.—She meets him when he carries seven-score pounds, to lend at usury ; she invites him to drink and dine with her, at her own expense, in requital of his " former good nature." As he never affords himself a good meal at home, he at once accepts her offer, and indulges in the free banquet to such excess that he falls asleep, and is packed inside an old chest, after being robbed of his money. A porter is hired to carry the burden " with care " to the miser's wife !

This Lady supply'd him with liquor good store, till he was not able to drink any more;

Full bowls of canary he had drunk so deep, that all of a sudden he fell fast asleep :

*Thus of this Old Miser she made a meer Ass : she fed him with Pig,
but he paid for the Sawce.*

She shook him, and finding that he would not wake, the Seventy Pound she did presently take ;

Then locking the Miser up in an old chest: this brings me, in short, to the Cream of the Jest.

*Thus her waggish purpose was soon brought to pass : she fed him with Pig,
but he paid for the Sawce.*

Now he having told her before where he dwelt, in this subtle manner she cunningly dealt :

Straight calling a Porter to finish this strife, the Miser she sent in a Chest to his Wife,

*Without e're a penny in silver, alas ! Thus she fed him with Pig, but
he paid for the Sawce.*

This Lady she gave him two shillings at first, and bade him be sure he was true to his Trust,

Now for to deliver his burthen with care ; “for why, I must tell you, it is Merchant's ware.”

*And thus the poor Miser was made a meer Ass : she fed him with Pig,
but he paid for the Sawce.*

Now just as the Porter came to his own door, the Miser awak'd and loudly did roar ;

The honest poor Porter was frighten'd, alack ! supposing that he had Old Nick at his back.

*But it was the wretched Old Miser, alas ! who was fed with Pig, but
he paid for the Sawce.*

The Wife she was frighten'd this wretch to behold, the Miser stark-mad for his silver and gold ;

But all was in vain, tho' he search'd *Smithfield* round, the Lady of Pleasure was not to be found :

*Thus of an Old Miser she made a meer Ass : she gave him roast Pig,
but he paid for his Sawce.*

Printed for *P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.*

[Black-letter. Two cuts: Girl, vii, 120; young man, vii, 358. Date, c. 1689.]

¶ In 1614 Ben Jonson had shown the humours of ‘*Bartholomew Fair*.’ Arthur Bradley’s song ‘*The Footman’s Holiday*,’ sung to the tune of *Thomas, you cannot* (Percy Folio MS., iv, 116, “*Thomas untied his points apace*”), begins thus:—

“Come, *Jenny*, come, *Molly*, come, *Kitty*, come, *Dolly*, Let’s trigg to *Bartholomew Fair* !

Here’s *Harry*, here’s *Tommy*, here’s *Billy*, here’s *Johnny* : Make haste and put on your best gear :

Your cherry clock’d-stockings, and silver-laced shooes, Your pink-colour’d Top-knots and hollyday cloathes.

Adzocks ! how the people will stare ! They’ll so gape and so gaze at your ware !”

* * These ‘Female Ramblers’ found a spokeswoman advocate in another ‘*Lady of Pleasure*,’ so-called, who vaunts her stock-in-trade on p. 713 (mentioned on p. 696). “For however great were the demand, so great would be the supply”: as in the case of the feathers from Santiago’s miraculous cock and hen, reported by Southey (Poet-Laureate, 1813-43), in his ‘*Pilgrim to Compostella*,’ 1829.

[Roxb. Coll., II, 212; Pepys, III, 232; Huth, I, 132; Douce, III, 43;
Jersey, II, 259=Lindes., 572.]

The High-prized Pin-Box.

This Damsel she doth set great store | by her Pin-Box brisk and rare;
But every ordinary whore | hath got such kind of ware.

TUNE OF, *Let every man with Cap in 's hand, etc.*

I Have a gallant Pin-box, the like you ne'r did see;
It is [wound up like eight-day clocks, and with a golden key].
O, 'tis a gallant Pin-box, you never saw the peer;
Then I 'le not leave my Pin-box for fifty pound a year.

My Pin-box is the Portion my mother left with me,
Which gains me much promotion and great tranquility:
It doth maintain me bravely, although all things are dear;
Then I 'le not leave my Pin-box for fifty pounds a year.

My Pin-box is a Treasure, which many men delights,
For therewith I can pleasure both Earles, Lords, and Knights;
If they shall use my Pin-box, they will not thiuk it dear,
Although that it doth cost them an hundred pound a year.

The Parson and the Vicar, though they are Holy men,
Yet no man shall be quicker to use my pin-box, when
They think no man may know it, for that is all their fear.
Then I 'll not leave my, etcetera. [Passim.]

The cogging cheating Lyer, that doth all men abuse, [Cf. iii, 486.
Will speak me very fair, my Pin-box for to use;
Yea, and will be as liberal as any that come there:
Then I 'le not leave my Pin-box for a hundred pound a year.

The Usurer that grindeth, to get Use upon Use,
Often a time he findeth to come and play with Puss;
Yea, and will give me something, saying, "Take this, my dear!" *etc.*

The grievous hard Curmudgeon, that lives upon brown bread,
Unto me will be trudging—if that he be not sped;
Yea, and will give me something, tho' little he will spare. *Then, etc.*

The Chyrurgeon and the Doctor, that doth both cure and kill,
The Chancellor and Proctor, and the 'Paritor, will [Cf. p. 657.
Bestow large gifts upon me, if that they shall come there. *Then, etc.*

The Grocer and the Draper, that live [up]on their Trades,
Will leap and skip and caper, and think themselves brave blades;
And for to use my Pin-box they will give me some ware. *Then, etc.*

The Dairy-men and Farmers, that live [up]on their stocks,
Who love to fill their garners, and to increase their flocks,
For the use of my Pin-box, the best of it will bear. *Then, etc.*

The Clothier and the Dyer, and Tucker drest with flocks,
Doth very oft desire for to use my Pin-box;
And though they hard doth labour, yet something they will spare: *etc.*

The Wool-comber that labours for 's l[iving] with his Combes,
Will sell them, and the Weavers will do away their Loomes;
And all to use my Pin-box, because it is so rare. *Then, etc.*

The Butcher, that is killing sometimes of cow and calf,
Is very often willing to give me more than half,
For the use of my Pin-box, and will not think it dear : *etc.*

The Man that lives by 's labour, those piteous ragged sots,
Will think it a great favour for to use my Pin-box ;
And though he gets but little, yet something he will spare. *Then, etc.*

And, to be short, there 's no man, let him be high or low,
That did come of a woman, but will some coyn bestow
For the use of my Pin-box, because it is so rare. *Then, etc.*

But to conclude my Ditty, and my most harmless Song,
If any in the City or the Country doth long
For the use of my Pin-box, and will some money spare,
Then he shall use my Pin-box as long as he can stare.

[Probably written by John Lookes.]

London : Printed for *J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and Thos. Passenger.*

[Roxb. colophon, cut off. Black-letter. Two woodcuts : portrait of Monmouth, as in vol. iv, p. 503 ; and a clumsy oval portrait, woman in hood, *reverse*, on p. 458. Compare *Note* on this ballad, p. 696. Date, *circa* 1680. The woodcut of King Cuthred on this page, from John Taylor's *English Monarchs*, belongs to ' *Mirth for Citizens*, ' p. 701.]

¶ Ballad-publishers 'bit their thumb' at morality, and felt no scruple so long as they kept safe from the law by paying fees for a license. It was thus with the partners whose names are here conjoined, as on pp. 693, 694, 709. John Blare, in 1688-9, after the fall of James II and his licenser Richard Pocock, in December, did not object to send forth such a gross Anti-Romanist libel as 'The Lusty Friar of Flanders' (mentioned in vol. vii, p. 237). It is an unblushing fabrication, and its only value is historical, being a specimen of the calumnies and forgeries (such as 'The Warming-Pan' slander, of p. 299, *ante*), that were sown broadcast by the Revolutionary Whigs among their ultra-Protestant dupes, to ensure acceptance for the usurping William, Prince of Orange. The Delfic Oracle had spoken. The broadside bears the date '1688.'

This included not only January, 1689, but also February and three weeks of March (Old Style). It was circulated at the time of James the Second's abdication in favour of his legitimate son and heir, James, Prince of Wales, who was ignominiously displaced from succession to the throne, but by all loyal Jacobites accounted to be James the Third. (*The woodcut belongs to p. 701.*)



[Roxburghe Collection, II, 282 ; Pepys, III, 44 ; Douce, II, 143.]

The Lusty Fryer of *Flanders* :

Now in a Nunnery at the City of *Gaunt* this Fryer got Thirty
Nuns with Child in three weeks' time, and afterwards made
his escape.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Cold and Raw* [see vol. vii, p. 233].

Not long ago from hence I went, to travel into *Flanders*,
To learn the Art of War, was sent under those great Commanders ;
At *Gaunt* I saw a pleasant fun, as you shall hear hereafter, [= *Ghent*.]
Betwixt a Fryer and a Nun, may well deserve your laughter.

The Fryer, like a jolly Dad, a propagating Father,
Hid not the Talent which he had, but chose to use it rather.
The Nun was pretty, young, and fair, as if design'd for pleasure :
And pity 't was that she should swear to keep her Virgin Treasure.

Unto the lusty Fryer she went, and there her sins confessed,
Which he, unto her heart's content, forgave, and her released ;
But this he said : " Before you rise, for all your sad offences,
By good St. *Francis* I 'le chastise with rods your *Preter Tenses*." [sic.]

Her [dainty shoulders] up she turns, and there she [kneels] most fairly ;
The Fryer now in lust he burns, and flang'd her off most rarely :
Her prayers and tears at last [prevail] upon the cruel Fryer, [Torn off.
That he'd no more corre[ct and weal], nor would he now den[y her.] [Torn.

" Then, Pretty nymph, arise ! " (he said), " and let me now imbrace thee.
Bestow on me your maidenhead : fear not that I 'le disgrace thee.
What tho' my Robe be black, my dear, my skin is as white as may be ;
And I have that has pleas'd, I 'le swear, oh ! many a gallant Lady."

The charming Nun then, blushing, said : " Oh ! tempt me not to evil.
Have I not vow'd to live a Maid, and to renounce the Devil ?
But should I now commit this crime, and break my vow by sporting,
My b[od]y will grow big in time, and then you 'll leave your courting."

" The Sin, my dear, is *Venial*, and to 'indulge' is easie ; [Cf. p. 694.
Sin on, and I 'le forgive you all, my Love, if you 'll but please me :
But since you fear to breed young bones, I 'le tell you, for their glory,
The Lady Abbess and her Nuns have done the like before ye."

This Nun, oh ! she grew big at last, and dayly it increases ;
And e'er ten months were fully past, the nuns fell all to pieces.
The crafty Fryer away he went (that he should 'scape 'twas pity),
And left behind a Regiment of bastards to the City. [Ghent.

Thus he this creature did beguile ; but tell me, wa'n't he dirty ?
Twenty-nine Nuns he'd got with child, and this made up the thirty.
He had a faculty to cure each longing expectation,
So this religious Rascal sure is able to stock a nation.

[Black-letter. Colophon lost: Pepysian has 'Printed for *J. Blare*, 1688.'
Woodcut in vol. vii, p. 458. Portions of the fourth stanza are torn off: the
text may read "hinder-quarters," and "lay." Compare the Rev. Wm.
Cooper's *History of the Rod: The Flagellants*.]

A ballad praised one fertilizer of the soil as a 'West-Country Wonder,' p. 716.

[Roxb. Coll., II, 516; Pepys, V, 235; Euing, 386; Jersey, I, 271=L., 149.]

The West-Country Wonder;

Or,

William the Serbing-man's good Fortune in the Marriage of an ancient Lady, whom he got with child when she was three-score and six or seven years of age, tho' she had ne'r been with child before; to the joy of her, and the admiration of others.

To the Tune of, *The Guinea wins her*. [See p. 649.] Lic. according to Order.

A Ttend to this Relation, which I in kindness bring you;
The Wonder of the Nation, my loving friends, I sing you;
The like was never known before:
There 's a Lady that exceeds three-score
By six or seven years, this of a truth appears,
That now, this very day, she is with child, and may
Have two or three, they say:
For Will has prov'd himself a Man of Skill.

This was an ancient Lady, who had both gold and treasure,
In bags and coffers ready, yet wanted youthful pleasure;
The Knight her husband being dead,
With her servant *William* she did wed,
A proper man indeed, who at a time of need
Could please a woman well; and now, the truth to tell,
He thousands does excell:
For Will has prov'd himself a Man of Skill.

Altho' near sixty-seven, she makes as fair a figure
[As] one scarce twice eleven, few women being bigger; [text, Of.
And joyfully she does declare
That she hopes to have a Son and Heir,
She having none before, though six above three-score:
Thus we may see, in truth, the sweet effects of youth:
She had a coultish tooth,
And Will has prov'd himself a Man of Skill.

Raising so sweet a flower, from such decays of nature,
It shows a manly power, of one that would not bate her [t. bait.
An ace of what 's a woman's due.
Such a brawny Lad you never knew,
Both proper, straight, and tall, and lusty limbs withal.
Oh! such a man behold, if he was to be sold,
He's worth his weight in gold:
Thus Will has prov'd himself a Man of Skill.

When at the Lady's table he as a servant waited,
She little thought him able to do what is related;
Yet when her Knight was laid in grave
None alive but *William* would she have;
She made him out of hand the Lord of all her Land:
Which kindness to requite, he yields her the delight
And pleasant joys of night:
For Will has prov'd himself a Man of Skill.

His years [are] two and twenty, the Lady's thrice as many, [text, is.
Yet having wealth in plenty, he loves her best of any ;
And she likewise does him adore,
Having never any child before :
And since the deed is done, if it should prove a son,
We shall great Triumph see, for Lords of high degree
Will at the Christening be :
Since Will has prov'd himself a Man of Skill.

Printed for J. Blave on London-Bridge.

[Black-letter. One woodcut, given in vol. vii, p. 458. Date, *circa* 1684-90.]

* * Not without justification, in this 'Group of Female Ramblers' a few doubtful words of text are displaced, others substituted within square brackets, the exemplars being either mutilated or corrupt. The Niregends *News-letters* of contemporary issue record that the Licensers were puzzled (their initials do not appear after 1688) whether to refuse or to give their sanction to 'William the Serving-man.' Did they suspect therein a libel on "the great, glorious, and immortal [Dutch] William"? For worse broadsides they took fees greedily.

¶ Le Sieur Honoré de Balzac (name beloved, mentioned on pp. 675, 701) dealt occasionally with shady characters and questionable incidents. Like charity, his *apologia* covers a multitude of sins. Even he, editorially, had to shelter himself from pedants, by using quaint phraseology, after referring to undraped statues in the public gardens—"Pour ce que ces dictes œuvres, non plus que cettuy livre, ne sont faites pour des convents. Néanmoins, j'ay eu cure, à mon grant despit, de sarcler, ez manuscrits, les vieulx mots, ung peu trop ieunes, qui eussent deschiré les aureilles, esblouy les yeulx, rougy les ioues, dechicqueté les lèvres des vierges à braguettes et des vertus à trois amans : car il faut aussy faire aucunes chouses pour les vices de son temps, et la périphrase est bien plus guallante que le mot !" — *Prologue : Contes Drolatiques*.

The Rioter's Ruin.

"There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks ; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body." — *Troil. and Cress.*

UNDER two distinct titles appeared during the Interregnum, 'A Dialogue betwixt a Spendthrift and a Wanton,' with little to distinguish them but the two titles (let us mark them A and B). During the congenial Protectorate of Cromwell and his Ironsides, when hypocrisy flourished in high places, the following ballad adopted an *alias* and passed itself off on its own testimony of moral character (A), entitled 'THE ROYOTER'S RUINE' (=ROYSTER'S), but after the Restoration it dropped the mask, and boldly adopted the blazonry of (B) 'The Two-penny Whore ; in a Dialogue betwixt a Spendthrift and,' etcetera, of many aliases.

Both versions are extant (*Note, infra*). Designed as a warning against the worst class of wanton women, it was issued during the Interregnum, *circa* 1655, on pretence of religiosity and rebuke of naughtiness. Conventicle and camp had suppressed stage-plays ; they abhorred Cavalier jests or minstrelsy. But secret vice was corrupting them, soul and body.

[Roxb. Coll., II, 486; Rawlinson, 107; Euing, 191; Huth, II, 116 (all B).
Also, Huth, II, 71 (A); Jersey, I, 192=L. 790 (A); C. 22, c. 2, 171 (A).]

The Two-penny [Sc]ore;

In a Dialogue betwixt a Spend-thrift and a W[anton]; Or,
A Relation of a Two-penny Bargain.

Of a Spendthrift proffering two-pence [and no more],
Having spent all but that on her before.

THE TUNE IS, *He that has the most money is the best man.* [Cf. p. 672.]



A Lusty young Shaver, a vapouring Gallant,
That vainly had spent and consum'd his Estate,
In Taverns and Ale-houses wasting his Talent,
Resolving Repentance, did then come too late: [Cf. vii, 162.]
Examining then of his pocket, he found it
Was very much empty, and he was grown poor:
Quoth he, "*Now my money's gone, all to one two-pence,
I'll make a clear end, and spend that on a [sc]ore.*"

And as along in the streets he was walking
He chanced with one of his Mobs for to meet,
[In] her silks and bravery adorn'd, [loudly talking, [Roxb mutilated.
[With a] complement he there his *Mopsie* did greet:
"Sweet-heart, if you will, go with me to an Ale-house,
And grant me thy pleasure, now I am grown poor;
I have but two-pence left, on thee I'll spend it!"
Quoth she, "*Then go look out your two-penny [sc]ore!*"

[HE.]—"My dearest, thou knoweth my former condition,
And how I have spent my Estate upon thee;
And now for to slight me it breeds my contrition,
And makes me with sorrow tormented to be.
For I have but two-pence left, and I will spend it
On thee: I protest, my Love, I have no more."
Quoth she, "*You may serve for a Pimp to another,
For I will be none of your two-penny score!*"

[H.E.]—"When formerly I in my silks was adorned,
And about my neck wore a fine *Flanders-lac'd* band ;
Upon my head was no less than a Beaver :
What was there then I had not at command ?
Remember that we two, at that time together,
Took sweet Recreation, before I was poor."
Quoth she, "Sir, at that time I was your companion !
And what ! must I now be your two-penny [score] ?"

[H.E.]—"My former Acquaintance, with nearest Relations,
Because I before their advice would not take,
Do very much slight me : Men of Reputation
My company shun, and do me quite forsake,
And bids me go seek for my bawdy-companions,
Where I have consum'd my estate all before."
Quoth she, "I do have all your friends for to know it,
That I will be none of your two-penny score !"

[H.E.]—"Thou knewest, that in company we two together
Have caused five pounds to be spent at a clap,
All out of my pocket : O ! how can'st thou slight me,
And *then* could so closely hug me in thy lap ?
It was for my money, and not for my person,
That you did my company so much adore :
However, I pray thee ! bestow[ing] this two-pence."
Quoth she, "*I will be none of your two-penny score !*"

[H.E.]—"How often with oaths, and with great protestations,
Ingaged you have to be faithful to me !
In weal or in woe I should ne're be forsaken !
And, now all my coyn's gone, I slighted must be.
But yet here's two-pence left, [so] prethee now take it,
And let us [agree] as we have done before !"
Quoth she, "I ne're [bargain'd] for two-pence, and therefore
Be packing ! and hunt out your two-penny score !"

[H.E.]—"Well, then, my dear love, if you'll not be persuaded
To take this my money, because it is small,
Let us [two kiss] a little, a very, very little,
For former acquaintance, and that shall be all."
Quoth she : "I do scorn for to break my old custom ;
Another man I have to wait on ; therefore
I must bid a farewell both to you and your two-pence,
For I scorn to be counted a two-penny score !"

Quoth she : "Sir, before we depart, I will tell you,
I dare undertake to prescribe you a way,
How you may be doing ; then let's to an Ale-house,
But take notice before, Half-a-Crown is my pay.
Then give me your two-pence, in earnest, at present,
You shall have your request. Sir, altho' you be poor :
But this I must tell you, before you begin it,
I'll set seven Groats, sir, upon your old score !"

And thus you may see the condition of wantons,
And in what a wanton [pos]ition they are ; [text, w. condition.
Before they will leave off their [grasp of] their [min]ions,
If they cannot get money, they [pawn] their ware.

They'll keep a man company while his coyn lasteth,
 And never forsake him until he be poor :
 And then much ado he shall have [while he fasteth],
For [they'll get him indebted, to drink] on the score.

You Gallants and others, I wish you be careful
 That have an Estate, lest you vainly it waste ;
 And fly Evil Company, of them be fearful,
 Lest into Poverty you should be cast ;
 And afterwards you be forc'd, with submission,
 To creep unto those where you spent all your store.
 The best way I know of, for you to prevent it,
 Is to keep your goods out of the hands of a whore.

London, Printed for W. Thackeray, T. Passenger, and W. Whitwood.

[Black-letter. Three woodcuts: 1st and 2nd, the woman and man on p. 718, without the centre-piece *Cantabrigia*; 3rd, the couple on p. 703. We read, *sub silentio*, 'score' instead of 'whore,' *passim*. Original date, *circa* 1655.]

Note.—Our Roxb. exemplar (B) is mutilated; others (B) are the Euing, Rawlinson, and the second of Henry Huth's two, II, 116. The other version (A), 'The Ryoter's Ruine; In a Dialogue,' etc., is identical with it, *except in title*, and was printed for Thomas Passenger solely, at the Three Bibles, on the middle of London-Bridge, probably *circa* 1670. A is preserved in the Huth, II, 71; Jersey, I, 192; and the Case 22 collections.

A favourite topic for loose jesters, in ballads, was the chaffering for price of hire on "a tenement to let," or a cellar for storing one poor barrel of wine (as did 'The Maid of Islington'). Sometimes she knew "the Guinea wins her" (p. 649); at others she 'jibbed' at Martin Parker's "Fourpence half-penny farthing," or the valuation below par of a "Two-penny Score." History repeats itself: thus in the Parisian *Almanach des Cocottes* (28^{me} Année), an indignant *demi-mondaine* repulses one of her admiring *gommeux*, with the sarcasm—"Dix francs! Monsieur sait très bien que le détail est impossible." Another *filles de joie* states the *rationale* of her profession, and smiles at her half-deluded *Lapin*—

Elle.—"L'amour est un capital qui doit rapporter intérêt."

Lui.—"Oui, ma chère, mais vous faites l'usure."

There appear to have been two distinct tunes known as '*Fourpence halfpenny farthing*'; and certainly two distinct ballads gave currency to the phrase. The earlier one, with this identical sum named for the munificent remuneration of those who were unwilling, as Falstaff, to "sin their soul gratis," was written and signed M. P. (Martin Parker), on June 22, 1629, entered to F. Grove, printed for Cuthbert Wright, and entitled 'Four-pence half-penny farthing; or, A Woman will have the Odds.' Alternative tunes are *Bessy Bell* [*she doth excell*], or, *A Health to Betty* (for which see *Popular Music*, p. 366). It is in the Pepysian Coll., I, 274, beginning thus:

O Ne morning bright, for my delight, into the fields I walked ;
 There did I see a lad, and he with a fair maiden talked.
 It seem'd to me they could not agree about some pretty bargain :
 He offer'd a Groat, but still her note was '*Four-pence half-penny farthing*.'

[Roxburghe Collection, III, 277. See p. 184.]

An excellent new Song, lately compos'd, entituled,

I'll o'er Bogie wi' him.

TO ITS OWN PROPER NEW TUNE. [See *Orpheus Caledonius*, i, 1725.]

ALL Batchelors and Lasses, I pray you now draw near,
And do you hold your passion, a Story you shall hear
Of a young wanton Lassie, that would not counsel'd be,
But she would over *Gaudie*, her fortune for to see. [Note.]

*I'll o'er Bogie wi' my Love, I'll o'er Bogie wi' him,
An' all my kin had sworn and said, I'll o'er Bogie wi' him.*

My Love's a Valiant Highland Man, and true to his King; [James III.
A pair of Pistols by his side, and a [sword] well hung. [t. Loom.
He courted me with complements; th[ey] did intice me so, [t. that.
That I would leave my Parents and over *Gaudy* go. *I'll o'er*, etc.

“He might have been a Minister, he was a Laird's Son,
For ne're a h[allan] he could see, but he would fain been in. [h. = house.
Pray take from me my Rock, Mother, but and my spinning-wheel;
I'll o'er Bogie wi' my Love, tho' I should ne're do weel.”

“O, my dearest Daughter, why will you say so?
Will ye leave Father and Mother, and over *Gaudie* go?”
“Go home, go home, old Mother! go home and sell your Ale;
I wish that all your barrels break, and ye get little sale.

“Altho' the night were ne're so dark, blowing both wind and rain,
I'll o're *Gaudy* wi' my Love, and will not it refrain.”
And out then came her Father dear, and angry was he then;
Says, “Daughter, for my Bennison, forsake that Highland man!”

“Go home, go home, my Father dear, go home and sow your Corn!
I wish that never more come up but thistle, brier, and thorn.—
And now, my dearest Lover, come let us mount and go;
And we will over *Gaudy*; my dear, it shall be so.”

Soon on Monday morning, by dawning of the day,
While *Phæbus* was adorning, they both have gone away.
With hassing and with kissing, she went into his arms,
With great love to adore him, yielding all mortal charms.

And now this pretty Damosel, that ne're would counsell'd be,
She's over *Gaudy* with her Love, her fortune for to see.
But when some weeks were gone and past, this lass wi' child did prove;
Her Sweetheart's gone and left her, and choist another Love.

But now this pretty Damosel knows none that will provide,
For her and her young Baby, for them for to get bread:
She's come home to her Father, and to her Mother now,
And says her disobedience full sore[ly] she does rue.

Her Parents did refuse her, so she must go away,
To beg with her young bastard for many a year and day.
Come, all ye pretty Damosels, take warning here, I pray;
Have not a light behaviour: your Parents to obey.

Likewise a Lesson take by me, of loving of young men,
Least you do prove with child : they go and leave you then.

*I'll o'er Bogie wi' my Love, I'll o're Bogie wi' him,
An' all my kin had sworn and said, I'll o're Bogie wi' him.* Finis.

[White-letter broadside. No colophon or cut. Date, circ'd 1708.]

It is matter for regret that so many originals perished when Allan Ramsay allowed his "young gentlemen" and himself to substitute their own conceits for the 'genuine Doric.' Burns, on the contrary, tried to retain all that was good of the old material, in his new garments. Two gross stanzas were evidently interpolations. The word '*Gaudy*' or '*Gandy*' may mean 'over the broomstick': probably '*Gandy*' is '*Houghmagandy*' = fornication; perhaps a misprint for *Ganrie*, *Strathbogie* = "Over the hills and far away." Allan Ramsay's song is :

"I will awa' wi' my Love, I will awa' wi' her,
Though a' my kin had sworn and said, I'll o'er *Bogie* wi' her ;
If I can get but her consent, I dinna care a strae,
Though ilka ane be discontent, awa' wi' her I'll gae.
I'll o'er Bogie," etc.—*Tea-Table Miscellany*, i, 125, 1724.



Thro' the Wood, Laddie.

THIS ballad was mentioned with 'O'er Bogie' on p. 184. It appears to be virtually unique, and not reprinted hitherto. Inferior so-called "original words" were communicated to J. Johnson's *Scots' Musical Museum* in 1787, and printed as song 154 in vol. ii, p. 162—facing Allan Ramsay's version of 1724, "*O Sandy, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn?*"

Dr. John Blacklock, the Blind Poet, probably remodelled the first stanza, omitting *Thisbe* altogether in "As *Philermon* [*sic*] and *Phillis* together did walk."

[Roxburghe Collection, III, 366.]

Thro' the Wood, Laddie. NEW SCOTS' TUNE. [See *Addit. Notes*.

AS *Phillis* and *Thisbe* did walk hand in hand,
O, they spyed a shepherd [*repeat*], that was at a stand.

[Repeat both lines : and the same way throughout.]

As if for to venture he had been afraid,
So sweet was the splendor (So, etc.) their beauty display'd.

Said *Phillis* unto him : "Where do you resort,
Or where do you wonder, or where do you sport?"

He modestly answered : "If you would know,
My name is *Philoram* : I thro' the woods go." [qu. *Philemon*.

"Can't you the sweet Grove and the forest forsake,
And leave off to wander, for *Phillis*'s sake?"

"Should I the sweet Grove, and the forest give o'er,
And leave off to wander, it is thee I adore."

Just as they were talking, a Boy I espy'd,
With a bow and a quiver fast ty'd by his side.

Said the Boy to the Shepherd : "To thee I am sent
From *Venus*, my mother, thy mind to content."

The bow it was bent with a thundering dart ;
The Shepherd was wounded, quite thorough the heart.

The Blind Boy in triumph went sporting away,
And left poor *Philoram* a victim and prey.

But the Nymph had more pity, and whisper'd him soft :
"A cure I will tender (*a cure*, etc.): let the Boy fly aloft."

She kist him and hug'd him, and did him so squeeze,
She kist out his passion: *Philoram* got ease.

"I will pull off my garters, and bind up the wound.
While poor bleeding *Strephon* in my arms doth swoon. [*Sic* = *Philemon*.

"Down under a valley, where [*Thisbe*] doth stray, [*text*, 'Chesley.'
Whilst *Strephon* shall kiss me, and blest me all day.

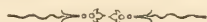
"Altho' friends are cruel, and will not consent,
Go thro' the Woods, Laddy (*go thro'*, etc.), and make no complaint.

"For the Woods [they] are pleasant, the night fair and clear ;
Go thro' the Woods, Laddy, and keep us from fear."

"With bracelets of roses thy arms I will deck,
Thou Queen of my fancy (*thou Queen*, etc.), whom I do respect.

"The crook and the hazel our covering shall be,
None can be like them : come sit down by me."

[White-letter broadside. Cuts. Britannia, with plough and ship: clasped hands.
Music in Wood's *Scottish Songs*, iii, 56, 1861. Date, before 1720.]



A Lamentation of Ten Malefactors.

PROVERBIALLY all roads lead to Rome. Shady by-ways trodden by the 'Female Ramblers' and their companions, the 'Swaggering Man' and 'Highway Hector,' led them to Tyburn-tree at Paddington; from Newgate, up Holborn Hill, "in a cart, in a cart," with a pause for the final stirrup-cup at St. Giles's Bowl, near Seven Dials, whence the 'Last dying Speech' was circulated among the crowd beforehand. On June 6, 1780, Lord George Gordon's "No Popery" rioters did their best to burn down Newgate—"a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind"—as described in *Barnaby Rudge* by Dickens. But the stubborn old pile refused to burn with the rapidity of Lord Mansfield's house and library at Bloomsbury (for which incendiarism Mary Gardener suffered at Tyburn on November 22 following). Ten of the rioters join in the 'Lamentation' on p. 726. Three named were found guilty at the Old Bailey Sessions, Thursday, June 29, 1780—McDonald, Henry, and Brown.

William McDonald, a man with one arm, formerly a soldier, was condemned for assisting to pull down the house of J. Lebart, a publican in St. Catherine's Lane, Tower Hill. Mary Roberts and Charlotte Gardiner, a black, were found guilty on the clearest evidence of having been active in the same mischief. All three were executed at the scene of the crime, on Tuesday, July 4. William Brown, for threatening to "rip up" Mr. Daking in Bishopsgate Street, if he did not yield money "for the Protestant Religion," suffered accordingly in that place on the same Tuesday, July 4. James Henry had assisted in setting fire to the house of Mr. Langdale, distiller, in Holborn; and died there on the Wednesday, July 5; when Richard Roberts, aged 17, and Thomas Taplin, for blackmailing (2s. 6d.), suffered. Enoch Fleming died at Tyburn, and . . . Plumley in Oxford Street on Thursday, July 6, 1780. One George Bawton, a poor drunken cobbler, had demanded money from Mr. Richard Stone, in the High Street, Holborn; but when *twopence* was proffered (as to the *Lightskirts* of p. 718), "he damned him, saying he must have sixpence!" This cost Bawton his life, at the gallows. Richard Roberts had wrecked Sir John Fielding's house.

[Roxburghe Collection, III, 453.]

A true and Tragical SONG concerning Captain

JOHN BOLTON, of *Bulmer*, near *Castle Howard*; who, after a Trial of Nine hours, at *York-Castle*, on *Monday*, the 27th of *March*, 1775, for the wilful Murder of *ELIZABETH RAINBOW*, an *Ackworth* Girl, his Apprentice, was found Guilty, and immediately received Sentence to be executed at *Tyburn*, near *York*, on *Wednesday* following; but on the same morning he strangled himself in the Cell where he was confined, and so put a period to his wicked and desperate Life. His body was then, pursuant to his Sentence, given to the Surgeons at *York Infirmary*, to be dissected and anatomized.

To the Tune of '*Fair Lady, lay your costly robes aside.*' [Vol. vii. Preface, p. ix.]

GOOD Christian people all, both old and young,
Pray give attention to this tragic song :
My days are short'ned by my vicious life,
And I must leave my children and my wife.

When I was prisoner to *York-Castle* brought,
My mind was fill'd with dismal pensive thought;
Conscious of guilt, it filled my heart with woe,
Such terrors I before did never know.

When at the Bar of Justice I did stand,
With guilty conscience and uplifted hand,
The Court straightway then unto me they said,
"What say you, *Bolton*, to the charge here laid?"

In my defence I for a while did plead,
Sad sentence to evade (which I did dread);
But my efforts did me no kind of good,
For I must suffer, and pay blood for blood.

To take her life I did premeditate,
Which now has brought me to this wretched fate :
And may my death on all a terror strike,
That none may ever after do the like !

Murder prepense it is the worst of crimes,
And calls aloud for vengeance at all times :
May none hereafter be like me undone,
But always strive the Tempter's snares to shun !

By me she was seduced in her lifetime,
Which addeth guilt to guilt, and crime to crime ;
By me she was debauched and defil'd,
And then by me was murder'd, and her child.

Inhuman and unparallel'd the case !
I pray God give all mortal men more grace !
None 's been more vile, more guilty in the land.
How shall I at the great Tribunal stand ?

I should have been her guardian and her friend,
I did an Orphan take her for that end ;
But Satan did my morals so subdue,
That I did take her life, and infant's too.

To poison her it was my full intent,
But Providence did that design prevent ;
Then by a rope fast twisted with a fife,
I strangled her, and took her precious life.

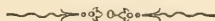
My Counsel I did hope would get me clear,
But such a train of proofs there did appear,
Which made the Court and Jury for to cry,
" He's guilty ! let the wicked culprit die ! "

When I in fetters in *York-Castle* lay,
The morning of my execution day,
For to prevent the multitude to see
Myself exposed on the fatal Tree,

I then did perpetrate my last vile crime,
And put a final end unto my time.
Myself I strangled in the lonesome cell,
And ceased in this transit' world to dwell.

[White-letter slip. No colophon or woodcut. Date, March 1775.]

This tragical song was reprinted without comment by Joseph Ritson in his *Yorkshire Garland*, 1788, where it follows Thomas Petty's 'Pattern of True Love ; or, *Bowes' Tragedy*,' of 1715, which is another *Barnard-Castle* ditty, beginning, " Good Christian people, pray attend, to what I do in sorrow sing " : to the tune of *Queen Dido*, " When Troy Town for ten years wars." Both these songs, Bolton's and the *Bowes' Tragedy*, are given also in the *The Yorkshire Anthology*, pp. 13, 32-9, 1851, reprinted, edited scantily, by the late James Orchard Halliwell-Phillipps, F.S.A. Ackworth School was established in 1758, where the orphan victim Elizabeth Rainbow, one of its early scholars, had been brought up, and apprenticed. It was founded and conducted by the Society of Friends, the best of practical and sincere Christians. The amiable Bernard Barton, William Howitt, John Bright, and Dr John Le Gay Brereton (vol. vi, p. 362), poet of *Prince Legion*, who died at Sydney, were educated there.



' Now, undergraduates,' he cries, ' our fun is nearly done.
Will anybody else come up ? ' But answer came there none,
And this was scarcely odd, because—they'd plough'd them every one.

—*Arthur Clement Hilton*, B.A., 1872 (St. John's Coll., Camb.).

¶ Nay, not exactly " every one." As also at " Hamelin town in Brunswick, by famous Hanover city," in the days of the Pied Piper, Anno Dom. 1376, there happens to be a single omission. " Did I say all ? No : *one was lame, and could not dance the whole of the way* "—" instead of the dance upon nothing." It was mentioned, " A Fantastical Prodigal," p. 186. (The Gallant Pin-box owner was ' scratched,' put in an *ægrotat*, instead of passing her preliminary exam., and narrowly escaped being proctorized or rusticated, if not sent to the spinning-house. She came up for a post-mortem, as " One more unfortunate, weary of breath, rashly importunate." She was treated mercifully, and not left out in the cold.) ' The Fantastical Prodigal ' got free of *Limbo* and amended his ways ; he will be found safe in the *Additional Notes*, one belonging to viii, 186. Otherwise, the Sessions are over, and the Jury is dismissed.



[Roxburghe Collection, III, 316. No other exemplar noted. Cf. pp. 184, 723.]

A Sorrowful Lamentation and Last Farewell

Of all the Prisoners to be Executed on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday next, with an Account of the Places where the unhappy people are to Suffer.

[No tune named.]

Attend a while, good people, pray, to what I shall relate;
A warning take, both old and young, by our unhappy fate.
Here 's many of us doom'd to die, just in our prime of years;
Alas! the time draws very nigh, as it [too] soon appears. [i. will.]

William Macdonald,* I must die; *Mary Roberts* also; [See Note.
And *Charlot Gardner*, so must I: which fills our hearts with woe.
Near *Tower-Hill* will be the place, where we our End must make,
And Tuesday next will be the day we must this world forsake.

William Pateman and *William Brown*, both of us cast for death,
And Tuesday next will be the day we must resign our breath:
In *Bishopsgate-street*, I, *Brown*, must die; *Pateman* in *Coleman-street*:
The Lord look down on us from high; in heaven may we meet!

Richard Roberts, and *Taplin* too, we surely must be hang'd;
I, *Thomas Taplin*, styl'd myself 'The Captain of the Gang.'
The time it is now very nigh, our folly is seen too late.
On Wednesday near *Bow-street* we die: oh! hard is our fate.

James Henry I, unhappy man! must soon this life depart;
Oh! little did I think to come up *Holborn* in a cart. [Cf. p. 669.
But now in *Holborn* I must die, and Wednesday is the day;
But on the Lord I do rely: to Thee, O Lord! I pray.

Fleming and *Plumley*, we must die, the one on *Tyburn-Tree*,
And the other in *Oxford-street* [hard by], a dismal sight to see.
And Thursday is the day we die, which makes our hearts to ach[e]:
To Thee we pray, oh Lord on high! our precious souls to take.

Unhappy wicked wretches, sure, we all of us have been;
In riot and in drunkenness, which is a great sin;
We struck terror where'er we come, and did them sore affright;
But now, alas! our eyes will soon be closed in endless night.

O Lord! forgive us all our sins, we Thee most humbly pray.
Incessantly we call upon Thee, Lord, both night and day.
Repenting sinners now behold, and on them pity take;
Preserve us from this dreadful gulph, when we this world forsake.

Printed by *J. Sharpe*, in *Holborn*.

[White-letter. Two cuts, of skulls. Date, June 29, 1680.]

* Note.—Of *William Macdonald*, along with the others, see Introduction (p. 723). These were some of Lord George Gordon's typical 'True-Blue Protestant' rioters, of June, 1780. After all our ballads on the sham Popish Plot, and the struggle of Shaftesbury and Monmouth against James Duke of York, 1680, the latest one in date to be reprinted shows the result, a century later, of the bigoted revival cry "No Popery!"

Here the Roxburghe Gaol-Deliverer ends.

THIS 'Group of Female Ramblers,' now completed, included specimens of girls and women who were bad tenants. The Roxburghe Winter-Assizes were summary, and made short work of them. They are not examples to be followed, unless by the constabulary. Their rambles usually ended at Tyburn.

It required little of crime or wickedness to qualify them for what the law quaintly calls a 'capital punishment.' Any light misdemeanour sufficed. The lifting some paltry article from a haberdasher's counter, carrying it out of doors unsuspectedly, and then, under the reproach of conscience, bringing it back, and thus furnishing the sole evidence against herself, subjected one Mary Jones to immediate arrest, trial, condemnation, and speedy execution. Until the rope was placed round her neck, and the cart ready to move away, she was allowed to nurse her baby, an infant almost newly-born. They were starving, when she yielded to a momentary temptation. (Her husband had been pressed to sea, leaving her destitute. She found no mercy from the Judge, no remission of sentence; and the shopkeeper was commended by his brother tradesmen.) This was in July, 1771, before the 'No Popery Riots.' She was not forgotten by their chronicler, Charles Dickens, in *Barnaby Rudge*. We know, also, that George Bawton was condemned and hanged in June, 1780, for attempting to extort the other fourpence from Mr. Richard Stone, in Holborn, "for the Protestant Religion" (p. 723). Sentimentalists nowadays are clamorous on behalf of criminals only. None but honest men or unfallen girls are totally neglected and starved, until they "qualify" by immorality to become 'converted'; before being fed and clothed. "A mad world, my Masters!" In 1850, the author of *David Copperfield* wrote: "Perhaps it is a good thing to have an unsound hobby ridden hard; for it is the sooner ridden to death."

Few girls are to be trusted beyond the age of twenty-one. "Sweet Seventeen" is their acme, the golden year: *Dix-Septième*.

Solvitur Ambulando.

(From the TROWBESH MSS.)

*F*AIR was the Maiden who smiled on me ;
So shy!
She looked gentle and sweet as Eurydice ;
Not sly.
Ere Midsummer ends our delusions fly :
She gave tongue, with the gleam of a vixenish eye :
Triple Graces merged in the Furies three.
Alackaday! oh, why ?

"Love's dreams to a sad awakening come!"

We sigh.
Shrews are more frightful than Ghosts grim-glum,
Seen nigh;
Than wild-cats fiercer, with temper high,
Be-worshipt nymphs like Moenads outcry!
Who can linger, unless blind, deaf, and dumb?
Alackaday! Not I.

La Jenaison.

IN MEMORY OF THE LATE STEPHEN AUSTIN.

(Chief Printer to our BALLAD SOCIETY. See vol. vii, p. 566.)



TO THE TUNE OF, *The Country-man's Paradise*, [p. 709].

"On this hint I spake."—*Othello*, Act i, sc. 3.

'**N**OW Sol's bright shining beams dry up the winter flood :'
Hay-harvest hopeful gleams, and merry grows our mood.
We who, with HERTFORD type and quads, have labour'd many a day,
Can tune our Pastoral Pipe, my lads! for we have made our Hay.

'*Fresh woods and pastures new*' we seek : but ne'er may find
Of AUSTIN Printers such a crew, compliant to our mind.
These ballads cheer'd them at their work, and, whether sad or gay,
None sought to shirk, from dawn to mirk ; for they were making Hay.

Three centuries have sped, since first, by stealth and skill,
Black-letter'd cuts bespread, these broadsides left the mill ;
'Sharp fines, imprisonment, and woe,' their early pressmen say,
'Gave a stiff row for us to hoe!'—and yet they made their Hay. [P 338.]

Their Hacks were hinds, with coarse blunt minds, who trod our London streets,
Or Satirists, whom Faction blinds, unmeet for Orphic feats :
Yet when the Twentieth Century's grown, these old-world rhymes 'twill weigh,
And thank us, better than our own, for having stored their Hay.

J. W. E.

~~~~~  
 Here end the whole

OF THE

## Rorburghe Ballads.

## Love lies a Bleeding.

"They have done with [*Captain Bolton*], you can hear the quick-step play;  
The regiment 's in column, an' they 're marching us away;  
Ho! the young recruits are shaking, an' they 'll want their beer to-day,  
After hanging [*Captain Bolton*] in the morning."

—RUDYARD KIPLING'S '*Danny Deever*' (with apologies).

NOT thus lugubriously, with York-Castle hanging-verses, should end our Final Group of the completed Roxburghe Ballads, although they were suitable for the Gaol-delivery of 'Female Ramblers' and their male comrades. In military fashion, we change the music to a quick-step march after the funeral.

The most appropriate Finale is an extra lyric, being the very one wherewith the brave and loyal Cavaliers cheered their hearts during the ten years of repressive tyranny in the Interregnum, or 'Commonwealth,' after the fatal thirtieth of January.

The song of 'Love lies a Bleeding' was written and circulated while Cromwell, 'The Brewer of Huntingdon,' was still alive. His inclination to be made a king is plainly intimated, in sixth stanza. We fully believe that our 'Love lies a Bleeding' belongs to 1654 at latest; perhaps to December, 1653, at earliest: after the so-called 'Protector' of liberties had forcibly expelled the Long Parliament. (Thereby he virtually justified Charles I for his injudicious and abortive effort to arrest the seditious 'Five Members' in 1642. "The attempt, and *not the deed*, confounds us!" as Lady Macbeth said.) In 1654, Whitlock wrote "Both Truth and Love lie a bleeding" (*Zootomia; or, Present Manners of the English*).

A remonstrance against 'The Dominion of the Sword' was sung to the same tune, known previously as '*The Cyclops*'; both versions issued before the death of Oliver Cromwell in September, 1658. Our ballad came earlier than "Lay by your pleading, *Law* lies a bleeding," which appears to be a political imitation of 'Love lies a Bleeding.' (See *Merry Drollery*, i, 118, 1661; 125, 1670.) Instead of our song having been written "in imitation of the Power of the Sword," it led the way to it, and is superior.

"Love is a Toadstone" (line 35, p. 730) alludes to the saying that "the toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in its head."—*As You Like It*, Act ii, sc. 1: "Sweet are the uses of Adversity."

'Love lies a Bleeding' was not fully reprinted for nearly two centuries, until the present Editor, in 1875, edited it in his second volume of *The Drolleries of the Restoration*, for Mr. Robert Roberts, of Boston, Lincolnshire; to whom the present Group of Ballads is dedicated. It embodies the true sentiments and character of the royalists, the religious Cavaliers, before the restoration of Charles II, and deserves to be our *Finale*.

## Love Lies a Bleeding.

“ By whose mortal wounds you may soon understand,  
What sorrows we suffer since Love left the Land.”

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Cyclops* [= *Lay by your Pleading* : *Pop. Music*, p. 432].

LAY by your pleading, Love lies a bleeding,  
Burn all your Poetry, and throw away your reading.  
Piety is painted, and Truth is tainted,  
Love is a reprobate, and Schism now is Sainted.  
The throne Love doth sit on, we dayly do spit on ;  
It was not thus, I wis, when [Queen] *Betty* rul'd in *Britain* ;  
But friendship hath faulter'd, Love's altars are alter'd ;  
And he that is the cause, I would his neck were halt' red ! [\* *Note*,  
p. 732.]  
When Love did nourish, *England* did flourish,  
Till holy Hate came in and made us all so currish ;  
Now every widgeon talks of Religion,  
And doth as little good as *Mahomet* and his Pidgeon.  
Each coxcombe is suiting his words for confuting,  
But heaven is sooner gain'd by suffering than disputing.  
True friendship we smother, and strike at our brother ;  
Apostles never went to God by killing one another. [+ *Ibid*.]  
Let Love but warm ye, nothing can harm ye ;  
When Love is general, there's Angels in the Army.  
Love keeps his quarters, and fears no tortures ;  
The bravest fights are written in the Book of Martyrs.  
Could we be so civill as to do good for evill,  
It were the only happy way to o'ercome the divel.  
The flowers Love hath wat' red, Sedition hath scatt' red ;  
We talk with tongues of holiness, but act with hearts of hatred.  
He that doth know me, and Love will shew me,  
Hath found the nearest noble way to overcome me.  
He that hath bound me, and then doth wound me,  
Wins not my heart, doth not conquer, but confound me.  
In such a condition Love is the physitian ;  
True Love and Reason make the purest polititian.  
But strife and confusion, Deceit and delusion,  
Though it seem to thrive at first, will make a sad conclusion.  
Love is a jewel, a pretious Jewel,  
'Tis Love must stanch the blood when Fury fights the duel.  
Love is a Toadstone, Hate is a blood-stone ; [+ p. 729.]  
Heaven is the North Point, and Love is the Loadstone.  
Though fury and scorn Love's temples have torn,  
He'll keep his Covenant, and will not be forsworn :  
His Laws do not border on strife and disorder,  
He scorns to get his wealth by perjury and murder.



What Falsehood drew in, Grace never grew in;  
 Love will not raise him upon another's ruine.  
 He can present ye with peace and plenty;  
 Love never advanceth one by throwing down of twenty.  
 Where Love is in season, there Truth is and Reason;  
 The soul of Love is never underlaid with Treason.  
 He never doth quarrel for Princely apparel,  
 Nor ever fixed a Chair of State upon a Barrel. [A gird at O. C.  
 Cf. Note, p. 732.]

Love from the dull pit of Follies' full pit  
 Never took an anvil out, and put it in a pulpit.  
 Love is no sinker, Truth is no slinker;  
 In mending breaches Love did never play the tinker.  
 Where Vengeance and Lust is, no truth nor trust is,  
 As will appear at last in God's high Court of Justice.  
 Pity and remorse is the strength of Love's Forces;  
 Paul never converted men by stables filled with horses. [Cathedral  
 desecration.]

Mercy is fading, Truth is degrading, [i.e. descending.]  
 Love is the only cause of Plenty, Peace, and Trading;  
 Love is a fire, made of desire,  
 Whose chief Ambition is to heaven to aspire.  
 It stops the gradation of fury and passion; [Step by step.]  
 It governs all good Families, and best can guide a Nation.  
 The Low Land, the High Land, and my Land and thy Land,  
 Grew all in common strait, when Love had left this Island.

When Peace is panting, and Rage is ranting,  
 'Tis an undoubted sign the King of Love is wanting.  
 Father and Mother, Sister and Brother,  
 If Love be lacking, quickly mischief one another.  
 Where wrath is, the rod is, that ruins our bodies;  
 With Hate the devil is, but where Love is God is.  
 Then let us not doubt it, but streight go about it,  
 To bring in Love again: we cannot live without it.

Then let the Graces crown our embraces,  
 And let us settle all things in their proper places;  
 Lest persecution cause dissolution,  
 Let all purloyned wealth be made a restitution.  
 For though now it tickles, 't will all turn to prickles;  
 Then let's live in peace, and turn our Swords to sickles.  
 When *Noah's* Dove was sent out, then God's Pardon went out:  
 They that would have it so, I hope will say amen to 't. *Finis.*

[B.-L. Four woodcuts. See Notes, pp. 729, 732. Date, 1653-4.]





“ If you be well pleased with this,  
And hold your fortune for your bliss,  
Turn you where your lady is  
And claim her with a loving kiss.”—*M. of Venice*, iii, 2.

**T**HIS figure (from ‘*Here’s Jack in the Box*,’ Oct. 1656), the third woodcut named on p. 572, illustrates the ballads beginning “Lay by your Pleading.” They are eminently political, and direct gibes against Oliver Cromwell, 1654, ‘the Brewer,’ so-called Lord Protector. In April, 1653, he had forcibly dismissed the rebellious Long Parliament; the risk of alienating his Ironsides hindered him from assuming the title of King. ‘The barrel’ of the Brewer, and the wish for him to be hanged,\* are an open secret: he having “fixed a Chair of State upon a *Barrel*,” p. 731 (compare the picture here given). “I would his neck were halt’red!” is one among many Cavalier anticipations of what took place at Tyburn posthumously on the 30th of January, 1661, after the Restoration.

\* *Note*, line 8.—In ‘A Jolt on Michaelmas-Day,’ 1654, after Oliver Cromwell had been upset from his guarded six-horsed carriage, the Cavaliers sang thus:—

“ Not a day, nor an hour, but we felt his Power,  
And now he would show us his Art:  
His first reproach is a fall from a Coach;  
His last will be from a Cart.”

Also, in ‘Oliver’s Coronation’ he is bidden to ‘get up and ride . . . ’till thou plod’st along to the Paddington Tree’ at Tyburn.—*Dis alitur visum est*.

Line 16.—“Apostles never went to God by killing one another,” recalls the rebuke administered to S. Peter, “Put up again thy sword into his place: for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword.”—*S. Matthew*, xxvi, 52.

HAVING now completed our task, except the *ADDITIONAL NOTES*, the *BALLAD-INDEX* to vol. viii, and the General Index,

## Be it known to all Men by these Presents,

THAT anybody who maliciously misreads the warning on p. 743, and elsewhere, against Antiquarian and Historical Literature being subjected to a new Index Expurgatorius, to suit the fault-finding proclivities of 'Priests, Women, and Families,' is hereby sentenced to undergo the chastisement of goosequill, according to the statutes specially made and provided at our Court of Black-letter Broadides.

We reverence and love 'La Jeune Fille,' although we dispute the claim advanced for her, by prurient prudes and epicœne members of a self-styled 'Purity Society,' to be the supreme arbitress and court of final appeal in all questions of Art and Literature. She is tolerant herself. *They* would banish Lord Leighton, Sir E. Burne Jones, and Etty. They denounce Balzac, Byron, and Burns. Their judgment in literature would rigidly cast out all such novellæ, balladen, and *Lyriques Erotiques* as were given to us by Théophile Gautier, Charles Baudelaire, Alfred de Musset, and our own true but uncrowned Poet-Laureate, *de facto* if not *de jure* (the author of '*Atalanta in Calydon*' and '*Dolores*'); the only successor to Tennyson, now that William Morris has followed him into rest. When the 'Young Person' has reached her full growth she seeks for warmer literature than any slipslop homilies disguised as theological fiction, or the puerilities of tenth-rate geniuses, run to seed!

An unavoidable portion of our task, delayed to the Final Group, passed for Gaol-delivery sundry woful examples of 'Female Ramblers,' whom no Lord Chamberlain would admit to Court, unless it were a Court of Justice. We owe amends to the better representatives of the Sex (Woman, at her best, being "very, very good; but when she is bad she is horrid").

Therefore we insert our final tribute, heartfelt and sincere, to the English Maiden. Sheridan chose her as the leading toast, when in his most brilliant comedy and most convivial key he sang—"Here's to the Maiden of bashful fifteen!" She is loveable at that early age, as she had been from babyhood; but we prefer her two years older, unsurpassable at her best, *la Dix-Septième*, and make no further *Apologia* for adding incidentally the following stanzas.

Our Editorial PRELUDE (p. 642) told of the monstrous birth that desecrates the name of 'A New Woman.' She is the worst enemy of innocence and beauty. Our EPILOGUE is on p. 735.

## I.

## Maidenhood.

"Dix-Septième."

(AD PSYCHEM.)

*SHE is truly the best of all darlings  
The world paying homage had seen,  
Amid international snarlings,—  
This maiden of "Sweet Seventeen."*

*She fulfils our Ideal, or nearly;  
No mortal comes nigh her, I ween;  
We were fated from birth to love dearly  
This "Maiden of Sweet Seventeen."*

*Talk of rosebuds, Spring snowdrops, or pansies,  
She is daintier, fairer in sheen,  
Than the garden-born flowers a man sees,  
So long as she's "Sweet Seventeen."*

*The best Books never grow antiquated;  
"For all time!" up to date, they keep green;  
So, until the dear girl be Ill-mated, [Absit omen!  
She shall bloom as in "Sweet Seventeen."*

## II.

## An English Maiden.

"Toujours à Toi."

*ONE face we know, dearest and sweetest,  
With the sadness that haunts it betimes;  
The beauty, that fades not the fleetest,  
But could never be captured in rhymes;*

*The calm grandeur, prouder and colder,  
Shown to others, but not unto me;  
In a world that seems heartless and bolder  
Than, for all it is worth, it should be.*

*Why shadow'd thus early, o'er-laden?  
Has Life told her secret too soon?  
Does she listen, this fair English Maiden,  
To the Vesper-bells chiming ere Noon?*

*Music enter'd her Soul (well we know it);  
But those who have felt its full charm,  
Thrill'd by raptures of Painter or Poet,  
Must pay for the gift, tho' it harm.*

*There is no face more lovely, or lonely;  
And I think—of the thousands I've seen—  
To my last dying breath, that she only  
Shall be worship'd as "Sweet Seventeen."*

J. W. E.

## Maidens Fair.

EPILOGUE: in contrast to the 'FEMALE RAMBLERS.'

*WE know they are skittish and fickle;  
Hard to curb, as young colts in the Spring,  
Prone to stumble when new fancies tickle,  
And ready to bolt or to fling.*

*At times they are full of devotion,  
And to join them in worship seems right;  
Then, ensnared by some whimsical notion,  
They whirl round in ball-rooms next night.*

*They meet us with smiles and with blushes,  
They vex us with frowns and a pout,  
Or they stare at us coldly in 'Crushes,'  
Till we wonder and grieve, lost in doubt.*

*Their talk is of 'Johnnies' and 'Chappies';  
They betray their "Mamma's nagging ways,  
And her treatment of old chums of Pappy's":  
Fanning sympathy into a blaze.*

*They whisper their secret misgiving,  
That "We two should not meet thus alone!  
And, oh dear! how one wearies of living  
In such weather, the worst ever known!"*

*Maidens fair! born to conquer and rule us,  
Our hopes and our dreams, day or night:  
Though we know they will jilt and befool us,  
We yield them control as their right.*

*Yet we now end, perforce, by confessing  
We ourselves were their partner in 'whirls':  
Joyous wisdom, Life's crown and chief blessing,  
Sprang from Love and our knowledge of Girls.*

J. W. EBSWORTH.



# Répertoire Alphabétique.

(‘ROXBURGHE BALLADS’ Horn-Book: woodcut, vii, 275.)

- A** *is* Announcement of ‘BALLAD SOCIETY,’  
**B** *bringing* Ballads of every variety; [1868.  
**C** *called for* CHAPPELL, who lent brave assistance;  
**D** *s the* Demand, when it burst to existence.  
**E** *is the* EBSWORTH, who join’d the staff later; [1873.  
**F** *for the* Folk, whom with ‘BAGFORDS’ he’d cater.  
**G** *is the* Gobe-mouche, who ‘don’t understand it’; [Cussans.  
**H** *is his* Halt, when his Guinea’s demanded.  
**I** *is the* Income, when ‘Ballad Soc.’ started;  
**J** *is our* Joy: just before it departed. [P. 738.  
**K** *s* Key-note (Pepys Coll.) first drew attention;  
**L** *s* L. S. D., well deserving fresh mention.  
**M** *may be* Money, for war-sinews, speedy spent;  
**N** *need be* Nothing not right and expedient.  
**O** *owns much* Owing, that ought to be paid [Hertford.  
**P** *promptly to* Printers (this can’t be gainsaid).  
**Q** *Queer, Quaint* woodcuts, that so largely enter  
**R** ‘ROXBURGHE BALLADS,’ our stronghold and centre.  
**S** *stands for* ‘Sweet Songs,’ not sparsely commingled  
**T** *throughout* ‘Tragedies,’ whereto nerves tingled.  
**U** *might be* ‘Us,’ if we were not too modest;  
**V** *are the* Vicious, squint-eyed and loose-bodied.  
**W** ‘Wanted-links,’ ‘Sequels,’ each mover tries;  
**X** *hits eXactly* our lucky discoveries.  
**Y** *are the* Yawns of Yahoos, hypercritical;  
**Z** *is our* Zeal to show fight (none this witty call):  
 &-per-se-and comes to truncate our ditty-crawl.

Y<sup>E</sup> EDITOR.



## Additional Notes

To the Completed Eight Volumes of

# The Roxburghe Ballads.

“I labour’d on alone. The wind and dust  
And sun of the world beat blistering in my face;  
And hope, now for me, now against me, dragged  
My spirits onward.”

—*Aurora Leigh*, Book V.

**T**O the admirable ‘INTRODUCTION’ in vol. i of these ROXBURGHE BALLADS, written by the late William Chappell, F.S.A., and printed in 1871, little need be added as correction or supplement. It is entirely bibliographical, and does not enter into any wilderness of disquisition concerning the literary merits of the ballads themselves, or the relation borne towards them by what are called traditional versions. Fully to discuss the history of Ballad Literature, in contradistinction to the examination of pure lyrical Poetry, would require and deserve a separate Introduction: virtually a separate volume. This, to do justice to the beautiful remains of Scottish and Borderland traditions, might have been the best conclusion of the Ballad-Society work. The present Editor had been preparing such a *Finale*. But funds are not provided to continue farther. Additional labour must be relinquished beyond the double *Index*. It has required incessant pertinacity to conquer the delays of printing our twenty-one Parts, and secure the completion of the whole series of ballads, belonging to the Roxburghe Collection, as well as those of the ‘Bagford.’ These five volumes are at last added to the three edited by Mr. William Chappell in 1869–1880. The projected ‘GENERAL INTRODUCTION TO POPULAR BALLAD-LORE’ must be left quiescent, in the limbo of Unfulfilled Good Intentions.

It is not that the Second Series of *Roxburghe Ballads* has outgrown its proper bulk. On the contrary, the present Eight Volumes reach precisely the limit assigned by J. W. Ebsworth in 1880 for the due completion of the undertaking. By the copious introduction of brevier type, by the frequent 'running on' of original half-lines into whole lines, continuously, and by rigidly limiting repetition of the woodcuts (both his own, specially newly engraved, and those of other blocks which had earlier appeared in the first three volumes, or in his *Bagford Ballads*, 1876-80), an enormous amount of space was saved. The wasteful extravagance of time, bulk, and money in the first three volumes was simply ruinous. It disgusted subscribers, who got so small a return for their annual guinea. It occasioned the later difficulties, which were obstacles to progress. Blank half-pages, twentyfold repetitions of the same large woodcuts, each absorbing at least half a page, instead of a brief reference to some one previous appearance, had disastrously squandered the funds and protracted the work. There had been no efficient Editorial superintendence over the many "Paid Assistants," namely, the inaccurate copyists of texts (manuscripts accumulated in advance twenty-six years! never trustworthy); also of designs (after the excellent early work, of Rudolph Blind and J. H. Rimbault, the slovenliness became glaring); the inadequate 'correction of proofs,' and the degeneracy of the woodcutting: moreover, scarcely any collation of parallel texts was made.

The result was this, after starting with a splendid income: nine years' expenditure of time, money, and labour, filled exactly three volumes of *Roxburghe Ballads* with a total of 2068 pp. 8vo (viz., pp. xxxii plus 644, in vol. i, 1871; pp. viii plus 672, in vol. ii, 1874; pp. viii plus 704, in vol. iii, 1880). These completed the first and thinnest folio vol. of the Roxb. Collection, and nominally one hundred pages of the second.

The total number of *Roxburghe Ballads* reprinted by W. Chappell in his three vols. (excluding three additional, from the Pepysian Coll., given at suggestion of his successor, who 'collaborated' in Part IX) did not exceed three hundred and ninety-seven (116 ballads in vol. i; 124 in vol. ii; 157 in vol. iii). In the original Roxburghe Collection is a total of 1340 distinct ballads (with the ten, recovered elsewhere, of the hitherto lost eleven), shown by our private MS. List: exclusive of duplicates, whereof it contains one hundred and eighty-two. This left Seven Hundred and Sixty-one distinct ballads (including the ten to be discovered elsewhere, of the lost eleven) to be reproduced in the following five vols. Many ballads were of great length, especially the 'Sempill Ballates' of 1565-73. Others lacked their Sequels, Answers, or Precursors: all of which three hundred and more 'extras' were sought, found, and are given.

Fortunately, as shown on pp. 179 to 183, there were no less than forty-four of the long-winded narrative rhymed-poems, properly described as 'Garlands,'

not necessarily to be reproduced among the ballads. They would have required almost an additional volume for themselves; and were wholly modern, unmusical, and of no rarity. Seven of those named in our ‘*List of Garlands*’ are here reprinted (having tunes assigned to them) on pp. 134 with 173; 68 with 175; 573; 629; 633; 658; 804. There were also more than seventy-eight modern ‘Slip-Songs’ (see ‘*List of Slip-Songs*’ on pp. 184 to 188, not including many, political, that had been already duly reprinted here): of those in the list thirty-four have since been reprinted in this volume, respectively on pp. 198, 260, 265, 269, 311, 312, 314, 315, 317, 318, 321, 322, 323, 329, 334, 336; 436, 437, 453, 551, 567, 568, 613, 692, 706, 721, 722, 724, 726, 808. Deducting eighty-one *Unreprinted* (thirty-seven *Garlands*, and unreprinted forty-four *Slip-Songs*) from the Roxb. Coll. total of 943, left J. W. Ebsworth a remainder of at least seven hundred and sixty-one Roxburghe Ballads; also, innumerable “extras,” to be reprinted, after the year 1880. All of these (one alone excepted, reprinted by him elsewhere), are now given, some among these Additional Notes.

Considerably enriching the work, there are reprinted also a large number of ballads from the Pepys, Rawlinson, Wood, Euing, Douce, Jersey, Trowbesh, and other outside collections of broadsides and manuscripts, closely connected as antecedents or sequels to the genuine Roxburghe exemplars, and virtually indispensable; with notes and introductions or comment. Nearly all of these were hitherto hidden away, and unserviceable, virtually inaccessible.

*Our own total of reprinted Ballads in the five vols. is beyond 1071; of Songs, 323.* (Also, in the companion series of the *Bagford Collection of Ballads*, we give 177 ballads and 13 extra songs.)

The large proportion of these ‘Black-letter extras’ are from the Pepysian Collection, and unique. In fact, there has been well-nigh a fulfilment of the earliest design, to reproduce in its integrity the Collection of Pepysian Ballads.

*First.*—Four hundred Pepysian ballads, being duplicates of Roxburghe, have been here reprinted. *Second.*—In addition to these, many other Pepysian, chiefly unique, but several duplicated outside the Roxb. Coll., have been included as extras. In round numbers we may reckon that about five hundred Pepysian ballads are here printed, without counting those others given among *Bagford Ballads*, by the same Editor.

At the foundation of the Ballad Society in 1868, proclamation had been made that the Pepysian Collection was to be taken first. But these jealously-guarded ballads were most judiciously debarred from being made public property.

The legal and scholastic authorities of Magdalen College were entitled to withhold such a privilege, that seemed to be extorted arrogantly, by a brand-new, self-assertive “society,” not yet famous for work: not requested as a favour submissively. The present Editor owes gratitude for many special favours from the guardians of the Bibliotheca Pepysiana, and perfectly approves the wise restrictions. He has not found anything but kindness accorded to his requests.

In itself the Pepys Coll. is the largest in the world; but if we weigh against its five vols. the numerous distinct volumes contained in the British Museum, irrespective of duplicates on either hand, the Pepysian is now equalled in bulk, and probably surpassed.



Including its own duplicates, or semi-duplicates, there are in the Pepys Collection 1738 distinct ballads. But none of these are Garlands or slip-songs; and vol. v alone is in white-letter.

A few errors in detail, and mistaken generalizations in Mr. Chappell's pp. vi and vii, can be corrected here, after much closer study, by his loving successor.

Mere guesswork as to probable number of extant duplicates is virtually useless. The only safe plan is, *after most careful indexing and tabulation*, to count the exemplars in each collection, they bearing such diverse proportion to one another. Thus Mr. Chappell's 'approximate reckoning' can be exchanged for certainty.

In the valuable and extensive Pepysian Collection the total number of ballad-broadside appears to be 1738.

Of these, in itself, sixty-seven are virtually its own duplicates; leaving sixteen hundred and seventy-one distinct ballads: nine hundred and sixty-four of which are unique, being elsewhere unduplicated. This is a large proportion, and shows its importance.

Other *single* duplicates of the Pepysian are thus distributed:—

|                    |   |   |   |   |     |                         |
|--------------------|---|---|---|---|-----|-------------------------|
| In Roxburghe Coll. | . | . | . | . | 433 | sole-dupl. of Pepysian. |
| „ Jersey           | . | . | . | . | 45  | „ „                     |
| „ Douce            | . | . | . | . | 43  | „ „                     |
| „ Wood             | . | . | . | . | 19  | „ „                     |
| „ Rawlinson        | . | . | . | . | 10  | „ „                     |
| „ Case 22, e. 2    | . | . | . | . | 6   | „ „                     |
| „ Huth             | . | . | . | . | 1   | „ „                     |
| Total              |   |   |   |   | 557 | „ „                     |

A few other duplicates are in the Ouvry (now incorporated with the Jersey as Lindesianæ), the Luttrell, the Euing, the Manch. (most of them mutilated), the Madden, the Trowbesh, etc. There are also a large number which are triplicated or quadruplicated in several collections. But of unique Pepysian ballads the number remains considerable, viz. about 964; and of these a goodly sample are preserved in our reproductions. We have also culled rarities elsewhere.

Let it be remembered that in Mr. William Chappell's three volumes there were absolutely *no political or historical ballads*, except one, 'The Belgick Boar' (on p. 437 of his vol. iii). *They all appear later*. Not until we reach Second and Third Volumes of the original Roxb. Collection are they met; the whole of this interesting but intricate series, ranging from 1567 to 1781, fell to his own chosen successor, who had already dealt with such subjects in the companion work, *The Bagford Ballads* (pp. 1220). Mr. Chappell was glad to be free of them.

These historical and political ballads are scattered promiscuously, amid the ill-arranged humorous and romantic broadsides of the Roxburghe Collection. To present them in such disorderly fashion, in conformity with the chaotic confusion adopted by the binder, would have been absolutely destructive. It might suit a mere reprinter, but could not be tolerated by any Editor, who knew what was due to his materials and his subscribers. A change was needed.

After p. 80 of vol. iv (Part X, 1880), on reaching Danby and Shaftesbury, and the beginning of the sham 'Popish-Plot' commotion,



this inevitable change took place. No longer following slavishly the accidental order of succession used in the folio volumes, the connected ballads were thereafter rearranged by the later Editor in groups, chronologically, in the case of the political broadsides, beginning with a large number of '*Anti-Papal Ballads*,' and speedily coming to a far more extensive group, '*The Struggle for Succession between the Duke of York and the Duke of Monmouth*,' in vol. iv and the whole of vol. v. Many connecting links were found, in hitherto unprinted manuscripts, letters, lampoons, and State Papers. We claim for Parts XII, XIII, XIV, and XV, pp. 952, that they give a continuous and illustrated narrative of the warfare between the rebellious Protestant faction and the Catholic adherents of James, before and after he became James the Second. It would have been useless to follow the original sequence of the Folio Vols.

The same system was continued in the three following volumes. The purely historical or political groups were kept separate; and, for the sake of variety, or relief, other groups came at intervals. Thus, '*A Hundred True-Love Ballads*,' two Groups of convivial '*Good Fellows*,' three chronological Groups of '*Naval Ballads*,' two of '*Early Romantic and Legendary Ballads*,' with other groups of '*Christmas Carols*' and '*Religious Ballads*,' '*Trades and Sports*,' and '*Matrimonial or Anti-Matrimonial Ballads*,' not forgetting the '*Scolding Wives*' and '*Cupid Ballads*,' or the '*Anglo-Scottish*,' '*Rogueries of Millers*,' and final Gaol-Delivery of '*Female Ramblers*.' The '*Sempill Ballads*' date from the rebellion against Mary Queen of Scots; '*The Civil War and Restoration*' form a separate group, as do the '*Queen Anne Ballads*,' and those on the '*Jacobite Troubles during the Reign of the Georges*.' Hence it comes that these ballads form a library in themselves of hitherto un-gathered treasures, social, dramatic, and historical.

Altogether it fulfils the title-page declaration of the final five volumes, the Second Series, not only '*Illustrating the last years of the Stuarts*,' but also including the reign of Mary Queen of Scots, of Elizabeth, and of James I.

So far as possible, they are printed with critical exactitude. But the requisite filling in of suppressed names and expansion of contracted or mutilated words (many broadsides having been shorn closely by ruthless binders, or torn in rough usage) appeared to be an Editorial necessity. We entertain a horror of emasculated literature, such as Sir Walter Scott avowed, when requested to Bowdlerize Dryden. None but a cloud-compelling Zeus could inflict such an 'unkind cut' on a fallen Chronos: once only, as a sequel, arose from the depths that 'thing of Beauty,' Venus-Aphrodite.

William Chappell felt the irksomeness of giving or withholding the coarser ballads. But his experiment of banishing two alone, 'The Maid's Comfort' and 'The Merry Cuckold' from their due position in Part IV, 1872, into a never-continued 'Supplementary Volume,' was a mistake. (See p. 749, *post.*)

It remains incomprehensible: seeing how slight are their offences of grossness. Intermeddling of a prim and obtuse Peninsula and Oriental caused this blot.

Thus it is, by no possibility can a hard and fast rule govern all contingencies. Mr. Chappell names the Roxburghe Collection as one "it is now proposed to reprint, as nearly as possible in a complete form" (p. xxvii of his *Introduction*). This voluminous reprint of the Roxburghe Collection is now secured, within thirty years of its inception. Our chief regret is, that he did not survive to welcome it. But he died loved and honoured, knowing it to be in safe hands. Encouragement came during our own progress, from such approving friends as John Payne Collier, F.S.A. (whose excellent volume, *A Book of Roxburghe Ballads*, is not named in the 'Introduction' of 1871); his nephew, Frederick Ouvry, Pres. Soc. of Antiquaries; J. O. Halliwell Philipps, F.S.A.; W. J. Thoms (the original Editor of *Notes and Q.*, who in a letter told why he and Halliwell had declined to join the Ballad Society, on account of libels against J. P. C. and the true 'Shakespeare Society'); John Winter Jones, Principal Librarian of the British Museum, who wrote the article on Ballads in *North British Review*, November, 1846, quoted on p. x of *Introduction*; George S. Steinman, F.S.A.; Dr. George Bullen, F.S.A., C.B., Keeper of the Printed Books, British Museum, most genial of friends, librarians, and Noviomagians; F. W. Cosens, of Queen's Gate; the learned and generous Henry Bradshaw, Dean of King's Coll., Camb., Principal Librarian of Cambridge University Library, the Editor's own "best man" at his wedding, at Goodmanham, Yorks, and close friend since 1860; John Muir Wood, of Glasgow, supreme in his knowledge of Scottish music, as William Chappell was of English melody; Stephen Austin, of Hertford, our venerable and beloved printer; the liberal and appreciative Cornelius E. Paine, of Brighton; Mrs. De Vaynes, of Cliftonville, Margate (whose true-hearted and accomplished daughter, Miss Julia H. L. De Vaynes, of Updown, Thanet—Editor of *A Huguenot Garland*, 1890, and the two bulky volumes of *A Kentish Garland*, 1881—2—still survives, our unflagging helper and subscriber); William Kelly, F.S.A., of Leicester; Dr. Brinsley Nicholson, annotator of Ben Jonson and Editor of Reginald Scot; the Rev. Alfred J. Woodhouse, M.A., vicar of Ide Hill, Sevenoaks, Kent; our ancient camerade since 1850, Andrew Mercer Adam, M.D., of Boston, but formerly of Dumfries, who induced us to join the Ballad Society, and to edit the 'Drolleries' for Robert Roberts; James Stock Mitchell, of Pembury Road, Lower Clapton, late Master of the hospitable Civic Company of the Tallow-Chandlers. All of these, with others, no less lovingly remembered, have now "joined the majority."

Yet we gladly remember that some remain alive, constant in their love of ballads, notably: Sir James Jenkins, K.C.B. of Plymouth; Miss De Vaynes; John Collins Francis; his friends Joseph Knight, F.S.A., and F. G. Stephens; Robert Roberts; E. Viles, of Pendryl Hall; Adolphus Coni; Arthur H. Bullen, B.A.; the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, M.A.; Rev. A. B. Grosart, LL.D.; Bertram Dobell; W. Y. Fletcher, F.S.A., and Wm. R. Wilson, both of the British Museum; James Richardson, of Glasgow; Walter Money, of Newbury, F.S.A.; the Rev. Andrew Clark, M.A., of Oxford; Charles Smith, of Faversham; and many more. Long may they flourish!

In defiance of misconstruction, the present Editor has endeavoured to give accurately and boldly, so far as it was possible with least offensiveness, the whole range of Roxburghe Collection Ballads.

Where can the line be drawn, between exclusion or allowance, that shall satisfy diversity of opinions? Compromise is always cowardly, the bane of honesty. Who shall decide? *Quis custodiet custodes?* To decimate an unruly troop is inevitably to risk punishing the pardonable, and amnestying the incorrigible. "Ae man may steal a horse, but anither maunna loik ower the hedge!"

We stand upon our individualistic rights and judgment, without begging favour from critics for supposititious errors. Rhadamanthus, Æacus, and Minos awe us not, if they condemn either too much or too little, racking or curtailment on the bed of Procrustes. We find shelter behind the ægis of Honoré de Balzac (p. 711), for such modifications in the final Groups as rendered them admissible.

No living historian is worthy to brush Lord Macaulay's boots. In January, 1841, he defended the republication of Congreve, Wycherley, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar, "The Comic Dramatists of the Restoration," although he said, "we certainly cannot recommend the handsome volume before us as an appropriate Christmas present for young ladies."—*Edinburgh Review*, vol. lxxii.

Smug barristers, the cross-examining pests of the Law-Courts, respond "That is so!" but they persecuted poor septuagenarian Henry Vizetelly, who gave us Gaboriau, Du Boisgobey, Daudet's 'Sapho,' Flaubert's 'Madame Bovary,' and Théophile Gautier's 'Mlle. du Maupin.' Unluckily, he gave also Zola.

Alas! we are overshadowed by "the young Person." It is not her fault, poor innocent! (see p. 733). She is too intrusive in a domed Reading-Room, and in many other public libraries; figuring among the 'women-writers' at Hypatia Clubs, where her taste is vicious and her appetite greedily exercised on whatsoever is deemed unfit for decent perusal. Fashions change, of course, in literature as in bewildering head-dresses. Dr. Johnson declared that any lady might read Mat Prior without objection: and she did so in his day. Sir Walter Scott recorded that he lent unwillingly, at her own urgent request, to an old dame of position, a copy of the works of Mrs. Aphra Behn (Pope's 'Astrea,' "who fairly puts her characters to bed"), and when the old lady returned the books—after reading every line, no doubt, novels and plays—she desired them to be consigned to the fire-back; adding an expression of wonder that in her girlhood they had been read aloud, in the company of ladies, without a blush. The late Henry Morley set examination papers in 'Tom Jones' to twin-sisters of sixteen, 1870. Yet he expurgated Swift, Rabelais, and others in the *Universal Library*. Let any unprejudiced person study the pictures of our deservedly famous Humourist, William Hogarth; 'moralist' (as he was claimed to be in R. A. lectures: 'Before' and 'After' specifically). Their coarseness and indecency appalled nobody a century ago. Laurence Sterne, the unsurpassable, our nearest Irish substitute for unapproachable Rabelais (let alone Swift), was the ideal of each feminine coterie; every woman knew by heart his '*Tristram Shandy*' and '*Sentimental Journey*'; cooling her cheeks with a costly fan that bore paintings of Hogarth's 'Harlot's Progress.' Who, save hypocrites, were shocked in 1785 by 'Holy Willie's Prayer'? Until 1799, three years after the death of Burns, his cantata of 'The Jolly Beggars,' 1785, was withheld from publication.

Always distrust prudes and persecutors. There have been more vicious English novels and dramas popularized of late years than our forefathers could have tolerated; 'novels with a purpose' and 'problem plays' such as 'The Profligate,' 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,' 'The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith,' or 'The Benefit of the Doubt.' 'Michael and his Lost Angel' feebly recalled '*The Monk*,' by Matthew G. Lewis; who told a similar tale, in 1795, viz. the seduction and dishonour of a vainglorious priest, allured into sin by a wanton woman. The same subject was again treated, in '*Adam Blair, Minister of the Gospel at Cross-Meikle*,' by John Gibson Lockhart, 1822; also, in 1850, in '*The Scarlet Letter*,' by another man of true genius, Nathaniel Hawthorne. Immeasurable is the distance between the noble romance entitled '*The New Antigone*,' 1887, by the Rev. Father Barry, and a catchpenny caricature '*The Woman who Did*,' with the same motive, by a 'Hill-top' novelist: it is "Hyperion to a Satyr!"

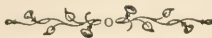
In the present fashion of 'risky' novels the worst offenders and dreariest are of the sex that arrogates to itself the claim of chastity and modesty, assuming to be both 'tender and true.' Neither Banquo nor Macbeth could recognize them as feminine.

"What are these,  
*So wither'd and so wild in their attire,*  
 That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,  
 And yet are on 't? Live you? or are you aught  
*That man may question?* You seem to understand me,  
 By each at once her choppy finger laying  
 Upon her skinny lips. You *should* be women!" . . .

They offend, because they are grossly immoral in their choice of subjects, in their fondness for 'equivocal situations' and breaches of the Seventh Commandment; in their flippant dialogues, with cynical pessimism verging on profanity, between broken gamblers and 'women with a past,' who dwell on the outside edge of second-rate society in an unreal world, that assumes to be the fashionable circle.

Hence they make their heroines hover round the flame of sexual sensuality, until they singe their wings, like silly moths and pestilent hornets, if not actually wasps. Ignorant of theology and history, as they are of science, they know nothing of man's nobler nature, his aspirations and his successes. Crude are their notions of foreign travel and governments, of law, commerce, diplomacy, or financial economy; yet they devote many chapters to these topics, with feather-headed irresponsibility. This, and more, might be forgiven. Men of the world are tolerant, and laugh when they see these termagants wriggle ridiculously in their own morass of verbiage; without grammar, wit, common-sense, correct spelling, or coherence of plot. But since their true purpose, whether open or disguised, is to utterly destroy the safeguards of religious faith, the sanctity of home, or the obedience to law, and to substitute their doctrines of 'Free Love,' Agnosticism or Atheism, and 'Little-Englandism' in defiance of national honour, it is time to denounce these 'Female Ramblers' plainly.

Enough said. Each book stands or falls by its own merit or demerit. People heed too much the opinion of fools. To speak the truth and fear not, is a good rule. We may polish a pebble, and give delight, although it be not a diamond, a Moonstone, a Naulahka, or a Koh-i-noor. Here completed are the ballads which mirror for us well-nigh every sort of man or woman who lived in the days of the Stuarts, whether Cavalier or Roundhead. They speak to us through a Telephone of Song.







## Additional Notes to Vol. I

OF ROXBURGHE BALLADS, 1869-71.

*Nota bene.*—These entries are not severally indexed (on account of space being limited), with the exception of the extra ballads here reprinted incidentally.

W. C.'s Introduction, p. i.—Of John Bagford, his habit of collecting title-pages without scruple (64 vols.), an account is given in the present Editor's *Bagford Ballads*. His Collection of Ballads, 3 vols. folio, bears not the B. Mus. press-mark of 643, m. 9, 10, and 11, but is properly made a Case-book, better guarded, as C. 39, k. (He was born in Blackfriars, 1650; died in the Charterhouse, May 15, 1716.)

Introduction, p. v.—Mr. Chappell mistook the slip-song of 'The Curragh of Kildare,' 1761 (which the present Editor has since reprinted in vol. vi, p. 240), for the song founded on it, in 1788, with same first line, "The winter it is past, and the summer comes at last, and the small birds sing on every tree": printed in Johnson's *Scots' Musical Museum*, vol. ii, song 200. It was therefore an error to state that the Roxb. Coll., Vol. III, held within it a song by Burns. (He borrowed the 1st, 6th, and 8th stanzas, and inserted one stanza as its second.) It has one song (viii, 726) so late as July, 1780; but none later.

Introduction, p. x.—John Winter Jones, Esq., Principal Librarian of the British Museum, wrote the admirable article on Ballad broadsides in the *North British Review* (as he himself told J. W. Ebsworth in October, 1873). He had always wished to bring together the large number of discovered Collections at the Brit. Mus., viz., the Roxburghe, Bagford, Luttrell, 'Anti-Papal,' 'Coffee-House,' etc. (see p. 742). Others have been added since then—the Case 22, e. 2; the Book of Fortune, C. 20, f. 14; the Osterley Bds., C. 39, k. 6; C. 18; the Ellis, etc.



- P. xix.—*Printers.* Conyers (Joshua) is found earlier than 1682, viz. 1679. G. (E.), etc., we have identified as Griffin. Charles Harper's name is attached in 1708. H. L. printed or published the 'Wine-Cooper's Delight' (a squib against Shaftesbury, iv, 53) in 1680. J. Science, a name to be added, printed the 'London Libertine' (see p. 650, *ant.*). W. Thackeray, J. Millet, and A. Milbourne published conjointly in 1690.
- P. xxiv.—WILLIAM THACKERAY'S LIST OF 301 BALLADS, in stock, April, 1685, and 1689, is given fully identified (except twenty-nine, at that time hidden), by the present Editor in *Bagford Ballads*, Introd., pp. lx to lxxvi; additional twenty-three are tracked in his *Amanda Group of Bagford Poems*, pp. \*535, \*536; and three more in Supp. Note to *Roxb. Ballads*, vol. vi, p. 283: leaving three without certainty of being extant; losing one per cent. in two hundred years!
- Page 9.—'Sir Andrew Barton.' The *Percy Folio Manuscript*, iii, 403, begins, "As it befell in Midsummer time, when burds singe sweetly on every tree, Our noble king, King *Henery* the 8th, over the riuier of *Thames* past hee." The two Bagford Coll. exemplars are I, 61, and II, 77. Also in Pepys, I, 484; Wood (bis), Douce, Ouvry, and Jersey, II, 305 = Lind., 1303-6.
- P. 24.—The nearest approach to the tune-name, *I would thou wert in Shrewsbury!* is mentioned in vol. vi, p. 280 (date misprinted of *Daintie, come*, etc.; it should be 1590-1, not 1690-1): *I would give ten thousand pounds she were in Shrewsbury.* Three exemplars are in Euing Coll., Nos. 8, 9, 10.
- P. 31.—"I am a woman poor and blind" is quoted in 'Have with you to Saffron-Walden,' 1596: p. 125 of J. P. Collier's reprint in Yellow Series. Other exemplars of the ballad are Pepys, II, 24; Euing, 3; and Jersey, II, 306 = Lindesiana, 557.
- P. 35.—Add: Roxb. Coll., II, 15; Pepys, II, 25; Euing, 292.
- P. 46.—'The Batchelor's Feast' was entered to John White, junior, in Registers of the Stationers' Company, July, 1635, to June, 1636.
- P. 51.—There are three other exemplars besides the Roxb. two, viz., Pepys, IV, 342; and Euing, 86. Ouvry's also, printed for F. Coles, Vere, and Wright, before 1681, with variations. It is No. 231 of Thackeray's List, but must have been written *circa* 1636, or earlier.
- P. 57, line 29.—"The man shall have his mare again." Compare *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v, where the same line is quoted from an older ditty of *How Mosse found his Mare.* She was caught napping, and it is proverbial. "Methinks it is a pleasant thing to walk on Primrose hill" may have been the first line of the lost ballad, entitled 'The Dancing of Primrose-Hill' (see vol. vii, p. 202). The Wife of Bath, The Wandering Prince of Troy, Greensleeves, "Diana and her darlings dear," Kempe's Jig, "Who list to live a soldier's life," are mentioned here, along with "Sir Rouland for a refuge took Horne-Castle"—a burlesque of Edgar's "Childe Rowland to the dark tower came," a Roncesvalles ditty.
- P. 63, Note.—Of the fifty-six ballads in J. P. Collier's volume, *A Book of Roxburghe Ballads*, 1847, all but ten are from the Roxburghe Collection.
- P. 65.—Mr. Chappell mistook the facts when he stated, in a note, that "there are two copies of this ballad in the Roxb. Collections." What he supposed to be a second copy, viz., I, 530, is a totally different ballad, and equally unique; registered in November, 1621. Instead of beginning, "It was my chance, not long *time since*," it commences, "It was my chance, not long *agoe*, abroad as I was walking," and bears title of 'The Two Loving Sisters,' etc. It is reprinted in vol. iii, p. 290. C. R. stands for the author, Charles Records, *alias* Ricketts.
- P. 70.—Martin Parker's 'Bill of Fare' was registered to Francis Grove in October, 1637.

- P. 84.—The Pepys Coll. exemplar is I, 186; but there is *no* other; none in vol. iv of Roxb. Coll., *i.e.* Bright's Supplement.
- P. 89.—Dr. Walter Pope's 'Geneva Ballad' will be found in *Bagford Bds.*, p. 649; his 'Room for a Ballad, or, A Ballad for Rome,' and 'Old Man's Wish' are respectively in *Roxb. Bds.*, iv, 105, and vi, 507. The words of 'In Eighty-eight' are in vol. vi, p. 378.
- P. 99.—Another exemplar is Euing, No. 54, same publishers. 'The Wiving Age' was probably by Martin Parker, of date *cir. a* 1636.
- P. 104.—A woodcut of the Wise Man of Gotham trying to hedge in the Cuckoo is given on p. 626 of J. P. Collier's delightful *Book of Roxburghe Ballads*, 1847, already mentioned. (Compare p. 742.)
- P. 111.—This is not unique. Another copy was in Ouvry Coll., I, 12 (now Lindes., 629), signed 'Ro. Guy,' and printed for *H. Gosson*. (*Cf.* p. 633, *ante*. Entered in Stat. Registers to Francis Coules, 13 June, 1631.
- Pp. 115-6.—The true title is 'Few Words are best,' as is shown in Euing, No. 123, a later edition printed for W. Gilbertson. There is also another, at Manchester. *Cf.* pp. 249, 633. It was entered to Nathaniel Butler (20 March, 1628, to 20 June, 1629).
- P. 129.—The title, here lost, is less probably 'A new Ballad of a Prodigal and a Usurer,' thus entered to Francis Coles in Stat. Registers, 18 June, 1639, than one entered to Hy. Gosson (whose name is at the end, on p. 136), 9 April, 1638, as 'Gathergold the Father, Scattergold the Sonne.' No doubt it was Martin Parker's.
- P. 143.—This is a startling error, that "the name of the author has escaped the researches of Mr. Payne Collier and of Mr. Hazlitt," thus printed in 1869. Two years earlier, on p. 129 of W. Carew Hazlitt's useful *Handbook to the Popular Po. and D. Literature*, 1867, are entered to CRIMSALL (Richard), three items, two being ballads, subscribed R. C.—'John Hadland's Advice' and 'The Politick Maid' (*Roxb. Coll.*, I, 592 and 306), and this very book, '*Cupid's Soliciter of Love*, by Richard Crimsal,' though described as 'Prose' instead of Prose and Verse. (H. omits to mention 'Constant fair and fine Betty,' or 'Death's Loud Alarum,' etc.) The entry of transfer of this ballad in Stationers' Registers is dated 1 June, 1629: 'The Old Man and his Son.' Compare p. 781.
- P. 148.—This 'Cuckold's Haven' was entered in Stat. Registers, 25 January, 1637-8.
- P. 159.—We are happy in being able to supply the lost top-line of title, which was, 'Rail no more on Loue; or, *Cupid's Wrongs Vindicated*.' It is repeated at beginning of the burden—

*Then raile no more on loue, nor Cupid's cruell wrong;  
For thou did'st neuer proue what doth to Loue belong.*

- P. 175.—There is an error in the footnote, stating that "Down by a Forest" is unique, in *Roxb. Coll.*, II, 524, for (as shown in vol. vii, p. 422) there are four other exemplars known. Euing, Pepys, Rawlinson, and Jersey; though no duplicates of 'The Constancy of True Love,' I, 56.
- P. 185.—'The Bride's Burial' was entered to William White, in Stat. Reg., 11 June, 1603.
- P. 212.—A misleading error is here, in declaring the signature of 'P. L.' to be attached to the Pepysian ballad "Heard you not of a valiant Trooper?" for it is signed 'T. R.' in Pepys Coll., IV, 40. (This error is repeated in vol. ii, p. 234, *q.v.*) P. L. may stand for Peter Lowberry, more probably than as an inversion for L. P., Laurence Price. T. R. would be Thomas Robins. *Cf.* vol vii, 507. 'The Constant Lover' was entered to Hy. Gosson, in Stat. Registers, 8 January, 1637-8.
- P. 222.—The second *Roxb.* exemplar of 'The Dead-Man's Song' is R. Coll., III, 650. The woodcut had belonged to 'Dives and Lazarus.'

- P. 233.—‘A Dialogue: Guess-right and Needy.’ Registered 16 July, 1634.  
 P. 249.—Again we believe that we can supply the lost title, viz., ‘*Jacke the Tinker*; or, ‘A Merry Discourse ’twixt him and his *Joane*.’  
 P. 253.—Exemplars are also Pepys III, 317, and Rawlinson, 182.  
 P. 264.—‘The Desperate Damsell’s Tragedy’ is given in J. P. Collier’s *Broadside Black-letter Ballads*, 1868, p. 102: he assigns the date 1627. (See p. 634 of vol. i.) It became Ouvry Coll., I, 15; now Lindes., 686.  
 P. 287.—‘Death’s Dance’ was entered to Edw. Blackemore, Stat. Reg., IV, 263, 4 November, 1631.  
 P. 294.—To this tune, *She cannot keep her legs together*, is ‘The Contented Cuckold,’ by T. R. (Huth Coll., 135; Jersey, i, 79=Lindes., 1444). Thomas Robins’ ballad of ‘The Contented Cuckold; or, Patience upon Force is a Med’cine for a Mad Man,’ was printed for Thomas Passenger alone, 1660–70. See vol. vii, p. 101, where it was mentioned. It begins, “You young men all, to you I call, whether you live in town or city.” With this Argument prefixed—

“You batchellors both young and old, give ear unto this ditty;  
 A story here I will unfold, in mirth, I hope it will fit ye.  
 A batchellor of threescore years a Damsel young did marry;  
 Now he complains she doth him wrong, and basely doth miscarry.  
 Near *Worksworth* town in *Darby-shire* this couple they do dwell:  
 With patience, pray, this ditty hear, and then I bid farewell.”

- Pp. 318–9.—Stat. Register reads “Guidine.” This ballad of the ‘Merchant’s Son’ was written by Thomas Deloney, and bears date 22 March, 1593–4.  
 P. 336.—Although Mr. Chappell wrote that this ‘Swain’s Complaint’ “is evidently the production of a poet,” he had not remembered that the author of it was George Wither. It is the second sonnet in his *Mistresse of Phil’arete*, 1620. A duplicate exemplar is in Euing Coll., No. 84.  
 P. 353.—The tune is named *Dear Love, regard my grief* (‘A Pattern of True Love’; the words are reprinted in vol. vi, p. 682); it is identical with the tune of *Dainty, come thou to me*: see vi, 773; and i, 629.  
 P. 422.—Not unique. Another exemplar is in Manchester F.R. Lib., ii, 3.  
 P. 458.—King Henry’s going to Bulloigne was more probably the title and tune, than the ‘beginning’ of a ballad which appears to be lost.  
 P. 500.—The woodcut is from W. Copland’s *Guy Earl of Warwick*, B.-L., circd 1560, Brit. Mus. Lib., C. 21 c.; the ship, two pp. later, had belonged to a rare B.-L. tract, printed by Abr. Vele, circd 1552, *A proper treatyse of a Marchantes Wyfe*, etc.  
 P. 520.—The West-Country song begins, “There was an Old Chap in the West-Country, A flaw in the lease the lawyers had found”: reprinted in Bell’s *Songs of the Peasantry*, p. 11.  
 P. 570.—Pepys Coll., I, 106 reads *The King’s last Good-night*. Also Wood’s Coll., 401, fol. 76, printed for W. Gilbertson.  
 P. 575, 578.—“Prove constant to *ney* you love,” has nothing to do with the (suggested) word ‘*knave*.’ It is a misprinted transposition of *yen = one*, for *one*. Ritson’s original for the George Stoolie ballad was probably Major Pearson’s = our Roxb. On p. 579, line 71, we should read “*hopes*.”  
 P. 598.—‘The Lovers’ Joy and Grief’ was entered to Thomas Lambert, July 1635 to July 1636, in Stat. Reg.; and *previously*, 2 January, 1634–5.  
 P. 635.—Insert George Wither’s name and ‘p. 337’ in *List of Authors*.  
 P. 638.—Insert, “Gather-gold the Father, Scatter-gold the Son, title, 129.” Also correct the misprint, ‘Glazing Torch (The) . . . 417’; read ‘Blazing Torch, first line and tune,’ 417.

\* \* ADDITIONAL NOTES TO VOL. SECOND, 1874.

- P. 7.—The woodcut used for 'Love's Lunacie' had belonged to Sir Thomas Malory's *King Arthur*, beginning the Second Book, 1529, W. de Worde (G. 10510, Brit. Mus.), or Copland's, 1557 (C. 12, b. 12).
- P. 11.—'Pretty Comparisons' is an extension of Francis Beaumont's lines.
- P. 31.—The original of this suggestive cut was in a Pepysian ballad, entitled 'Three Maidenheads lost at Dice.' It is reproduced on p. 641 of this vol. viii. Ballad begins, "Three maids did make a meeting," etc.
- P. 73.—Of the 'Ungracious Son' three copies are in Euing Coll., Nos. 225-7, all printed for Coles, Vere, Wright, and Clarke; others are in Pepys Coll., I, 42; II, 80, and elsewhere.
- P. \*115.—'The Maid's Comfort' ought to have appeared here, but it was displaced unnecessarily, to become a 'bone of contention' and confusion in binding; being a discredited first page of the chaotic birth-strangled 'SUPPLEMENTARY VOLUME' (printed at the end of Part IV, 1872), along with 'The Merry Cuckold,' that should have been numbered p. \*143.

'The Maid's Comfort' is a ballad amplification of 'The Marigold,' and need not have been excluded, while much coarser ballads were admitted. The original is thus printed in John Cotgrave's *Wit's Interpreter*, p. 27 (1655); 3rd ed. (1671), p. 132.

Love's Riddle Resolved.

Down in a garden sate my dearest love,  
 Her skin more soft than down of Swan,  
 More tender hearted than the Turtle-dove,  
 And far more kind than bleeding Pelican.  
 I courted her; she rose, and blushing said,  
 "Why was I born to live and die a maid?"  
 With that I pluck'd a pretty Marygold,  
 Whose dewie leaves shut up when day is done.  
 "Sweeting" (I said), "arise; look and behold!  
 A pretty riddle I'le to thee unfold:  
 These leaves, shut in as close as cloyster'd Nun,  
 Yet will they open when they see the Sun."  
 "What mean you by this riddle, Sir?" she said;  
 "I pray expound it." Then I thus began:  
 "Are not men made for maids, and maids for man?"  
 With that she chang'd her colour and grew wan.  
 "Since that this riddle you so well unfold,  
 Be you the Sun; I'le be the Marygold."

[text, then.

- P. 131.—See W. C.'s *Additional Note*, ii, 659. The Roxb Coll., III, 218, version reprinted by J. P. Collier on p. 49 of his *Book of Roxb. Ballads*, 1848, has been included in vol. vi, p. 762 of our *Roxb. Bds.*, beginning, "In ancient times, when as plain-dealing," etc.
- P. \*143.—True place for 'The Merry Cuckold': now SUPP. VOL., p. 5.
- P. 164.—Tune, *This is my Grannam's deedle*. It is given on p. 246, same vol.
- P. 197.—'A Maiden's Vow' was entered to Thomas Lambert, Stat. Reg., 21 March, 1633.
- P. 208.—2nd copy printed for G. E. (= George Elde, who printed "A wedding, hoe!" ii, p. 400), 3rd for John Trundle. The tune, *Come, my sweet and bonny one!* is twice mentioned in R. Crimsall's *Cupid's Soliciter of Love*, Nos. 3, 28. See *Add. Note* to vii, 549, post.



- P. 255.—It might have been expected to find here the appropriate woodcut of "The man in the moon drinks claret," for which see vol. iv, p. 666.
- P. 280.—'The Politic Maid' was entered to Thomas Lambert, in Stat. Reg., 16 May, 1637.
- P. 294.—W. C. is mistaken here. The Pepys Coll., I, No. 168 is a totally different ballad from the unique Roxb., and bears the title of 'The Flattering Lover's Farewell to his love Nanny,' to the tune of *Virginia*. The beginning alone is similar, "Of late it was my chance"; and it has a sequel—"I am thy Lover namelesse, and so I will be still"—which is entitled 'The Comfortable Answer of Nanny' (Pepys Coll., I, 333).
- P. 304.—Ouvry exemplar is Lindes., 283; also at Manchester F. L., ii, 26.
- P. 355.—The woodcut is from the title-page of R. Armin's *Italian Taylor and his Boy*, 1609. The entire series was copied and engraved on copper-plate, by the present Editor, to illustrate Dr. A. B. Grosart's reprint of the book in his *Occasional Issues*, 1880.
- P. 361.—'The Praise of Brotherhood' is entered in Stat. Reg., 23 Aug. 1634.
- P. 366.—'The Devil and the Scold,' entered to Francis Coules (for past year), 24 June, 1630.
- P. 413.—(A cancelled leaf preceded it, misprinting S. A. P. for M. P.=Martin Parker. Had S. A. P. been correct, it might have been S. A. Picke.) 'Robin and Kate' was entered to Tho. Lambert, 9 May, 1634; two years earlier than the limit assigned by W. C.
- P. 418.—Compare pp. 177, 178, 479 *et seq.* in present vol. viii, on Robin Hood.
- P. 440.—It ought to be mentioned that Roxb. Coll., III, 582 is signed R. H. Probably this means Robert Hassall, the author. Cf. p. 758, *post*.
- P. 465.—W. C. wrote that "to trace the Ned Smith who committed felony in the reign of James I, or Charles I, would be troublesome," etc. But it can be done with an approach to certainty, in regard to the date, for the ballad is registered on 14 Dec. 1624, *as a transfer*; consequently must have appeared still earlier in James I's reign, if not in Elizabeth's. The tune is *Dainty, come thou to me* (= "Wilt thou forsake me thus?" vol. i, p. 629, or, "Wilt thou from me thus part and leave me in miserie?" as in vol. vi, pp. 681, 773).
- P. 475.—The reference to R. C.'s ballad is intended for i, 207 of *Roxb. Bds.* (not for the Roxb. Coll., I, 207: as we assign the Roman capital to mark distinction). 'The Gosport Tragedy' here mentioned is now reprinted in present vol. viii, pp. 143, 173. On 'The Valiant Trooper and Peggy,' see vol. vii, p. 99, with specimens of it, "Heard you not of a Valiant Trooper?" and of the imitation, 'Unconstant Woman' ballad, beginning, "Did you not hear of a Gallant Sailor?"
- P. 485.—This 'Sinner's Redemption' is found in *The Garland of Good Will*, assigned to Thomas Deloney, and reprinted by the Percy Society, xxx, p. i.
- P. 491.—'St. Bernard's Vision,' ent. in Stat. Reg. to S. Stafford, 22 June, 1602.
- P. 513.—'Seldom Cleanly' is not unique; another exemplar is Euing, 330, same publisher.
- P. 524.—'An excellent Song called a Lullaby' is also in Bagford Coll., I, 56; II, 151; and reprinted in vol. vi, p. 580. The original is by Nicholas Breton, of January, 1593 $\frac{3}{4}$ ; see Dr. Grosart's *Chertsey Worthies Library*, Part 80, ed. of Breton, i, d. 7. (See our own account of this "fountain-head of all the *Balloo* rivulets" on p. 578 of vol. vi.)
- P. 548.—Another edition, printed for F. Coles, M. (*sic*) Wright, T. Vere, and W. Gilbertson, is Euing, No. 88. The assignment of the charming 'Dulcina' to Ben Jonson is extremely doubtful. It is more probably Sir Walter Raleigh's; but see vol. vi, pp. 164-8, for the ballad in full, "As at noon *Dulcina* rested," and sequel by a different hand: "Day was spent and night approached": burden, *Foregoe me now, come to me soon!*



- P. 586.—‘The World is now on the mending-hand; or, The Three Merry Coblers’: thus entered in Stat. Reg. 5 Feb. 163 $\frac{1}{2}$ , to Francis Grove.
- P. 610.—This ballad, ‘Two Fervent Lovers,’ was entered to F. Coules and H. Gosson in Stat. Reg. 24 May, 1632. ‘The Two Loving Sisters’ (Roxb. Coll., I, 530) is in vol. iii, p. 290: a note to this effect should be added to *Index*, on ii, 670. For *Lulling beyond thee*, burden and tune, see ii, 311, 315; *Popular Music*, pp. 259, 260.
- P. 643.—‘John True and Susan Mase’ is of date 13 June, 1631, entered in Stat. Reg. to F. Coules. Exemplars also in Wood’s E. 25, 84, 318; Douce, II, 228, III, 98; Euing, 363.
- P. 650.—The re-entered date of this ‘Virgin’s A B C’ is 16 July, 1634, in Stat. Reg. A Newcastle reprint, John White’s, is Douce, III, 102.
- P. 655.—‘The Young Man’s A B C’ may have been of similar date; it is reg. as a Transfer in March, 1674.
- P. 661.—R. A. stands for Sir Robert Aytoun, whose original had been “adapted.” To Thom. Deloney’s name add ‘p. 486.’
- P. 723.—Compare p. 675 of this present vol. viii.

\* \* ADDITIONAL NOTES TO VOL. THIRD, 1880.

The present Editor, J. W. E., had in 1880 furnished all but two of the “*Additional Notes to vol. iii*”; also the INDEX to that vol. iii, pp. 677 to 704 (and the five other *Indices* that have followed, though not to vols. i and ii). The *conjectural continuations* of defective lines were given wrongly in iii, 682, referring to pp. 427-9 of the same vol. (“For what was man design’d?”). Correction followed in 1889 (vol. vi, p. 783), now repeated: see p. 753, *infra*. Mr. Chappell’s two notes are on iii, 682, to pp. 424, 429.

¶ Pp. 144, 148.—A duplicate of both parts of this ballad is preserved at F. Ref. Library, Manchester, Black-letter Bds., vol. i, No. 39.

P. 323.—This is not unique; two other exemplars are Huth, I, 14, and Jersey, I, 380 = Linds., 1368, printed for Francis Grove on Snow-hill.

P. 371.—‘Advice to the Beaus,’ by Tom D’Urfey, is mentioned in a foot-note, but not even the first stanza is given of his ‘Answer,’ “a caution against certain citizens’ daughters,” yet there was ample blank space wasted on p. 372, that might have held three stanzas instead of two lines only from the final stanza. Seeing how often the popular tune of *Ladies of London* was thereafter cited (the music-notes are in *Pills to purge Melancholy*, ii, p. 8, 1700 edition, and in *Popular Music*, ii, p. 593), it is due to subscribers for the first time to reprint D’Urfey’s ‘Advice to the Beaus,’ to the same tune. His original ‘Advice to the Ladies’ had begun thus:—

“Ladies of London, both wealthy and fair,  
Whom every Town Fop is pursuing,  
Still of your purses and persons take care,  
The greatest deceit lies in Wooing.  
From the first rank of *Beaux Esprits*  
Their vices therefore I discover;  
Down to the basest Mechanick degree,  
That so you may chuse out a Lover.”

*Etc., five more stanzas; seven in ballad.*

The broadside omits *D’Urfey’s final stanza* (well restored by Mr. Chappell, as *sixth*, on iii, 371); substituting three new stanzas, to fill the broadsheet.

The *Rose Tavern* in Covent Garden, kept by Mrs. Long, was notorious for revelry and disorder. (Compare “On Saturday night we sat late at the *Rose*: Carousing a glass to our wives’ good repose, After our usual mode,” etc. Title, ‘A Sunday Morning’s Ramble,’ 1687: *Poems on State Affairs*, iii, 225.)

## Advice to the Beaus.

To the foregoing Tune of, *Ladies of London*. [See Note on the music, p. 751.]

A l jolly Rake-hells that sup at the *Rose*, [al. lect. Blades.  
 And Midnight Intrigues are contriving,  
 Courtiers, and all you that set up for *Beaus*,  
 I'll give you good counsel in Wiving.  
 Now the Fair Sex must pardon my Verse,  
 If once I dare swerve from my duty :  
 Old *Rosa-crucians* found spots in the Stars,  
 Then why not I errors in Beauty ?

Shun the Cits' daughter, whom a Gentleman got  
 Whilst he the Old Cause was revenging ;  
 Bred up at School to sing, dance, and what not,  
 Yet walks as she mov'd with an Engine.  
 Nor be by the *Orphan's* treasure provok'd,  
 The chamber is empty, you see, Sir ;  
 Ne'er hope to keep a fine Cabinet lock'd,  
 When every Furr'd Gown has a key, Sir.

The Country Nymph that look fresh as a rose,  
 Whose innocent grace does o'er-rule ye, [Of. pp. 698, 709.  
 Hobbles in gait, and treads in with her toes :  
 Ah ! take a great care least she fool ye.  
 She looks as if she knew not what's what,  
 Yet bring her to Town to a Play, Sir,  
 Soon you'll perceive that she'll fall from her trot,  
 And Modishly come to the pace, Sir.

The Buxom Widdow with Bandore and Peak,  
 Her conscience as black as her cloathing,  
 If in a corner you ever make squeak,  
 I'll give you her Joynture for nothing. [Of. p. 608.  
 She still will plague ye with her Law smiles,  
 She'll answer your Court by Attorney ;  
 If you love riding in others' old Boots,  
 For God's sake make haste with your journey.

But, above all, Sirs, despise the *Coquett*,  
 She'll sacrifice Love to Ambition ;  
 Who takes a Wife that but thinks she's a Wit  
 Is in a most woful condition :  
 She'll make her Conscience stretch like her Glove,  
 And now, tho' she vows equal Passion ;  
 Perjur'd next moment, forswear all her Love,  
 And make a meer Jest of damnation.

The Maids of Honour, like fortified towns,  
 Will give you Repulse if you venture ;  
 Bulwark'd by Vertue and stiff-bodied Gowns,  
 The Devil himself cannot enter :  
 But if by Love's dear bribe you get in,  
 And for fatal Wedlock importune,  
 If you don't straight go to Law with the *Queen*,  
 You'll ne'er get one Groat of their Fortune.

But if your zeal for a Wife be so strong,  
 That nothing can cool the fierce passion,  
 Step to the *Rose*, and steal out Mrs *Long*,  
 She 'll make the best Spouse in the Nation.  
 She sounds the brains of all the young Sotts  
 That come there to taste her *Elixir* :  
 Little Flask-bottles, and leaking Pint-pots,  
 Are framing a fine Coach and six, Sir.

In broadside version this 'Advice' becomes 'Advice to Young Gentlemen ; or, An Answer to the Ladies of *London*,' and to the same Tune, beginning, "All jolly Blades that inhabit the Town, and with the Fair Sex are contriving," etc. Licenced by R. Pocock, 1685-8. London : Printed for *J. Back*, at the *Black-Boy*, near the Draw-bridge on *London-Bridge*. Black-letter. Three woodcuts (Bed-scene, vii, 458 ; couple, p. 138, *ante* ; frieze). Variations throughout.

Pp. 427-9.—We give here, *italicized*, the authoritative completion of defective lines, as gathered from a later-found exemplar, Jersey Coll., II, 158 = *Lindesiana*, 396. Cf. p. 751, *ante*.

- Line 57.—Of what they possess there's nought *that's denied*.  
 „ 60.—When Love is sweet accents so plentifully *flow* :  
 „ 63.—And can abridge them when weary *we grow*.  
 „ 66.—Frownings and poutings from wives *when displeas'd* ;  
 „ 69.—Which on their Gallants so kindly *bestowes* :  
 „ 72.—Whilst the lov'd silver procures *us fine cloaths*.  
 „ 75.—And by the cradle a rocking he *sits*.  
 „ 78.—But we'r resolv'd to court single *delight* :  
 „ 81.—Slaves for his Wife both by day *and by night*.

A third exemplar (unknown, like the second, to W. C.) is in Ellis Collection.

#### \* \* ADDITIONAL NOTES TO VOLUME FOURTH, 1883.

The earliest volume by the present Editor, after his '*Bagford Ballads*.'

Page 61, *Note*.—The two songs are respectively 'Phaon and Phillis' and 'Phaon and Sappho.'

The left-hand cut on p. 62 was so vilely copied and worse engraved for the Ballad Society, that the new Editor felt compelled to cancel it thereafter : see a more accurate copy, Louis XIII and Marie de' Medici with ships at their feet, in vol. vii, p. 548. All the new cuts after this date, early in 1881, were drawn and engraved specially by J. W. Ebsworth, gratuitously, to allow available funds to go for the printing. These blocks remain his own private property.

P. 80.—Lettice's song in Tom D'Urfey's comedy of 'The Virtuous Wife,' 1679, is given complete in vol. vii, p. 14, beginning, "*Sawney* was tall, and of noble race." Jenny's Answer follows: "When *Sawney* left me." Since writing in 1880 the brief account of the 'Disloyal Favourite,' *Tommy will ne'er be beloved again*, the Editor acquired an exemplar of the *editio princeps* broadside of the Answer, entitled 'The Loyal Feast' of 21 April, 1682 ; a part given incomplete in vol. v, p. 148. *It is now reproduced entire on p. 754.*

It was the Tory Answer to the Intolerant Whig attack on Sir Thomas Danby as 'The Disloyal Favourite' of the Court, 1679 : the *Roxburghe Ballad* of iv, 85 (duplicates are in Huth, I. 74, and Jersey, I, 272 = *Lindes.*, 1209), beginning, "*Tommy* was a Lord of great renown."

[Trowbesh Collection of Broad-sides, Red folio ; Gutch Coll., dispersed.]

## The Loyal Feast ;

Design'd to be held in *Haberdashers'-Hall*, on Friday, the 21st of April, 1682. 'By His Majesty's most Loyal True Blue Protestant Subjects'; and how it was defeated.

The *Whigs*, from North to South, from East to West,

Did all contribute to a LOYAL FEAST :

To this great work a GUINEA was the least ;

They clear'd the stalls of fish, flesh, fowl, and beast :

Where *Tony* and brave *Perkin* was a Guest : [P. = *Monmouth*.]

But what succeeded this makes up the jest.

To the Tune of, *Sawney will never be my Love again*. [See Note, p. 753.]

**T**ony was small, but of noble race, and was below'd of ev'ry one ; [Town.  
He broach'd his *Tap*, and it ran apace, to make a solemn Treat for all the  
He sent to Yeoman, Knight, and Lord, the Holy *Tribe* to entertain,  
With all the Nation cou'd afford : but *Tony will never be himself again*.

He sent to the *Shambles* for all their store, and left behind neither fowl nor beast ;  
The *Spiggot* ran swift, and fain wou'd do more, to make the Lords a noble Feast.  
He sent to Market, sent to Fair, his *Loyal Guests* to entertain :  
But of the Banquet he had no share, and *Tony will never be himself again*.

At two great Halls in LONDON TOWN, design'd to meet a jovial crew  
Of Lords and Knights of high renown, and all were *Protestants True Blue*.  
They threw in *Guineys* free as brass, the noble Frolick to maintain, [200 gs.  
But on *Old Rowley* the Sham wou'd not pass, and *Tony will*, etc. [Chas. II.]

"With duty to their lawful Prince," a 'Loyal Subject every one' ;  
'To pray for him' is the Pretence, and then to rail and plot against the Crown.  
From *Church* they did intend to th' *Hall*, their noble guests to entertain :  
But they were routed, Horse and all, and *Tony will never be himself again*.

In favour of the King, the *Duke*, the Heir-Apparent of the Throne, [Du. James.  
His Highness they exclude, and took a Pop-Pretender of their own ; [Monmouth.  
The meek guide *Moses* they withstand, a *Golden Calf* to entertain :  
But Royal CHARLES dispers'd the band, and *Tony will never be himself again*.

"The bloody *Pupists* shall no more contrive against his Life and Reign !"   
Tho' it was themselves did the feat before, and are as ready to do 't again.  
Thus they exclude the Rightful Heir, the gaudy Pop to entertain, [i.e. *Monmouth*.  
But they were met by the good Lord Mayor, and *Tony will never be himself again*.

"With thanks and prayers for our good King," they vow'd to sacrifice the Day ;  
But Royal *Charles* he smoak'd out the thing, and sent the Rabble with a pox away.  
He sent his Summons to the City, seditious meetings to restrain :  
The Feast was broke, and the Guests were bes[m]it, and *Tony will never*, etc.

And now the Capons flye about, with *fricacees* of *Ambergreece*,  
And "Chickens ready drest" they shout, about the streets, for pence apiece ;  
The *Whigs* will wish the Council choak'd, who did this Noble Feast restrain,  
All down in the mouth to be thus baulk'd : poor *Tony will never be himself again*.

London : Printed for *Allen Banks*, MDCLXXXII.

[White-letter. No cut, but "*Tony*" *Shaftesbury's* portrait is in vol. v, p. 234.]

'Tony' here lampooned is Anthony Astley Cooper, first Earl of Shaftesbury. The ungenerous allusions to 'the Tap' and 'the Spiggot' refer to his silver pipe, worn to assuage the virulence of an abscess. Political foes have no compassion. The Whig Feast was suppressed, and its promoters suffered a sore disappointment. We suspect the ensuing 'Answer' was a 'pious fraud,' invented by the Tories!

## Answer to the Pamphlet called 'The Loyal Feast';

Or, A True Description of his Majestie's deep-dy'd Protestants:  
the true-begotten Sons of the Whore of Babylon.

TO THE SAME TUNE, *Sauney will never be my Love again.* [Vol. vii, p. 14.]

TORIES are fools of the *Irish* race, and well belov'd by blades of the Town;  
They've *Irish* hearts but an English face, and 'Damme!' and 'Huzza!'  
is all their tone. . . . [Etc. as in *Roxb. Ballads*, vol. iv, p. 256.]

*After the fourth stanza, the remainder runs thus:]*

But hark! sure I hear the noise of a Feast: *Mars* and his sons, with a glorious  
Show.

The thing's very true, tho' I took it for a Feast; but here pray observe how they  
march'd from *Bow*.

O! the vast number, and well accoutr'd too: these Bonny Boys, with their  
glistening train;

But yet the hired feathers and fagot merchants knew *that Tory will still be  
a Rogue in Grain.*

The Board being spread with store of flesh and fish, the fat kid, wine, and other  
things besides,

The *French* Mode observ'd, to garnish every dish, and each course serv'd up with  
crucifix and bread:

Oaths -- 'Rot the Whigs!' -- with *Huzzas* flew about; but 'slavery' and oppressions,  
there lay the main,

And all to please the Image of the Rout: *for Tory will still be a Rogue in  
Grain.*

Many fine Shows, and other pleasant games, were offer'd after all to please  
Spectators' eyes;

The chiefest of which was *Lonlon's* fatal flames: "may curses still attend those  
that Mischief devise!"

These are the Saints who plead *Common-Good*, our persons to secure; but their  
intent is plain,

To crown us with Slavery, and christen us in blood: *for Tory will still be  
a Rogue in Grain.*

God save the KING, and the true Royal *James*, *Monmouth's* Duke, and *Tony*,  
*England's* friend,

And all the Honest Souls, tho' I omit their names: may mischief in earnest  
their enemies attend!

But for these Rogues, that truths do oppose, and for *Rome's* Cause, have play'd  
their Shams in vain,

Let shame and confusion be plagues to all those *that are such Tories and Rogues  
in Grain.*

[White-letter.] London, Printed for J. Tacker, 1682.

¶ From the Trowbesh Collection comes a song, probably unique, tattered in  
opening lines, 'Loyalty Triumphant.' It shows the Tories in better spirits.



[Trowbesh Collection of broadsides, Red Folio.]

Loyalty Triumphant ; or, Phanaticism Display'd.

A SONG. [With two bars of music. Compare vol. v, p. 271.]

"Joy to th' bonny two *Princes*," bold *Britains* did merrily sing,  
In *Oat[c]*'s his reign ; [ = *Titus Oates.*  
And stood up for their senses, their liberties, lives, and their King :  
Who in bumpers wou'd boldly assert *Charles's Right*,  
And still maintain.

That 't is just the true Heir should Inherit, for whom they wou'd fight.

While the villanous *Whiggs* wou'd be

Bawling 'gainst Plotting and Popery,

Bouncing for *Oats* and a Parli'ment :

When see what 't was they meant,

To kill the King and so undo us

With true Protestant Blunderbuss.

'Cause the votes of their Commons House prov'd not all worth a louse.

But kind Heaven, that waited on *Charles* from the womb,  
Broke their damn'd Plot, and rewarded them with their just Doom.

Now they find that to murmur 'gainst Kings is in vain.

And all must bow,

And submit to their Fate, with the mark of curst murdering *Cain*.

While the *Tories* may glory still,

And of pleasure enjoy their fill,

'Cause they in the Gap firmly stood,

And stem'd the growing Flood ;

While the sneaking *Whiggs* hang or hide,

And nor can, nor dare, th' Test abide.

So may all be cursed, I sing, that do not love their King !

—By the Author of '*Ferguson's Remonstrance.*'

Printed for *Charles Corbet*, at the *Oxford Arms*, in *Warwick-Lane*, 1684.

[Roman type. Single sheet, printed on both sides. No cut. The notorious Robert Ferguson was named in vol. v, 287, 647; some burlesque of his 'Remonstrance' is indicated. The 'two Princes' are Charles II and James.]

P. 121.—Of William Bedloe, Thomas Dangerfield, and Stephen Dugdale, etc., the informers and false witnesses against Coleman on the sham 'Popish Plot,' the present Editor wrote the memoirs signed 'J. W. E.' in early volumes of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, respectively beginning p. 116 of vol. iv; p. 288 of vol. xi; p. 16 of vol. xiv; and p. 135 of vol. xvi. (But *not* the totally inadequate notice by Thompson Cooper, of Mrs. Elizabeth Cellier, the 'Popish Midwife' who held close intimacy with Dangerfield and the charlatan John Gadbury: she suffered a mock exposure seated on a chair at the pillory, provided with a wooden pan to ward off missiles: in vol. v, p. 190, which gives a sketch from a contemporary engraving.) Compare later *Note*, p. 765.

P. 273.—Here are the omitted stanzas 4, 7, and 8 of the song '*Upon the Gunpowder Plot*,' 1605. Stanzas 1, 2, and 3 were given; also, on p. 274, 5 and 6. N.B.: stanza 3 should read, "*Under the Parliament-house*," etc.

To Lord Monteaule, Francis Tresham wrote the letter that caused the search. Cecil, Lord Burleigh, had secretly 'nurst' the Plot, until its frustration.

4.

And then came forth Sir *Thomas Knyvet* :      [Nota, infra.  
 " You filthy Rogue, come out o' th' doore,  
 Or else I swear by God's trivet  
 I 'le lay thee flatlong on the floore,  
 For putting us all in such a feare,  
*With huffing and snuffing, and gunni-powdere :*"  
*With a Ohone hononoreera, tarrareera tarrareera hone.*

7.

Now God preserve the Council wise,  
 That first found out this enterprize ;  
 Not they, but my Lord *Monteagle*,  
 His Lady and her little Beagle,  
 His Ape, his Ass, and his great Beare,  
*From huffing and snuffing, and gunni-powdere, etc.*

8.

Other newes I heard moreover,  
 If all was true that [wa]s told to me,  
 Three *Spanish* ships landed at *Dover*,  
 Where they made great melody ;  
 But the *Hollanders* drove them here and there,  
*With huffing and snuffing, and gunni-powdere ;*  
*With a Ohone hononoreera, tarrareera tarrareera hone.*

THIS report of the discourse held with Guido Fawkes by his captor, the Westminster magistrate, Sir Thomas Knyvett, we take *cum grano salis*. It was not Ciceronian. No printed copy is known of this quaint ballad before 1656. But the refrain corresponds with that of E. W.'s 'Pedigree of King James I' (p. 758), and this conclusively indicates it to be contemporaneous with the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, November, 1605. *Choyce Drollery*, in its secretly printed hundred pages, holds early poems that would have perished, not all political. Cavaliers had cherished the manuscripts. In 1876 the Editor and Robert Roberts restored it to the world : see p. 641.

Dr. Samuel Rawson Gardiner has given to the public a noble series of volumes, extending from the accession of James I to the death of Oliver Cromwell : laborious in exactitude, but with a bitter political bias against the Cavaliers, thus lacking warmth and sympathy ; yet valuable, as the most copious record of the 'Great Civil War' to the temporary downfall of the Monarchy, the Interregnum, and the Restoration. These are his words :—

"There was no time to be lost, as the Session was to commence on the following morning. About eleven at night Sir Thomas Knyvett went down to the cellar. At the door he was met by Fawkes. He stopped him, and carefully removing the coals and wood, he came to the barrels of gunpowder. Fawkes saw at once that the game was up. He made no attempt to excuse himself, but confessed that he had attempted to blow up the King and the two Houses on the following morning. Upon this he was bound hand and foot, and taken to Salisbury's lodgings. Such of the Council as could be reached at that late hour were summoned to the King's bedchamber. James's first thought on hearing of the discovery was to offer thanks to God for his deliverance. He then directed that the Lord Mayor should be ordered to set a watch for the prevention of any outbreak, and that the prisoner should be carefully guarded in order to hinder any attempt at self-destruction."—*History of England from the Accession of James I, to the Disgrace of Chief-Justice Coke*, vol. i, cap. 5, 1863, first edition.

P. 274, *Note*.—The ballad beginning, “Gallants, all come mourne with mee, for youre Knight of Chivalry,” was probably written by Robert Hassall. (Compare mention on pp. 750, 795.) It was entered to Wm. White in Stat. Comp. Registers, 16th of June, 1603. The title is, ‘A Lamentable mone of a Souldier, for the losse of his derely beloued Lorde.’ The first line, “*Gallants, all come mourne with mee,*” is cited as name of the tune for “England, with chearefull hart give eare!” written by E. W. in June, 1603: a ballad, unique (except in Shirburn MS. North Lib., 119 D, 44), reproduced here.

### An excellent New Ballad,

Shewing the *Petigree* of our Royall King *JAMES*, the first of that name in *England*.

TUNE OF, *Gallants, all come mourne with mee.*

ENgland, with chearefull hart give eare, to that my Muse shall now declare;  
’T is no base thing I take in hand, but what brings comfort to this Land:  
The *Petigree* of a noble King, whose name to thee dost Honour bring,  
*O Hone, honinonero, tarrararara, tarrararara hone.*

The dreadfull sting of cruell death hath stopt ELIZA’s princely breath,  
And to her joy, she now is gone to heauen for an Angel’s throne,  
Leauing her honours and her Crowne to princely JAMES, of great renowne.

*O Hone, honinonero, etc.*

[*Passim.*]

She ruled hath ’mongst vs long time, in spight of those that did repine,  
And sought to stop her princely breath. but yet shee dide a natural death:  
And to our comfort God did send King JAMES, his Gospell to defend.

The *Romish* Pope, who many a day hath looked for a violent pray, [*sic.*]  
Frustrate by Wisdome’s power and care, is readie now for to despaire;  
And in a s[e]w bound he sinketh downe, now noble *James* hath got the crowne.

With his raigne doth the Spring begin, as Usher for to bring him in,  
Which in consent doth well agree with ’e yeare, the incarnate word to bee:  
And in that month greeting by fate, by th’ old world to wisdome dedicate.

And I deuine thus by the yeere, *England* shall haue no other peere;  
But in his line it shall remaine, in spight of Pope and cruell *Spaine*,  
Euen vntill the day of Doome, that Christ to iudgement downe shal come.

Eight hundred myles his Empire goes, in length, spight of all his foes,  
From *Cornewall* to past *Calidon* is known to be King James his owne;  
Halfe which her bosome foorth doth lay, from *German* to the *Virginian* sea.

A fertile soil is *Ireland*, now subiect to his glorious hand;  
Yea, all the Iles from famous *Fraunce* their chalkie tops to him aduance.  
*Saturne* to him resigns his charge, making the wealthy mines [enlarge]. [*razed.*]

My Pen, why stayest thou to report, to satisfie the vulgar sort,  
The *Petigree* of *James* our King, whose fame throughout the world doth ring:  
The infidel and romish *Spaine* shall tremble when they heare his name. [*sic.*]

O let my Pen your eares inchaunt, to looke vnto braue *John* of *Gawnt*,  
Of *Edward* the Third fourth son was hee, from whom we draw this *Petigree*;  
For he behinde him issue left, *John* the Earle of *Somerset*.

Which likewise left a sonne behinde, called *John*, of a noble mind,  
The which was Duke of *Somerset*, so made for his atchieuements great,  
The which did win him great renowne: but here I leaue to let them downe:

Which Duke had issue, gentle Reader, *Margarete*, matcht with *Edmond Tudor* ;  
Which *Edmond Tudor* had a sonne, called *Henrie*, Earl of *Richmon[d]* ;  
Which *Henrie*, after *Richard's* death, espoused faire *Elizabeth*.

This *Elizabeth*, of famous worth, was daughter to K[ing] *Edward* the Fourth :  
And thus, by their predestinate bed, they ioynd the White rose and the Red ;  
To *England's* great vnspeakable ioy, and to our enemies' sore aïoy.

By which most blest and happy vnite, they had a daughter cal'd *Margarete*.  
First matcht to *Scottish James* the fourth, which was a man of mickle worth :  
Which *Margaret* to *James* did bring, the fift of that name, *Scotland's* King.

This *James* a Daughter did possesse, whose birth our sorrowes doth redresse,  
Called *Marie*, by her name : a very faire and princely Dame,  
The more her fame for to aduance was matcht with *Francis*, K. of *Fraunce*.

But leaue we her in *Fraunce* a while, and now come backe vnto the stile  
Of *Henrie's* Daughter, *Margaret*, whose blessed wombe brought our delight ;  
For *Archibald Douglas* she did wed, [*A*ngu's braue Earle, who issue bred.

By her he had a Daughter bright, cal'd by the name of *Margaret* ;  
To the Earle of *Lenox* wedded was shee, and bore a Sonne named *Henrie*, .  
The which was called the Lord *Dartie*, and after wedded the *Scottish Marie* :

By whose most sweete and happy bed, our sorrowes now are quight stroke dead,  
For to Lord *Dartie* she did bring olde *Brutaine's* hope, and *James* our King. [*sic*.  
As next of *Henrie's* line 'boue other, counting both by father and mother.

*England*, reioyce, and now giue prayse vnto the Lord that so did rayse  
Our sorrowfull hartes with hope of ioy, when we were drownde with sad aïoy,  
For losse of sweet *Elizae's* life, looking for nothing more than strife.

Yet God for vs did so prouide, and held vs vp when we did slide,  
And as *Eliza* she is gone, he sent an other to ease our mone :  
King *James* is hee, by whose sweete breath we still possesse Queene *Elizabeth*.

For though her Corpse be wrapt in lead, and neuer on this earth shall tread,  
Yet do her Vertues still remaine, without blot, blemish, or staine.  
In noble *James* her vertues liue, to whom God doth her honours giue.

O noble king of *England*, haste, that our full pleasures we may taste :  
For nothing now breedes our despight, but that we want our Prince his sight,  
Which if we had we more should ioy, than ' *Lizae's* death wrought our annoy.

Now, *English-men*, leaue off your griefe, for noble *James* brings vs reliefe :  
Pull mourning Feathers from your head, and flourish now in Yellow and Red ;  
Sing ioyfull Poems of his Prayse, that God may lengthen long his dayes.

God graunt him mongst vs long to raigne, to be a scourge to *Rome* and *Spayne*,  
That, hating them, and all their wayes, he still may striue God's word to rayse ;  
And to defend the poore man's right, that they be not orecome by might.

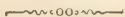
O Lord, make thou his Counsell wise, that they may giue him good aduise.  
Blesse the Commons, and all those that seeke the ruine of his foes :  
And may he die a thousand shames, that with his hart loues not K. *James*.

*O Hone, honinonero, tarrararara,  
Tarrararara hone.*

*Finis.*

Imprinted at *London*. E. W. [=Edward White?].

[Black-letter. Two cuts, united : 1st, view of a palace from outside; 2nd,  
a palace interior, with king sitting in judgment. Date, 16 June, 1603.]



P. 290.—The political ballad of 'Private Occurrences' is better than the usual 'True-Blue Protestant' calumnies. It forebodes the Orange invasion, a few days later. Written in imitation of '*Hey, brave Oliver!*'

[Pepys Collection, V, 101; B. Mus. Poetical Broad-sides, p. 256.]

## Private Occurrences; Or,

The Transactions of the four last Years [1684-88].

To the Tune of the Old Ballad, '*Hey, brave Oliver! Ho, brave Oliver!*'

A Protestant Muse, yet a Lover of Kings,  
On th' Age, grown a little Satyrical, sings  
Of *Papists*, their Counsels, and other fine things.  
*Sing hey, brave Popery, ho rare Popery, oh fine Popery,*  
*Oh dainty Popery, oh!* [Cf. vii, 725.]

She hopes she offends no *Englishman's* patience;  
Tho' Satyre's forbid on all such occasions,  
She's too good a Subject to read '*Declarations.*' *Sing, etc.* [Passim.]

If the saying be good of, *Let him laugh that wins!*  
Sure a Loser may smile without any offence:  
My Muse then is gameson', and thus she begins, *With hey, etc.*

When *Ch[arles II]* deceas'd, to His Kingdom's dismay, [Feb. 6, 168 $\frac{2}{3}$ :  
By an *Apoplex*, or else some other way, [vol. v, 508.  
'Our Brother' with shouts was proclaim'd the same day.

His first Royal Promise was never to touch  
Our Rights, nor Religion, nor Privilege grutch: [=grudge.  
But *Per[es]* swore, damn him! "He granted too much." [Edw. P., V. P.S.J.]

Then *Mon[mouth]* came in, with an Army of Fools,  
Betray'd by his Cuckold, and other dull tools, [Lord Grey:  
That painted the turf of green *Sedgemore* with *gules*. [vol. v, 658.]

This Victory gotten, some think to our wrong,  
The Priests bray'd their joy in a Thanksgiving Song;  
And *Teague* with the Bald-pates were at it ding-dong. [=Irish.]

Then straight a strong Army was levy'd in haste, [pp. 601-8.  
To hinder Rebellion: a very good Jest!  
For some Rogues will swear 't was to murder the Test: [p. 602.]

A Politick Law, which *Recusants* did doom,  
That into our Senate they never might come;  
But 'Equivalent' since was propos'd in its room:

As if a true Friend should in kindness demand  
A tooth in my head, which firmly did stand,  
To give for 't another he had in his hand.

Then Term after Term this great matter was weigh'd;  
Old Judges turn'd out, and new Block[hea]ds made:  
That *Coke* or wise *Littleton* never had read.

The good Church of *England* with speed was run down,  
Whose loyalty euer stood fast to the Crown;  
And *Presbyter John* was made Mayor of the Town. [John Shorter: iv,  
296, 595; v, 72.]



The Bishops' disgrace made the Clergy to sob,  
A prey to Old *Pet[res]* and President *Bob* ; [*Sunderland*, iv,  
295, 296.]  
And hurried to prison as if they did rob.

Then into the world a dear P[rince] of *W[ales]* slipt ! [p. 298, ante.]  
'T was plain, for we hear a great Minister peep'd :  
The Bricklayer for prating had like t' 'a bin whip'd.

Thus *England's* distresses, more fierce than the Plague,  
That during three years of no quiet could brag, [1686-7-8.]  
The Prince *van Auraignia* has brought from the *Hague*.

A strong Fleet and Army t' invade us are bent !  
We know not the cause, tho' there is something in 't :  
But we doubt not, ere long, we shall see it in print.

Ah, *England* ! thou never could'st value thy Peace !  
Had matters been now as in *El'sabeth's* days,  
The *Dutch* had ne'er ventur'd to fish in our Seas. [a.l. not.]  
Then curse of Popery, *pox o' Popery, plague o' Popery* !  
*Oh senseless Popery, oh !*

[White-letter. No colophon or woodcut. Date, December, 1688.]



P. 418.—'DICK THE PLOW-MAN TURN'D DOCTOR.' We give the final stanzas  
(delayed from *Roxb. Ballads*, iv, 418), also the second stanza complete.

"Near *Rochester* in *Kent* there liv'd a brave Lass whose name was *Bess*,  
Such a prank you ne'r did hear of, as to you I will express, [misp. your.]  
'T is such a one will make you smile, make you smile, make you smile ;  
Then pray, Maidens, stay a while ! some to hear 't would come a mile ;  
*But your hopes I'll not beguile, nor your expectation spoil.*"

(Sixth stanza.)

"And *Dick* 't is you can only cure me, prithee do 't before you go.  
Good now, *Richard*, pray assure me, whether you will or no.  
My dear *Richard*, don't deny, don't deny, neither from your promise flye ;  
For my grievous malady you can cure immediately.  
*Then pray now, Richard, give me that, I need not name it, you know what !*"

(Seventh stanza.)

"Prethee, *Betty*, how should I know, what the thing is that you mean ?"  
Then she sighed, and cry'd, "Hi-ho ! such a Fool was never seen :  
I must long wish here and dye ; here and dye ; here and dye ;  
And can't have a Remedy for my grievous mallady. [sic]  
*Was ever there so dull a sot, that knows not yet what he has got ?*"

(Eighth stanza.)

When they had understood each other, *Dick* for joy did leave his Plow :  
Gave his Whip unto his Brother, and he swore he'd cure her now.  
Then unto her strait he goes, strait he goes, and his skill to her he shows ;  
Brisk and blith she then became, as any one upon the Plain.  
*Now, Maids, you see what Dick can do ; then try if he can cure you too.*

Finis.

Printed for *C. Denisson*, at the *Stationers' Arms*, within *Aldgate*.

[Black-letter. Three cuts: man, iv, 20, L. ; woman, iv, 394 ; Bed-scene, vii, 458.  
Date, 1685-88.]

P. 495.—‘*True Blue will never stain!*’ is the burden of ‘*The Loyal Soldier of Flanders: A New Song*’ = “As I was at a merry Meeting” (Pepys, v, 89, *with the music*). Reprinted in vol. vii, p. 752 (Roxb. Coll., 357, different edition and title, viz., ‘*The Loyal British Fighting at Flanders*,’ 1690). ‘*The True-Blue Frigate*’ was later, and begins thus: “*True Blue*, ’tis said, *will never stain*.” It is reprinted on p. 793, *post*.

P. 582.—A different ‘*Cabal*’ broadside was at Osterley Park.

[Osterley Park Collection, III, 90. No other exemplar noted.]

### The Cabal; or, A Voice of the Politicks.

A MOST PLEASANT NEW PLAY SONG.

Here take a view of such as fain would be  
 Counted State-Wits, but want their Policy,  
 And yet go clad in Cloaks of Knavery: [Cf. iv, 605.  
 Here’s at the smoaking, sneaking, dribbling Crew,  
 Who would be something that you never knew,  
 Printed, and set before the Readers’ view.

TO A PLEASANT NEW PLAYHOUSE TUNE.

NOW *England* grown mad, with strange Faction divided,  
 Each one has his Humour, and raves if deny’d it.  
 The *Whigg* in *Cabal* does mutter Mis-prision,  
 And *Tory* with Dammees holds *Whigg* in derision.

Each Fop would be counted a grave Politician,  
 And prates his loud Nonsense without intermission;  
 Whilst smoaking his Nose o’re fumes of dull *Coffee*, [vol. v, 184.  
 Pretended State reasons a thousand he’ll quaff ye.

Another beyond him sits soberly piping,  
 Whilst his dull wits to the purpose do ripen;  
 Then out’s with a Budget, and tells you a story,  
 And still in the midst falls a Ranting at *Tory*,

And vows he is wicked: whilst, in the same breathing,  
 Himself to the Devil he’s fairly bequeathing,  
 By using his Lungs for to blow up sedition,  
 Betwixt Prince and People to raise a division.

Another beyond him o’re Pamphlets sits brooding,  
 Spending his Verdict, still, as he’s perusing;  
 And swelling like *Julius*, the late famous *Cæsar*,  
 Swears he could make Governments, were he but at leisure.

Another cries, “Hark! did you hear of the wonder?”  
 “Yes, faith!” says his neighbour, “they say it did thunder.”  
 “Aye, that’s a sure sign,” says the *Coffee*-House keeper,  
 “That we ere long shall have *Mackerel* cheaper.”

Another comes in at a Door that is private,  
 And listens to hear what the Politicks drive at:  
 With his mouth at half cock, he demurely stands gaping,  
 And when he sees time he most loudly does open,

And rails against those that profess themselves Loyal,  
 Swearing to *Babylon* ’tis that they hie all:  
 But if a Stranger does happen to enter,  
 They then are silent as Earth’s deepest center.

These, these are the Bub[b]les that trouble our quiet,  
And suck in Sedition more nat'ral than Diet :  
Who would prescribe Rules, such as none did know yet,  
And are Politicians, had they wit to shew it.

Printed for J. W[*right*], J. C[*larke*], W. T[*hackeray*], and T. P[*assenger*].

[Date, probably *circa* 1674, indicated by the partnership.]

¶ So early as 1657, the Rainbow Coffee-house, Temple-Bar, was 'presented as a nuisance' by the factious Puritans, who would neither tolerate tipping nor temperance, and preferred to anathematize both, and "fuddle" in secret. Because of the sedition talked in them, coffee-houses were 'suppressed by proclamation' in 1675; but the importers of the berry were powerful traders, and they interceded for them. Consequently the order was revoked in 1676. (See the Coffee-house poems in *Bagford Ballads*, and vol. v, p. 84—"Avoid Satanic Tipple!" etc.)

\* \* ADDITIONAL NOTES TO VOLUME FIFTH, 1885.

On p. xii of the first temporary *Preface* to vol. v (not to be cancelled, but included in the binding), were recorded three urgent 'Wants' (compare p. 253 of vol. v). Since 1883 these wants have been supplied. No. 1.—'The Duke's Wish' was discovered in a probably unique MS.; and printed in present vol., p. 594. No. 2.—The Milkmaid's 'Second Part' finds a substitute on p. xiv of vol. v. No. 3.—"It was in the prime of Cucumber time" is 'The Trappann'd Taylor,' second stanza (reprinted in vol. v, p. 467).

P. 209.—Inferior to the immortal first chaunt, which began, "I think whatever mortals crave with impotent endeavour," there are both second and third 'Chaunts of the Brazen-Head,' written in continuation by Winthrop Mackworth Praed, in May, 1826. The second begins thus: "Bet half the British Parliament to twice the English Forum, or *Sugden's* lengthy argument to *Brocard's* scant decorum." (Mlle. *Brocard* was première danseuse in D'Egville's ballets.) Of the third Chaunt the opening lines are: "The world pursues the very track which it pursued at the Creation, and mortals shrink in horror back from any hint of innovation."—Sir George Young's ed. of Praed's *Political and Occasional Poems*, 1888, p. 81. The opening line of Chaunt Three must have been suggested by Goethe's 'Faust': Raphael's hymn, in the 'Second Prologue, in Heaven.'

Die Sonne tönt nach alter Weise  
In Brudersphären Betrachung,  
Und ihre vorgeschrieb'ne Reise  
Vollendet sie mit Donnergang.  
Ihr Anblick giebt den Engeln Stärke,  
Wenn keiner sie eraründen mag;  
Die unbegreiflich hohen Werke  
Sind herrlich wie am ersten Tag.

Weak are all attempts at translation of this sublime Poem.

Volume Five was virtually complete in itself. The Editor may fairly claim it to be “the abstract and brief chronicles of the time”: a ‘chronique scandaleuse,’ of Court, and country, and city; covered by its title, ‘The Struggle for the Succession, between the Duke of York and the illegitimate Duke of Monmouth.’ Except in *Notes and Queries*, its three parts were never once reviewed: not a line of criticism was in the *Athenæum*, afterwards our generous helper. With short-sighted parsimony the Ballad Society habitually omitted to despatch press-copies, even to *The Times*; or to advertise anywhere, to the present day. The Ballad Society is unlike the man who admitted that “honesty is the better policy,” after having “tried both.” Unreviewed and totally unadvertised though the fifth volume had been, it nevertheless made its way to favour. It was followed by three successive volumes, under the same Editor, who has conducted seven huge tomes, including *Bagford Ballads*.

Not without a sore struggle, the entire work is now, in 1897, virtually completed, by single-handed effort, in sickness or in health, hampered by the scantiness of funds for printing—although every guinea was devoted solely to that purpose, except the treasurer’s fees. Delayed from rapid progress, it faced the risk of premature collapse.

*FROM down to sunset, night and morn,  
Life brings fresh joys each day;  
Few things are worth our hate or scorn,  
We laugh while cynics bray.  
Content are we, who linger here,  
Above th’ awaiting mould,  
And neither crave to go, nor fear:  
Too happy to grow old.*

—TROWBESH MSS.

Old, forsooth! Why, the ‘Roxburghe Ballads,’ Priory seclusion, and good temper are the best barriers against the encroachments of age. They restore youth itself, more quickly than Medea’s cauldron, and are superior to Life-Pills, or the mystic Mejnour’s *Elixir Vitæ*. “Whom the gods love are young when they die.”

*IN the Land of Topsyturveydom,  
Where all wrong things come right,  
We were born quite Old, peevish and cold,  
Scant of breath, with feeble sight:  
But the farther we go, the younger we grow,  
Until we are Babes of Delight.*

*Instead of pestering friends or foes  
With squabbles or dull debate;  
We in sportive rhymes reach happier times,  
Chiding neither Fortune nor Fate:  
Taking life day by day as a game of play,  
Growing younger the longer we wait.*

—TROWBESH MSS.

WHEN the Trowbesh Collection of materials for Contemporary History was mentioned in the final paragraph of p. xvii, Preface to vol. vi (Part XIX), a promise was given to subjoin an account of the memorable 'Great Commemorative Dinner' (very cold and rheumatic it was), held at Richmond on June 27, 1888, when the contributors to the *Dictionary of National Biography* met to celebrate the foundation in 1885, and its subsequent success. The last quarter of 1896 sees the vol. xlix punctually issued, and the work brought to the name 'Russell.' It cannot possibly be terminated completely, as first was estimated, in Fifty-two volumes, even with omission of the desirable Appendix, which ought to include the important names and memoirs of those who have died subsequently to the point where their biographies would have otherwise appeared. The Editor of these *Roxburghe Ballads* had the honour of writing many of the lives (such as Wm. Bedloe, Col. Thomas Blood, John Cleveland, Edward Coleman, Stephen College, Dangerfield, Charles Dibdin, Thomas Dugdale, Tom D'Urfe, the Pierce Egans, George Gilfillan, etc.): he was one of the 'Star and Garter' concourse. He enjoyed, also, special correspondence with some distinguished, although uninvited, guests, personal friends, of old time, among whom were Burns and Byron.

[Their ghostly presence accounts for the sepulchral dreariness, and the black-bordered *Menu*. What made them burn corpse candles? and choose their extra waiters from Undertakers' Mutes, who felt the solemnity of our obsequies? The speeches were moribund, monumentally epitaphic, none of them epigrammatic.]

John Cleveland gratefully remembered vol. xi, pp. 50 to 53 of the *Dict. of Nat. Biog.*, 1886. He had long been on visiting terms at the Priory, where he was always welcome, with Sam Butler, loyal cavaliers both. The illustrious shade bore his own chosen anagram of 'Heliconean Dew,' and good mountain dew it was. (Not ours was the Goose-quill that had wounded Sam Butler, who came with him.) Let sceptics turn to p. 768, or to the Editor's '*Cavalier Lyrics*,' printed by Messrs. Austin, at Hertford, Nov. 1886.





"Between two worlds Life hovers like a star,  
 'Twixt night and morn, upon th' horizon's verge."

—Don Juan, canto xv, 99.

[FROM THE HITHERTO UNPRINTED TROWBESH MSS.]

## The Secrets of our Prison-House.

### FYTTE THE FIRST.

#### The Anticipation.

*THEY summon'd a crew of Contributors true,  
 Obscure in their local topography,  
 From wilds afar, to the 'Garter and Star,'  
 For the 'Diction. of Nat. Biography.'*

*Each learned Society lent variety,  
 Antiquarian and Royal Geography,  
 Displaying love, maugre pedant or bore,  
 In the Diction. of Natty Biography.*

*These wits to combine must at Richmond dine,  
 Defiant of Thames meteorography,  
 "For an English June no storm is in tune!"  
 Say the Dicta of Nat. Biography.*

*Men would probably fret, whether broil'd or wet,  
 Bewilder'd in London's Fog-graphy,  
 Resolved to toast their Chairman-host,  
 In the Diction. of Nat. Biography.* [Geo. Smith, Esq.]

*These, these will be games, by silver Thames,  
 Whether versed or unversed in Incog-graphy;  
 Wishing health and success to their chief, L. S., [Leslie Stephen,  
 And the 'Diction. of Nat. Biography.' Editor.]*

*"The world of men lies within your ken,  
 The best of all cosmography!"  
 Says Sidney L. Lee: "You the record see  
 In the 'Diction. of Nat. Biography.'"*

*But "the best-laid plans of mice and men  
 Gang aft a'glee," wi' a jog-graphy!  
 So sang Robert Burns, foreseeing ill turns  
 In the Diction. of Natty Biography.* [Dict., vii, 438.]

27 June, 1888, 7 a.m.

#### The Realization.

¶ 'Anticipation' of the Richmond banquet met no happy 'Realization.' On June 27, 1888, the torrents of rain might have been 'made in Germany,' or sent by cablegram from U.S.A. (Lists of speakers, and of beholders, from the 'two worlds' are preserved at Nirgends College. The only person who enjoyed it was the genial visitor, M. Jusserand; and he richly deserved to do so, being neither a contributor nor haunted.) Our 'Second Mis-Fytte' is of indisputable authority and spiritual unction, having been transmitted the same night by John Cleveland's Ghost, per Hades Direct Telephone Company, slightly Limited. From the original *Champs Elysées*. None other 'Warranted Genuine.' Thus were THE BIOGRAPHERS INTERVIEWED by the defunct founders of the Feast.

## MIS-FYTTE THE SECOND.

[“ *No more Day-rules for me, poor Ghost ! Allured by Richmond Dinner ;  
Back to Elysian Fields I post, Much damper and much thinner.  
Few of us ‘Revenants’ forget That twenty-seven June day ;  
When ‘Dictionary’ scribes had met, Who could no lively tune play.*”]

*WE in the Shades heard doleful tales  
Of Politics and Letters ;  
How that past merit nought avails  
To make men prize their betters.  
It cheer’d our chill post-mortem hearts,  
With hope for ‘Hans-in-Keldar,’  
To learn what generous aid imparts  
The firm of Smith and Elder.*

[Unborn Posterity,  
vol. v, p. 460.]

“ *Such biographic lore* ” (said Sam)  
“ *Even Bozzy might deem rational ;  
No other schemes were worth a a[rach]m, [Misprinted dram in  
This one alone is ‘National !’ the phonetic nuz.*  
*Contributors are bade to meet  
At Richmond, and eat dinner :  
Our Ghosts, to make the feast complete,  
Shall join them, saint or sinner.*”  
*The Guests, unghostly, sped by train,  
To the famed ‘Star and Garter’ ;  
Sublimely plunged the ceaseless rain,  
No drowning rats look smarter :  
For special Cabs, that let in wet  
With open sides, convey’d them  
Where languid waiters yawn, and bet  
No sweet girls will invade them.  
Dreary and dull the guests sate down,  
No jokes could be effectual ;  
None dare to smile or act the clown :  
“ We must all look intellectual ! ”  
No song, no glee, no harmony  
Attempted to enlighten them :  
‘ A ghastly crew ! ’ But we well knew  
Our presence help’d to frighten them.  
For, cheek by jowl, body by soul,  
Dead Spectres beside live Smatterers,  
We hob-a-nob with them, and toll  
The knell of the washed-out chatterers.  
Met never before such a limp six-score,  
Whom no winecup warms or supples :  
With bowed breath : in a Dance of Death,  
Play’d out with sixty couples.  
The ‘Writers’ knew that we held Review :  
Our skulls unseen, but suspected,  
Made the lamp burn blue : each glanced askew  
At the corpses by him dissected.  
He will wear for a week a pallid cheek, [e.g. E. G.  
He guesses who sate beside him ;  
By-and-bye he’ll drop down from his crib in Town,  
To our place : and then must woe betide him !*

The Other ‘LAND OF BURNS.’

† John Cleveland. † [His mark.]

## How the Cavalier Secrets were Learnt.

*UNDER my window I heard them crying,  
 "Come away, Parson! we ghosts are friends :  
 Little you care about selling or buying,  
 Whether Society rots or mends.*

*" Long time you look'd back on us, who early  
 Came to the world ere it lost its bloom ;  
 Who scorn its caprice, be it sleek or surly :  
 We never fear'd either dungeon or tomb.*

*" Oft we sit with you at midnight hour,  
 Whispering secrets to you, as of old ;  
 We, who have wither'd in London's Tower ;  
 We who have slumber'd beneath the mould.*

*" Spectres of Cavalier martyrs ne'er daunted,  
 One who well loved us, who loves us still ;  
 Fairest of damsels your dreams have haunted :  
 Living or dead they your blood never chill.*

*" Something we owe you, for faith unshrinking,  
 Something we paid you by insight given ;  
 You were not shock'd by our brawls or drinking :  
 Whatever our faults we were duly shriven.*

*" Reckless of Self, we never falter'd  
 When we were summon'd for Church or Crown ;  
 Laugh'd at our foes, not like recreants palter'd :  
 True to our Duty, we laid life down,—*

*" Flung it away, somewhat rashly, and wasted ;  
 Better than grudgingly counting the cost :  
 Thus alone highest delights are tasted,  
 Thus truly saved is the life we lost.*

*" Parson ! you care not who rails or blesses,  
 Choose your own friends from our ranks thrice-told ;  
 Spectres can yield you their best caresses :  
 Ours are the Love-gifts that never wax old."*

P. 331 (Part XVII).—The frequency with which the melancholy melodious tune of *Fortune my Foe* (known also as *Aim not too high*) was used for 'hanging verses' at executions has been noticed earlier. Not so the description of the rhymesters who thus employed it. This was given by Henry Glaphorne, in his comedy '*The Ladies' Privilege*,' 1640. He mentions drunkards who quarrel and engage in the duello, "contemning the land's lawes, which do forbid these combats, and ne're part till one be slaine, and the surviour sure as death to hang for 't." *Frangipan* loves "a man that cares not for hanging."

*Adorni*.—"Then to their further glory, which takes off  
All the disgrace of halter, they are sure,  
Ere they be scarce cold, to be *Chronick'd*  
In excellent new *Ballads*, which being sung  
I' th' streets 'mong boyes and girles, colliers and carmen,  
Are bought as great memorials of their fames;  
Which to perpetuate they are commonly stuck up  
With as great triumph in the tipping-houses,  
As they were 'scutcheons."

*Frangipan*.— . . . "Who composes them?"

*Adorni*.—"They have their speciall Poets for that purpose,  
Such as still drinke small Beere, and so are apt  
To spit out lamentable stuff."

—*The Ladies' Privilege*, Act iii.

Robert Tipping's 'Godly Guide of Directions,' named on p. 331 of vol. vii, has been reprinted on pp. 106-108 of this vol. viii.

P. 450.—"Alas, poor Scholar! whither wilt thou go?" We know of another early MS. of this song, preserved along with 'The Mad Man's Morrice' (of 1637; reprinted in vol. ii, p. 154). In the curious and valuable '*Choice Collection of Comic and Serious Scots Poems, both Ancient and Modern: By several Hands: Part I. Edinburgh, Printed by James Watson, . . . opposite to the Luckenbooths, 1706*,' it is reprinted on p. 142, with a note stating that the second half of it (that follows eight stanzas belonging to Roxb. Coll. and our *Roxb. Ballad*) was written "by Lieut.-Col. *Cleland*, of my Lord [James, Earl of] *Angus's* Regiment, when he was a student in the College of *Edinburgh*, and 18 years of age." As in the MS., it bears the title of 'Hollow! [*sic*], my Fancie, whither wilt thou go?' We printed the *Percy Folio MS.* text on p. 451 of vol. vi.

This William Cleland (1661?-1689) went to St. Andrew's, Fife, in 1676; matriculated there, not at Edinburgh, 2 March, 1677. He would probably be eighteen in 1679, the year when Archbishop Sharp was brutally murdered on Magus Moor (see vol. iv, p. 142 *et seq.*). Cleland followed the mislead of the Covenanters, and was present at Drumclog skirmish, June 1, 1679; he was also, acting as a captain, at Bothwell Brig. Being proclaimed, along with his brother James, he fled to Holland; was lying sick at Amsterdam in 1680, and returned to Scotland before Argyle landed in 1685. After hiding from pursuers in Lanarkshire and Argyleshire, he escaped to Holland, but came back with William of Orange in 1688.

Cleland was always factious, and perhaps skilful in organizing strife among the turbulent Covenanters. He commanded as Lieut.-Col. the Cameronian regiment of the minority, who were willing to take service under the usurper William. He successfully defended Dunkeld against the loyal Highlandmen, August 26, 1689, but was shot in action, and died before the besiegers retreated. (See T. F. Henderson's excellent memoir in *Dict. Nat. Biog.*, xi, pp. 28 to 30, 1887. His scholarly exactitude in all his Scottish memoirs, and in editing *The Century Burns*, deserves the highest praise.)

The original poem may have been of date 1609. It has not been traced earlier than the text in the *Percy Folio MS.*, a text probably thirty years in advance of the Parody attributed to Dr. Robert Wild, 1640; seventy years before William Cleland's continuation, 1679, his rhapsodical excursions of fancy: "In conceit like *Phæton*, I'll mount *Phæbus's* chair," etc., vol. vi, p. 453. Cleland's second stanza inquires about the pelican wounding her entrails, the fox mutely bearing pangs, and the swan's dying song. The instinct of fowls flocking together, and lambs fleeing from beasts of prey; the disunion among multitudinous human-kind, and the mystery of order and sustentation among the heavenly bodies and this earth, "in moisture, light, and heat!" fill three other stanzas. Then he considers what "that which you call Love is? whether it be folly or a melancholy, or some heroic thing?" Lastly, he meditates on the very groundwork of the Earth. Cleland's final stanzas afford a glimpse of him in his scholastic days, before he went astray in theological fanaticism.

[*William Cleland's Seventh Stanza.*]

To know this World's center, height, depth, breadth, and length,  
 Fain would I venture,  
 To search the hid attractions of Magnetick actions  
 And Adamantick strength:  
 Fain would I know, if in some lofty mountain,  
 Where the Moon sojourns, if there be trees or fountain,  
 If there be beasts of prey, or yet be fields to hunt in?  
*Hallo! my Fancie, whither wilt thou go?*

[*Cleland's Eighth Stanza; his Last.*]

Fain would I have it tried, by experiment,  
 By none can be denied;  
 If in this Bulk of Nature there be voids less or greater,  
 Or all remains compleat?  
 Fain would I know, if Beasts have any reason?  
 If *Falcons* killing *Eagles* do commit a treason?  
 If fear of Winter's want makes Swallows fly the season?  
*Hallo! my Fancie, whither wilt thou go?*

The concluding stanza is not *Cleland's*, but conveyed from the original Poem, viz.:

"Hallo! my *Fancie*, Hallo! stay, stay at home with me,  
 I can thee no longer follow;  
 For thou hast betray'd me, and bewray'd me:  
 It is too much for thee.  
 Stay, stay at Home with me! leave off thy lofty soaring,  
 Stay thou at Home with me, and on thy Books be poring,  
 For he that goes abroad lays little up in storing:  
*Thou art welcome Home, my Fancie, welcome Home to me!*"



This stanza was written half a century before William Cleland was born. We need not wonder that the ingenuous youth of eighteen felt allured by his dreams and fancies into researches which still fascinate our highest minds, to the pursuit of science, beyond those whims and subtleties that remain inexplicable. Returning with an effort to the discipline of study, he must have listened to the teaching of proselytizing rebellious West-country Whigs, who waylaid James Sharp. "Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books," he flung himself into the lawless life of the moss-hags, with the companionship of crazy enthusiasts, who found him able to instruct them so far in military tactics that they became able to resist disciplined troops. He had solved his own riddle—"If falcons killing eagles do commit a treason?" When he wrote thus he must have been wavering into revolt, approving the murder of James Sharp, near St. Andrews, 1679. "The wish was father to the thought."



P. 726.—ST. GEORGE FOR ENGLAND: THE SECOND PART. This, by John Grubb, was mentioned, but not given. It does not belong to the Roxb. Coll., and was reserved for a place in this Appendix of Additional Notes. It was reprinted in the '*Reliques*.'

Thomas Percy, Right Rev. Bishop of Dromore, did good service, following suit to Dryden's *Miscellany Poems*, and Ambrose Phillips's *Collection of Old Ballads*, 1723-5, in order to repopularize the ballad-lore of early days by editing the '*Reliques of Ancient English Poetry; consisting of Old Heroic Ballads, Songs, and other Pieces of our Earlier Poets*,' 1765, 1767, 1794.

He inconsiderately mutilated and defaced the priceless *Percy Folio MS.* Innumerable are the instances of his gross carelessness or wilful inaccuracy. However small may be the intrinsic value of a poem, it demands textual exactitude.

'St. George for England' is no exception to this rule. Where Dr. Percy found blunders he left them; where they had not been he inserted them.

### The Second Part of St. George for England.

[Written by JOHN GRUBB, M.A., of Christ-Church School, Oxon.]

To the same Tune [of, *Why should we boast of Arthur ? or, When flying Fame*].

- [1.] THE Story of King ARTHUR old, it is very memorable,  
 The number of his valiant Knights, and roundness of his Table;  
 His Knights around his Table in a circle sate, d' ye see,  
 And altogether made up one large Hoop of Chivalry.  
 He had a Sword both broad and sharp, ycleped *Calliburn*, [= Excalibur.  
 Would cut a Flint more easily than pen-knife cuts a Corn;  
 A case-knife does a Capon carve, so it would carve a Rock;  
 And split a man at single slash, from noddie down to neck.  
 As *Roman* Augur's steel of yore dissected *Tarquin's* riddle,  
 So this would cut both conjuror and whetstone thro' the middle.  
 He was the cream of *Brecknock*, and the flower of all the *Welsh*;  
 But *George* he did the Dragon fell, and gave him a plaguy squelch. [crush.  
*St. George* he was for fair England, *St. Dennis* was for France:  
*Sing*, Honi soit qui mal y pense. [Refrain *passim*.

- [2.] TAMERLAIN with *Tartarian* bow the *Turkish* squadrons slew,  
 And fetcht the Pagan Crescent down, with half-moon made of Yew :  
 His trusty bow proud *Turks* did gall, with show'rs of arrows thick,  
 And bowstrings, without throttling, sent Grand *Vizier* to Old *Nick*.  
 Much *Turbants* and much *Pagan* pates he made tumble in the dust,  
 And heads of *Saracens* he fixt on spears, as on sign-post.  
 He coop'd in cage proud *Bajazet*, prop of *Mahomet's* religion, [vi, 728  
 As if he'd been the whispering bird that prompted him, the Pidgeon !  
 In Turkey-leather scabbard he did sheathe his Blade so trenchant ;  
 But *George* he swindg'd the Dragon's Tail, and cut off ev'ry inch on 't.
- [3.] ACHILLES of old *Chiron* learnt the great Horse for to ride, [v, 514.  
 Was taught by the *Centaur's* rational party the humble to bestride.  
 Bright silver feet, and shining face, had that stout hero's mother [Thetis.  
 (As rapier's silver'd at one end, and wounds you at the other) ;  
 Her feet were bright, his feet were swift, as hawk pursuing sparrow ;  
 Her's had the metal, his the speed, of *Braburn's* silver arrow. [Linc. Coll.  
*Thetis* to double-pedagogue commits her dearest boy, [quadruped.  
 Who bred him, from a slender twig, to be the scourge of *Troy* :  
 But, ere he lash'd the *Trojans*, h' was in *Stygian* waters steep'd,  
 As birch is soak'd in [brine, I wis], when boys are to be whipt.  
 With skin exceeding hard, he rose, from lake so black and muddy,  
 As lobsters from the ocean rise with shells about their body ;  
 And as from lobster's broken claw, pick out the fish you might,  
 So might you from one unshell'd heel dig pieces of the Knight.  
 His *Myrmidons* robb'd *Priam's* barns and hen-roosts, says the song ;  
 Carried away both corn and eggs, like ants from whence they sprung :  
 Himself tore *Hector's* pantaloons, and sent him down bare-breach'd,  
 To pedant *Rhadamanthus*, in a posture to be switch'd.  
 But *George* he made the Dragon look as if he had been bewitch'd.
- [4.] The Amazon *Thalestris* was beautiful and bold ; [Cf. p. 423.  
 She sear'd her breasts with iron hot, and bang'd her foes with cold ;  
 Her hand was like the tool wherewith *Jove* keeps proud mortals under,  
 It shone just like his Lightning, and batter'd like his Thunder :  
 Her eye darts lightning, that would blast the proudest he that swagger'd,  
 And melt that Rapier of his soul, in its corporeal scabbard.  
 With Beauty, & that *Lapland* charm, poor men she did bewitch all, [a drum.  
 Still a blind whining Lover had, as *Pallas* had her scritch-owl. [*Alexander* ?  
 Her Beauty, and her Drum, to foes did cause amazement double ;  
 As timorous Larks amazed are with light and with a low-bell, [sheepbell.  
 She kept the chasteness of a Nun, in armour, as in cloyster :  
 But *George* undid the Dragon, just as you'd undo an oyster.
- [5.] Full fatal to the *Romans* was the *Carthaginian Hanni-*  
*bal* ; him I mean who gave to them a devilish thump at *Cannæ* :  
 Moors thick, as goats on *Penmaenmaur*, stood on the *Alpes'* front :  
 Their one-eyed Guide, like blinking mole, bor'd thro' th' hind'ring mount ;  
 Who, baffled by the massy rock, took vinegar for relief,  
 Like Plow-men when they hew their way thro' stubborn rump of beef.  
 As dancing louts from humid toes cast atoms of ill savour,  
 To blinking *Hyatt*, when on vile *crowd* he merriment does endeavor, [=a Kit.  
 And on harmonious timber saws a wretched tune to quiver :  
 So *Romans* stunk and squeak'd at sight of *African* carniv' :  
 The tawny surface of his phiz did serve instead of vizzard :  
 But *George* he made the Dragon have a grumbling in his gizzard.  
*St. George* he was for England, etc.

- [8.] *Penitragon*, like his father, *Jove*, was fed with milk of goat; [Cf. vi, 729.  
 And { like him made a noble shield of the goat's shaggy } coat.  
 { in return a shield made of his shaggy nurse's }  
 On top of burnisht helmet he did wear a crest of *Leeks*,  
 And *Onions'* heads, whose dreadful nod drew tears down hostile cheeks.  
 Itch and *Welsh* blood did make him hot, and very prone to ire;  
 H' was tinged with brimstone, like a match, and would as soon take fire:  
 [Such] brimstone he took inwardly, when scurf gave him occasion, [t. And.  
 His postern puff of wind was a sulphureous exhalation.  
 The *Briton* never tergiversed. but was for adverse drubbing,  
 And never turn'd his back for aught, but to a post for scrubbing.  
 His sword would serve for battle, or for dinner, if you please;  
 When it had slain a *Cheshire* man, 't would toast a *Cheshire* cheese.  
 He wounded, and in their own blood did anabaptize, *Pagans*:  
 But *George* he made the Dragon an example to all Dragons.
- [10.] Brave *Warwick's Guy* at dinner-time challeng'd a Giant savage, [Colbrand.  
 And strait came out th' unwieldy Lout, brim-full of wrath and cabbage;  
 He had a Phiz of latitude, and was full thick i' th' middle,  
 The cheeks of puffed Trumpeter, and paunch of 'Squire Beadle': ['*Esq. Bedell.*'  
 But the Knight fell'd him like an Oak, and did upon his back tread,  
 The valiant *Guy* his weazand cut, and *Atropus* his pack-thread. [vi, 734.  
 Besides, he fought with a Dun Cow, as say the Poets witty, [*Ib.*, 733, 736.  
 A dreadful Dun, and horned too, like dun of *Oxford* city;  
 The fervent Dog-days made her mad, by causing heat of weather,  
*Syrins* and *Procyon* baited her, as a Bull-dog did her father; [*Pauvre Vache!*  
*Grasiers* nor butchers this fell beast e'er of her frolic hind'red,  
*John Dorset* she'd knock down as flat as *John* knocks down her kindred;  
 Her heels would lay you all along, and kick into a swoon,  
 'Cow-heels' at *Frewin's* keep up your corps, but hers would beat you down.  
 She vanquish'd many a sturdy Knight, and proud was of the honour,  
 Was pufft by mauling Butchers so, as if themselves had blown her;  
 At once she kick'd and push'd at *Guy*, but all that would not fright him,  
 Who wad'd his whinyard o'er her loyn, as if he'd gone to knight him.  
 He let her blood, her frenzy to cure, and eke he did her gall rip.  
 His trenchant blade, like Cooks' long spit, ran thro' the Monster's bald rib;  
 He rear'd up the vast crooked rib, instead of Arch Triumphant:  
 But *George* hit th' Dragon such a pelt, which made him on his bum fall.
- [11.] Great *HERCULES*, the offspring of *Jove* and fair *Alcmene*,  
 One part of him celestial was, the other part terrene;  
 To scale the walls of 's cradle, two fiery snakes combin'd,  
 And just like unto swadling-cloaths about the Infant twin'd:  
 But he put out these Dragons' fires, and did their hissing stop,  
 As red-hot Iron, with hissing noise, is quench'd in Blacksmith's shop.  
 He cleansd a Stable, and rubb'd down the Horses of new comers,  
 For out of Horse-dung he rais'd fame: as *Tom Wrench* does cucumbers.  
 He made a river help him thro', *Alphæus* was under-groom;  
 The stream, grumbling at th' office mean, ran murmur'ing thro' the room:  
 This liquid Ostler to prevent, being tired with a long work,  
 His father *Neptune's* Trident took, instead of three-prong'd dung-fork.  
 This *Hercules* as Soldier, and as Spinster, could take pains,  
 His Club it would sometimes spin Flax, and sometimes knock out brains;  
 He was forc'd to spin his Miss a shift, by *Juno's* wrath and her spite,  
 Fair *Omphale* whipt him to his wheel, as Cooks whip barking turnspit:  
 From man or churn he well knew how to get him lasting Fame,  
 He'd baste a Giant till the blood, and milk to butter, came.

Often he fought with huge Battoon, and oftentimes he Boxed ;  
Tapp'd a fresh Monster once a month, as *Harvey* doth fresh hogshead. [Note.  
'To stiff *Antæus* [he gave] a hug, such as folks give in *Cornwall* :  
But *George* he did the Dragon kill, as dead as any door-nail.

- [12.] By Boar-spear MELEAGER acquir'd a lasting name,  
And out of haunch of basted Swine he hew'd eternal fame.  
The beast the hero's trousers ript, and rudely shew'd his bare breech,  
Prick'd but the Wem, and out there came heroic guts and garbage.  
Legs were secur'd with Iron boots, no more than peas by peascods,  
Brass helmets, which inclosed skulls, would crackle in 's mouth like Chesnuts ;  
His tawny hairs erected were, by rage that was resistless,  
And wrath, instead of cobbler's-wax, did stiffen his rising bristles.  
His tusks lay'd dogs to sleep, that whip nor bugle-horn could wake 'em,  
It made them vent both their last blood, and their last *Album-græcum*.  
But the Knight gor'd him with his spear, to make of him a tame one,  
And arrows thick, instead of cloves, he stuck in th' Monster's gammon.  
For Monumental Pillar, that his Victory might be known,  
He rais'd up, in Cylindrick form, a Collar of the brawn ;  
He sent his shade to Shades below, in Stygian mud to wallow :  
And eke the stout St. *George* eftsoun he made the Dragon follow.  
*St. George he was for England, St. Denis was for France :*  
*Sing, Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

John Grubb, M.A. Oxon.

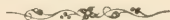


The three other stanzas reach not even this low standard. We give them here, nevertheless, to make the tale complete. After the stanza on *Hercules* appears one on the *Gemini*, another on *Gorgon*, and last of all (the twelfth) a paltry finale on *Domitian* ; preceded by *Meleager*, *Achilles*, and *Hannibal*. This is their order in the *Reliques*. The introduction of so many Greeks with the Carthaginians must have been an afterthought, destroying the unity of the 'British Heroes.'

- [7.] The *Gemini*, sprung from an egg, were put into a cradle,  
Their brains with knocks and bottled Ale were often-times full addle ;  
And, scarcely hatch'd, these Sons of him that hurls the bolt trifurcate,  
With helmet-shell on tender-head, did hustle with red-eyed pole-cat.  
*Castor* a horseman, *Pollux* tho' a boxer was, I wist ;  
The one was framed for iron heel, th' other for leaden fist.  
*Pollux*, to shew he was a god, when he was in a passion,  
With fist made noses fall down flat, by way of adoration.  
This fist, as sure as *French* disease, demolisht noses' ridges ;  
He like a certain Lord was fam'd for breaking down of bridges. [Lorelace.  
*Castor* the flame of fiery steed with well-spur'd boots took down ;  
As men with leathern buckets do quench fire in country town.  
His famous Horse, that liv'd on oats, is sung on oaten-quill : [muditamur  
By bards' immortal provender the Nag surviveth still. [avenâ.  
This shelly brood on none but rogues employ'd their brisk artillery :  
Flew naturally at the rogues, as eggs at knaves in pillory. [Note.  
Much sweat they spent in furious fight, much blood they did effund :  
Their whites they vented thro' the pore, their yolks thro' gaping wound.  
Then both were cleans'd from blood and dust, to make a heavenly sign ;  
The lads were, like their armour, scow'r'd, and then hung up to shine.  
Such were the heavenly double-Dicks, the sons of *Jove* and *Tinder*. [Semele.  
But *George* he cut the Dragon up, as 't been duck or windar.

[9.] *Gorgon* a twisted adder wore for knot upon her shoulder ;  
 She kemb'd her hissing periwig, and curling snakes did powder ;  
 These snakes they made stiff changelings of all the folks they list on ;  
 They turned Barbers into hones, and Masons into free-stone.  
 Sworded magnetic *Amazon*, her shield to Load-stone changes, [*Minerva's*.  
 Then amorous sword by magic belt clung fast unto her haunches.  
 This shield long village did protect, and kept the army from town,  
 And changed the bullies into rocks, that came t' invade *Long-Compton*. [*Note*.  
 She post-diluvian Stone unmans, and *Pyrrrha's* work unravels,  
 And stares *Deucalion's* hardy boys into their primitive pebbles.  
 Red noses she to rubies turns, and noddles into bricks ;  
 But *George* made the Dragon laxative, and gave him a bloody flux.

[6.] The valour of *Domitian* it must not be forgotten,  
 Who from the jaws of worm-blowing flies freed suppliant veal and mutton.  
 A squadron of Flies errant against the foe appears,  
 With regiments of buzzing Knights and swarms of volunteers.  
 The warlike Wasp encouraged them, with animating hum ;  
 And the loud brazen Hornet next, he was their kettle-drum.  
 The *Spanish Don Cantharido* did him most sorely pester,  
 And rais'd on skin of vent'rous Knight full many a plaguy blister.  
 A Bee whipt thro' his button-hole, as thro' key-hole a Witch,  
 And stabb'd him with his little tuck, drawn out of scabbard breech.  
 But the undaunted Knight lifts up an arm so big and brawny,  
 And slash'd her so, that here lay head, and there lay bag of honey.  
 Then 'mongst the Rout he flew, as swift as weapon made by *Cyclops*,  
 And bravely quell'd seditious buz, by dint of massy fly-flops.  
 Surviving flies did curses breathe, and maggots, too, at *Cæsar* :  
 But *George* he shav'd the Dragon's beard, and *Askelon* was his razor.  
*St. George he was for England, St. Dennis was for France* :  
*Sing, Honi soit qui mal y pense.*



We add a Note on the bibliographical history of this 'Second Part' After it had circulated a long time in manuscript, with successive additions of lessening worth, this 'Second Part' was published at Oxford, by Henry Chettle. It was misnamed '*The British Heroes ; or, A New Poem in Honour of St. George, etc.*' By Mr. John Grubb, School-master of Christ Church, Oxon, 1688.'

"*Favete linguis ; Carmina non prius*

*Audita, Musarum Sacerdos,*

*Canto.*" — HOR[ACE : Ode iii, l. 1.]

A later edition has—"London, Printed, and are to be Sold by *John Morphew*, near Stationers'-Hall : and *H. Clements* in Oxford [19 August], 1707." The subjects are thus arranged : 1, Arthur ; 2, Tamerlain ; 3, Achilles ; 4, Thalestris ; 5, Hannibal ; 6, Domitian ; 7, The Gemini ; 8, Pendragon ; 9, Gorgon ; 10, Guy of Warwick ; 11, Hercules ; and 12, Meleager. Perhaps this indicates the true order of successive additions. The stanzas on Hannibal, Domitian, the Gemini, and Gorgon—indeed, on Pendragon also—overweigh and disfigure the poem, which is in itself an imitation of "Why should we boast of *Arthur*?" (vi, 727), and "Why should we boast of *Lais*?" (vii, 423). The arrangement of stanzas differs in *Wit and Mirth*, 1699, and Dr. Percy's *Reliques*, 1765, 1767.

Variations occur in the text ; for instance, in the seventh stanza, reading "as eggs at *Dau de Foe* in Pillory" : but this, being a reference to an event of date 1702, is an interpolation, unauthorized. John Grubb, said to have been born in 1645, was fifty-two in 1697 : not eighty-one, as reported by Bishop Percy.



In any case, it is inaccurate. That De Foe was pelted with eggs in the pillory, is a statement no worthier of acceptance than Alexander Pope's "Earless on high stood unabash'd *De Foe*!" (*Dunciad*, Book ii, 147). Dan's ears were not clipt, and the mob for once was merciful, treating him to bouquets of flowers as a popular patriot. The 1699 text is—"They flew as naturally at a Rogue, as Eggs at knaves on pillory." *De Foe's* name could not be in any previous edition, and was not in the 1707 edition, 4to. Surely this deserved a note from Percy; no less than *Long-Compton*, for which see the account of Rolricht Stones in Dr. Robert Plot's *History of Oxfordshire*, 1677-1705.

There are allusions to Oxford tradesmen: *John Dosset*, the butcher; *Frewin*, the cook, who sold tripe and cow-heel on fasting-nights to those who kept no strict abstinence; *Tom Wrench*, who kept the Paradise Gardens; *Harvey* or *Hervey*, a noted drawer at the Mermaid Tavern. *Braburn* was a gentleman commoner of Lincoln College, who gave a Silver Arrow to be shot for by the University Archers; *Barfoot*, a letter-carrier, whose picture was long preserved at Oxford; *Hyatt*, a one-eyed fiddle-maker and 'crowder.'

These local allusions came fitly into the ballad, seeing that it was sung at the annual meeting of a 'Society of Georges.' They, like our London Society of Antiquaries at present date, held their festival on St. George's Day, Shakespeare's own 23rd April. John Grubb (1645-1697) matriculated in 1667, took his B.A. June 28, 1671, and M.A. four years later. He became Head Master of the Christ Church Grammar School, and afterwards of Gloucester, where he died in 1697, and a monument was raised to him at St. Mary Le Crypt. He had early solicited to be admitted to a club of gentlemen all of whom bore the name of George; his ineligibility as a 'John' was condoned, on the condition of his writing a fresh stanza each year to his inauguration ode, in honour of their patron saint. No wonder that the copies vary. The *Reliques* give the stanzas in diverse order, viz., Arthur, Pendragon (a wretchedly poor stanza), Guy of Warwick, Tamburlain, Thalestris, Hercules, the Gemini, Gorgon, Meleager, Achilles, Hannibal, and "The Valour of Domitian." All are here reprinted.

P. xiv\*.—(Restricted leaf.) 'Painted in full canonicals.' *Postscript*, 1896 :

"Nothing in his life  
Became him like the leaving it."—*Macbeth*, i, 4.

#### \*\* ADDITIONAL NOTES TO VOLUME SEVENTH.

P. 77.—Four stanzas were delayed of the 'Old Pudding-Pye Woman.'

[Roxb. C., II, 388; Pepys, III, 121; Eu., 261; H., II, 47; J., I, 301 = L., 1139.]

#### The Old Pudding-pye Woman set forth in her Colours.

Of all the rare and various *London* cries,  
There's none that doth excell Hot Pudding-Pyes :  
Each one that hears it, being bit with hunger,  
Would wish himself to be a Pudding-monger ;

[ = *nonce*. ]

For many likes such victual for the nones,  
Because in Pudding-Pyes there is no bones.

TO A RARE NEW TUNE, much in use, or, *There was an Old Wife*.

**T**Here was a[n] Old Wife, and she sold Pudding-pyes,  
[*Etcetera*, as on p. 77 of vol. vii. *Second stanza follows here*.]

Betimes in the morning out of her bed she will pack,  
And give you all warning with a loud thundering crack ;  
Then coughing and spitting, and rubbing and scrubbing her thighs,  
She hangs on her cloaths, and away to sell Pudding-pyes.

[Third, fourth, and fifth stanzas were given, vii, 77. Sixth is here.]

She hath a long nose, and often the same doth drop ;  
A piece of hot pudding would make a dainty sop.  
Her Beetle-brow forehead hangs quite over her eyes ;  
She scarcely can see to sell her Pudding-pyes.

Her hands she doth wash but twice or three times in a year ;  
The print of her fingers doth fair on her Puddings appear.  
She's two yards about, which you'll say is a pretty size,  
For an Old Wife that doth sell Hot Pudding-pyes.

[For eighth, tenth, and all later stanzas, see vol. vii, 77. Here is the ninth.]

At noon and at night this Firkin of stuff doth wag,  
Some money to take, to put in her greasie bag ;  
I wish she would make me her Heir when ever she dyes,  
Then I shall have money for all her Pudding-pyes.

London, Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.

[Black-letter. Two cuts: German Princess, vii, 64; Lady, vii, 251. Date, *circa* 1674. 'Pudding-Pies' are custard-cakes, called *Lent-Pies* in Kent.]

P. 78.—This ballad of 'The Ragman' is *not* unique; a duplicate is at Manchester F. R. Lib., black-letter ballads, vol. i, No. 46. The first stanza and second, also the concluding thirteenth and fourteenth, were in vol. vii, p. 78. The third stanza of "There was a Ragman and a Madman" follows—

It was a Locksmith and a drinker, as they went forth on a day,  
They met a Blacksmith and a Tinker, stole the Cunny skins away.  
Quoth the Locksmith to the drinker: "I will take him o'er the braine,  
I'le make the Blacksmith and the Tinker *Bring the Cunny skins againe.*"

"Thou shalt finde me as good mettle," the drinker he did say,  
"As any is in his kettle he beates upon each day."  
Quoth the Locksmith: "Then the Blacksmith also by me shall finde  
I'le so fuddle *Fulcan's noddle, Till he leave the skins behind.*"

There was a Cobler and a Broome-man, as they did meet one day,  
There came a Carman and a Plowman, stole the Cunny skins away.  
Quoth the Cobler to the Broome-man: "Wee'le so 'toxicate the braine,  
Wee'le make the Carman and the Plowman *Bring the Cunny skins againe.*"

"We will call them to a parl[e]y," the Broome-man thus did say,  
"How they sow their Oates and Barley, and how they cut their grasse and hay;  
Then the Carman, leg and arme man, with Barley broth wee'le bind;  
Wee'le not forsake them till we make them *Leave the Cunny skins behind.*"

#### THE SECOND PART, TO THE SAME TUNE.

IT was a Joyner and a Ropemaker, as they met on the way,  
There came a Brewer and a Baker, stole the Cunny skins away.  
Quoth the Joiner to the Ropemaker: "'Tis in a merry veine,  
Make the Brewer and the Baker *Bring the Cunny skins againe.*"

Quoth the Joyner to the Brewer: "Though that Malt in price doe fall,  
Yet still he will be sure for to make his drinke too small."  
The Ropemaker told the Baker: "Your knavery we shall finde,  
Which if we take you we shall make you *Leave the Cunny skins behind.*"

It was a Glover and a Weaver, as they met on the way,  
 There came a Fidler and a Pedler, stole the Cunny skins away.  
 Quoth the Glover to the Weaver: "I will take him on the braine,  
 Wee'le make the Fidler and the Pedler *Bring the Cunny skins againe.*"

The Weaver with his Treddle so fast about him laid,  
 Till the Fidler pul'd out 's Fiddle, and then a lesson play'd.  
 Whilst the Glover with strong liquor so well their caps had lin'd;  
 Which made the Fidler and the Pedler *Leave the Cunny skins behind.*

It was a Broaker and a Taylor, as they met on a day,  
 Came the hangman and the Jaylor, stole the Cunny skins away.  
 Quoth the Broker to the Taylor: "Wee'le take them on the braine,  
 And make the hangman and the Jaylor *Bring the Cunny skins againe.*"

Quoth the Broker: "If the hangman I chance withall to meete,  
 His sides I will so bang, [man,] he shall hardly stand on 's feete."  
 Quoth the Taylor: "With the Jaylor no pleasure I can finde,  
 But if we take them we shall make them *Leave the Cunny skins behind.*"

It was a Royster and a Revell, as they did meet one day, etc.

(*penultimate stanza.*)

The Royster with his Rapier at the Devill he did run, etc. (in vii, 78).

By John Lookes.

London: Printed for *Fr. Grove*, dwelling on *Snow-hill*.

[Five cuts: 1st, man in baggy trousers; 2nd, a small black figure of a trumpeter; 3rd, the Cunny-skin man, vii, p. 78; 4th, Robin-Goodfellow satyr, with fairies in a ring, vi, p. 706; 5th, the lumbering Dutelman, vol. vi, p. 699, R.]

'The Second Part' of another ballad, apparently unique, signed by the same author, John Lookes (in *M. f. r. Lib. Coll.*, II, 52), begins, "Like the *Egyptian* Locus, thou and all the rest." The First Part and Title are lost. Printed for *F. Grove*, etc., who published 'The Ragman.'



P. 285.—*The Discontented Plow-man* was briefly mentioned, with one stanza quoted, in 1891, when a Group of Ballads was devoted to the lads "*whose minds are bent to follow the useful plow,*" and their fit Sweethearts, the merry milk-maids, were not neglected. 'The Ploughman's Praise' is given on p. 682 of this vol. viii; 'The Discontented Ploughman' on p. 863.

P. 291.—Compare pp. 683, 684, *ante*, for 'The Blind eats many a Flye,' and *My father gave me house and land*, of date, April, 1627.

P. 436.—L. White's "Description of this Age." Date, Feb. 28, 1647. Four stanzas in Part first; sixteen in the second. Printed for Richard Burton, at the Horse-shoe in Smithfield. Woodcut of solar portents. (Douce Coll., I, 60, *verso*.) Begins thus:—

O What a wicked, sinful age is this!  
 When men and women strive to do amiss:  
 In wickedness some more and more do run,  
 Until both soul and body be undone.

Similarly begins the 'Friendly Advice to Extravagants.' Having been met by many 'Female Ramblers,' this pious sermon preaches against drink and dissipation. It fulfils King Lear's request: "An ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination!" after 'Pudding-Pies' and 'the Ragman.'

[Huth, I, 115; and Jersey, I, 316 = Lind., 927.]

## Friendly Advice to Extravagants.

Shewing the Vanity of those | who to themselves are cruel foes :  
By their delays for to prepare, | Grim Death he will not long forbear,  
But unawares will give the blow ; | they 'll mourn when they do find it so.

TUNE, *The Rich Merchant man*[, vol. i, p. 320].

O H, what a sinful age is this that we live in !  
When men delight in extremes, and take a pride in Sin.  
“ Time ’s winged,” says one, “ and flies ! therefore let us be merry ;  
Perhaps this may be our last day : then let us drink our Sherry.”  
It is a notion strange, to call for men to drink ;  
But do not say, “ Let us go pray ! for ’t is high time, I think.”  
Instead of Good Advice they should give one another,  
They give advice that in a trice they may all virtue smother.  
Wicked devices now seem to be common,  
There ’s few that do the same eschew, it is forsook by no man.  
Oh, pitty it is then, that Sin should be the fashion ;  
Be sure they do bring shame unto this poor distressed Nation :  
Who by their wickedness promote the Devil’s cause,  
They urge our God to send his Rod, by breaking of his Laws.  
While yet we leisure have, and time for to repent,  
Make no delay for fear you may into the Grave be sent,  
Before you are prepar’d and fitted for to dye ;  
Oh then, make haste, and no time waste ! repent immediately.  
It can do you no harm for to repent in time ;  
Many, I say, are snatcht away, and dye just in their prime.  
We have no lease of Life, no more than those who died,  
And met with Death, who stopt their breath, and would not be deny’d.  
When Death doth us assaile, we cannot him oppose ;  
Certain it is we must not miss the Hour, yet no man knows.  
It will be very sad for those who die in Sin :  
Oh ! then take care, for death prepare, and think how slack you ’ve been.  
We shall not alwaies find God will with sinners bear :  
Then, while you may, make no delay, but for your death prepare.  
Think not that when you please you shall have time to do it ;  
If you prolong time you do wrong yourselves : then now fall to it.  
And say not with the wretch, “ Let ’s drink, laugh, and be merry ! ”\*  
Time will not stay, but flies away ; then do not mind your Sherry.  
But that which will do good to your immortal souls,  
Mind that alone, and ev’ry one leave quaffing of your Bools.  
That drink which now in waste you down your throats do throw,  
Where drink is scant the same you ’l want, and crave, for aught I know.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Carlk* [sic], *W. Thackery*, and  
*T. Pussenger*.

[Black-letter. Cuts : 1st, Skeleton with dart, “ *Prepared bee to follow me* ” ;  
Time confronting him, with scythe and hour-glass, “ *Hodie mihi, cras tibi* ” :  
2nd, oval, *Pilgrim*, ii, 539 ; 3rd, *Cromwell’s wife*, p. 458. Date, *circa* 1675.]

\* See *Note* on next page.

\* The convivial "Wretch" is a song-writer of some of the *Roxburghe Ballads* (*Bagford Bds.*, p. 722), Thomas Jordan, author of the lively ditty "Let us drink and be merry, dance, joke, and rejoice, With claret and sherry, theorbo and voice" (vol. iii, pp. 484, 683). The date of both ditties coincides, being 1675. He sees the brevity and uncertainty of human life, but draws a different moral: instead of perpetually preparing for death, overshadowed by its gloom, he tries with Herrick to "gather the roses while ye may, Old Time is still a flying."

"The changeable world to our joy is unjust:  
All treasure's uncertain,  
Then down with your dust;  
In frolics dispose your pounds, shillings, and pence:  
*For we shall be nothing a hundred years hence.*"

Ever recurring, like the skull at apocryphal Egyptian banquets ("which no fellow can understand"), this morbid thought always gave a fillip to dissipation.

"Eat, drink, and sleep, what can the rest avail us?"  
So said the royal sage *Sardanapalus*."

P. 549.—'The Seaman's Doleful Farewel; or, The *Greenwich* Lover's Mournful Departure' is not contained in the *Roxb. Collection*. It is a Pepysian ballad of ten stanzas, of which seven are here. Tune of Tom D'Urfey's '*State and ambition, alas! will deceive you*' (1683; see vol. vii, p. 493); music in *Pills to purge Melancholy*, vol. ii, pp. 34, 35. To complete the 'Farewell' we resume at the fourth stanza.

MAID.

"How many, like thee, that are constant and loyal,  
Do venture to Sea, and do never return!  
Then grant me my su[i]t, and make no more denial,  
For I in thine absence for ever shall mourn.  
Oh, like to a Sea-Boy let me be attired,  
And talk not of leaving me here on the Shore;  
Thy company by me so much is desired  
*That sure I should dye should I see thee no more.*"

MAN.

"Cease, my true-Love, and no more do persuade me!  
Why should'st thou run hazards just now in thy prime?  
Thy true-Love for ever blind *Cupid* hath made me,  
And thou to the top-mast I'm sure cannot climb.  
Thy Lilly-white hand cannot handle the tackle,  
The pitch and the tar on thy palms will remain,  
Tho' now thou art fetter'd in *Cupid's* strong shackle;  
*Yet we will be married when I come again.*"

MAID.

"Go, then, my true-Love, and heaven's great blessing  
(Where e're thou dost sail) sti'l upon thee attend!  
Love is a pleasure beyond all expressing;  
And *Neptune*, I pray thee, my dearest defend:  
For if in mine absence my Love should miscarry,  
Whom I for his virtues do so much adore,  
Then I of my life without doubt should be weary,  
*And pine to my grave, should I see thee no more.*"



MAN.

"Come, be of good comfort, and grieve not, my Dearest,  
For I am as loth from my Love to depart;  
Heaven can prevent all the dangers thou fearest,  
Then let not such jealousies trouble thy heart.  
For should I behold all the beauties in *Venice*. [sic: for *Venus*.  
Yet still to my Dear I would constant remain;  
And nothing shall cause any difference between us,  
*But we will be married when I come again.*"

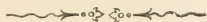
MAID.

"I long for that hour, and covet the minute  
When *Hymen* my true Love and me shall unite;  
I surfeit to think of the pleasure that's in it,  
'T is comfort by day, but far sweeter by night.  
When we, like true Lovers, shall joyn our poor faces,  
And find such delight as I ne'r knew before,  
'T is for certain a bliss for to lye in embraces,  
*And then I will part with my true Love no more.*"

MAN.

"Well, now the wind serves, in despite I must leave thee,  
But at our farewel let us 'change a sweet kiss;  
Again I do swear I will never deceive thee,  
And hope at the last to enjoy what I wish.  
Still hoping that Fortune will show me such favour  
That I may be prosperous on the Salt Main:  
My true-Love in sorrow I fear for to leave thee,  
*But hope to enjoy her when I come again.*"  
Then down their poor cheeks the salt Tears they trickle,  
Whole vollies of sighs from their breasts there did fly;  
At last he prevail'd, by little and little,  
That he might be gone, and she could not deny.  
But kisses at parting were wonderful plenty,  
And needs it must be that it grieved them sore:  
Tears they did drop, till their eyes they were empty,  
*For fear she her true-Love should never meet more.* Finis.

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel*, in *Guilt-spur-Street*, without *Newgate*.  
[Black-letter. Five cuts, in vol. vii, pp. 548, R.; 494; 556, L.; emblem of  
*Pisces*; ship, 497. Date, 1685.]



The full title of the Sequel (Pepys Coll., IV, 179) is 'The Seaman's Joyful Return: Being an Answer to the Seaman's Doleful Farewell, or, The *Greenwich* Lover's Mournful Departure.' To the same tune of *State and Ambition*. First line is, "Welcome, my dearest! with joy I now see thee." Printed, like its precursor, for C. Denisson, at the Stationers'-Arms, within Aldgate, 1685.

Instead of this unique 'Answer,' we add a song from '*Cupid's Soliciter of Love*' (quoted on pp. 601, 747), circa 1683-5. Pepys held it among his 'Penny Merriments,' vol. ii. The author, Richard Crimsal (sic, on title-page), wrote several of the *Roxb. Ballads*. It is preceded by 'The Saylor to his Love, he being newly come home from the *Indies*' (compare Thom. Lanriere's ballad, vol. vi, p. 415); and 'His Love's Answer to him.' They are in prose.

*Come, my sweet and bonny one!* is the tune. It had been previously cited, for 'The Gentleman's Song in disdain of his Mistress,' "Shall I despair, or dye with care, for her that will not love?" (See p. 847 of present vol.)

# The Sailor's Song of Joy for Gaining his Love.

THE TUNE OF, *Come, my sweet and bonny One.* [See p. 781.]

AFTER this cruel storm at Sea, I find a calmed shore,  
 She now begins for to love me, who hated me before;  
 This is a change, and very strange it seemeth unto me,  
 Yea, happy wind, that blows so kind, my Ship sails fair and free.  
 My love was wont for to be coy, and me she did disdain,  
 Now she calls me her only joy! this is a pleasing strain.  
*Cupid* hath struck a pleasing stroke, she now is bent to love,  
 Which pleaseth me, most wondrously, that she so kind should prove:  
 Perhaps 't is because I have brought means, from off the Ocean main;  
 By all suppose, it truly seems, I did not sail in vain.  
 Now I have won my pretty one, and wealth enough beside,  
 Had I not gone, 't had not been done, nor had she been my Bride.  
 Now unto Church in haste we'll go, and wedded we will be;  
 Now pleasure's tides begin to flow, between my love and me.  
 We'll make no stay, but post away, and end what is begun;  
 My heart is thine, and thine is mine, my fair and pretty One.

—Richard Crimsal.

P. 550.—Six stanzas were omitted from 'Love and Loyalty Well Met' ("Fairest of fair ones, if thou should'st prove cruel"), following after "And so wrong poor maidens that never thought ill." Tune, D'Urfeys *State and Ambition*, *alas! will deceive you* (see vol. v, p. 561), 1683. This is the fourth stanza:

YOUNG MAN.

"I'm none of that number, I prethee don't doubt me,  
 My heart in thy breast is imprisoned sure;  
 And for my affection I prethee don't flout me,  
 For my love shall last, while my Life doth endure.  
 To this my poor suit do not give a denial,  
 Nor seem in the least thy true Lover to slight;  
 Thou plainly wilt find, when it comes to the tryal,  
*That thou art my true Love, my Joy and Delight.*"

MAID.

"If thou would'st be faithful and real unto me,  
 Oh! then I would tell thee a piece of my mind,  
 It would be no trouble at all for to wooe me:  
 To one that is constant I soon could be kind.  
 But if I should venture to come to a tryal,  
 And grant your desire, your mind to fulfill,  
 If in the conclusion thou should'st be Disloyal  
*To wrong a poor maiden that never thought ill?"*

YOUNG MAN.

"No, no, by the Power that governs poor creatures,  
 I will be as Loyal as mortal can be;  
 For I am enamour'd with thy pretty features,  
 And thou like an Angel appearest to me.  
 In thy rosie cheeks my delight I have fixed,  
 And nothing is welcome but thee in my sight;  
 Why, thy love with my love together are mixed,  
*Thou art my true Love, my Joy and Delight.*"

MAID'S ANSWER.

" These pretty kind speeches I fear will persuade me ;  
 To tender good nature, to love and admire.  
 Blind *Cupid* already begins to invade me,  
 And now I 'm possess'd with Love's amorous fire.  
 Come, give me thy hand, with a large protestation  
 That what I desire thou wilt freely fulfill,  
 For thou art the Man I love best in the nation,  
*Then wrong not a Maiden that never thought ill."*

YOUNG MAN.

" These tydings, my dearest, exceedingly please me ;  
 My heart thou hast won, I 'le for ever be thine ;  
 Of my pains and torments, my Love, thou dost ease me :  
 As I am thy true-Love, I hope thou art mine.  
 Let us two together lye close in embraces,  
 In Love we will solace by day and by night ;  
 Thou art so adorned with beautiful graces,  
*That thou art my true-Love, my Joy and Delight."*

MAID.

" Come, come then, my true-Love, no longer we 'll tarry,  
 But finish the rites that poor Lovers enjoyn ;  
 We 'll go to the Church, and with speed we will marry,  
 To show that at first 't was my real design.  
 Though I seem'd strange, it was onely to try thee,  
 And yet seemed loath thy mind to fulfill :  
 I knew in my heart that I could not deny thee,  
*For I am a Maiden that never thought ill."*

THE AUTHOR [*who conceals his name*].

Fair Maidens, take pattern by these faithful Lovers,  
 Who now are fast linked in *Cupid's* strong chains ;  
 For when Tell-tale lyes a true passion discovers  
 They soon put an end unto torturing pains.  
 And, young-men, no more do you now prove deceitful,  
 But Constant and Loyal by day and by night ;  
 For 't is no small trespass to be so ungrateful  
*To her who accounts you her Joy and Delight.*

*Finis.*

Printed for *J. Blare*, at the Sign of the *Looking-G'ass*, on *London-Bridge*.

[Black-letter. Three cuts: 1st, spotted lady, in wreath, vii, 26; 2nd, man, enwreathed, vi, 543; 3rd, flying *Cupid*, vii, 499. Date, 1685.]

P. 558.—'MALLY STUART' was promised to be given here: because it had inspired Walter Scott in 1808, and no less because Robert Burns, in 1793, had tried to imitate and excel it.

We possess an early version of it in '*A Garland of New Songs*,' printed with some of date 1746 to 1750. This fact disposes of the assertion that it had not preceded the Burns' version of 1793. Although mixed unscrupulously with Hanoverian ditties, of 1746, it is genuinely Jacobite; and may have originally belonged to a time so early as the Battle of the Boyne, 1690. In the *Garland* are some triumphant songs on Drumossie-Moor fight, 'Culloden,' not found elsewhere; but all on the Hanoverian side, with a woodcut of William, Duke of Cumberland, on horseback. Also, we hold an early manuscript copy of it. "My King" means the Stuart, James II, or perhaps James III; but not William III.

## Mally Stuart.

“ The cold Winter is past and gone, and now comes on the Spring,  
And I am one of the King's Life-guards, and must go fight for my King,  
*My Dear !*

*I must go to fight for my King.”*

“ Now since to the war you need to go, one thing, pray, grant to me :  
That I dress my self in man's attire, and march along with thee,  
*My Dear !*

*To go through the world with thee.”*

“ Not for ten thousand pound, my Love, shall you to danger go.  
The rattling drums and shining swords would cause you sorrow and woe.  
*My Dear !*

*They would cause you sorrow and woe.*

“ Yet one thing for my Love, I will do, that she cannot do for me ;  
I'll wear black cuffs on my red coat sleeve, and mourn for her till I die,  
*My Dear !*

*I will mourn till the day I die.”*

“ Nay, I will do more, for my true Love, than he will do for me ;  
I will cut my hair, my snood I will tear, and mourn for him till I die,  
*My Dear !*

*And mourn till the day I die.”*

“ So farewell to my father and mother, farewell and adieu to you !  
And farewell, my bonny *Mally Stuart*, the cause of all my woe,  
*My Dear !*

*The cause of all my woe.*

“ When we leave bonny *Stirling* town, no more we sleep in tent ;  
For by the King we are order'd down, and to *Ireland* we are sent,  
*My Dear !*

*To Ireland we are sent.*

“ So farewell, bonny *Stirling* town ! from the maids we are forced to go ;  
And farewell, bonny *Mally Stuart*, the cause of all my woe,  
*My Dear !*

*The cause of all my woe.”*

[ See Note.

The trooper turn'd himself about, all on the *Irish shore* ;  
He has given the bridle-reins a shake, saying, “ Adieu, for evermore,  
*My Dear !*”

*Saying, “ Adieu for evermore ! ”*

*Note.*—These obelized stanzas, preceding the finale, appear to be by a different hand, in a slip-song. They are not in the ‘Garland’ of 1746-59.

† She took the bauchels off her feet, the cockups frac her hair, [*shoes, snood*.  
And she has tramped a weary gait, for seven lang years and mair,  
*My Dear !*

*For seven lang years and mair.*

† Some while she rade, some while she gaed, and syne she greeted sair ;  
But aye the ower-word she had said—“ Shall I see my Laddie mair ?  
*My Dear !*

*Shall I see my bonny Laddie mair ? ”*

[ *Query, do they meet ?* ]

They are found in one of our slip-songs, without printers' name, and were considered suitable, perhaps, for Falkirk-Tryst and Stirling market, where Randal's wares were popular in later years. They are more *Scottified* than the song on which they are grafted, but not without poetic grace.

P. 592.—'Fatal Combat of Stewart and Wharton,' 1609.

"Down Plumpton Park" is given on p. 604. It must have continued to be popular so late as 1659, for Buzzard sings it in R. Brome's *English Moor*, of that date, Act iii, sc. 2. Both ballads, 'John Musgrave' and 'The Combat,' were clearly contemporaneous with the events celebrated, although our Roxb. exemplars are reprints of later date. Another record of the duel is this Epigram by John Davies, of Hereford, in his '*Scourge of Folly*,' 1610-11.

On the tragical and most untimely deaths of Sir George Wharton, Knight, and James Stewart, Esquire, who slew each other in private single fight, on Thursday, being the ninth of November, 1609.

#### EPIGRAM 125.

IF any (tragicke) longs t' extend the bounds  
Of sorrow past the scope of saddest moode, etc.

[Note, p. 786.

The eye of heauen did rowle the house about  
Of that fell twi-form'd Archer at the time [Sagittarius: 9 Nov.  
That this fair-feller accident fell out ;  
Whose double glory guilds a double crime !  
Two foes of honor'd name in Honor's bed  
(The field) desir'de, like virgins newly wiuies,  
To lose their valour's lusty virgin-head ;  
And with it lost their fortunes, hopes, and liues.

The one hight *Wharton*, noble in his name,  
And his faire carriage in this blacke debate :  
The other *Steward* ; who prouided fame  
For both, but bought it at too deere a rate.  
Now *Wharton*'s gone, and *Steward* up hath giuen  
His stewardship, with his last strict accounts ;  
And both (in fame, at least) are now in Heau'n,  
" For fame, as farre as Heauen, stain'd life surmounts."

The one, an *English* honorable heire,  
The other, of the *Scottish* royal race ;  
Yet one became in furies' seuering fire,  
And now are one become in Glorie's grace.  
Then so made one, why should their friends be more ?  
They well may grieuie, but haue no cause of hate ;  
Blood on both sides alike salues Discords sore,  
And should crackt-vnion more consolidate :

Then on this ground of so rare vnion  
Sing *Phæbus*' priests as rare deuision.

[i.e. Poets.

John Davies, of Hereford.



*Note.*—The ten lines here removed, partaking of the tediousness which mars the verse of John Davies, are these :—

And with his pen write dry fresh deadly-wounds  
In lines that may like torrents flow with blood ;  
Or, if he thirst to coole his hot desire  
Of painting out disasters (drown'd in gore),  
Or else would offer in *Homerean*-fire,  
An heccatombe of numerous-plaints therefore : [=metrical laments.  
Then heere's occasion offer'd ; now's the time  
Wherein he may be more than satisfide ;  
Here is the center for the rest of Rime,  
That (circling) flowes with blood, in Sorrowe's tide.  
The eye of heauen did rowle, etc. (*Vide supra.*)

The allusion is, that on the 9th of November the sun was approaching the sign of Sagittarius ; a belief in occult matters of astrology being then entertained. If our world has now awakened from this delusion, it still holds Teetotalism, 'aggrieved parishioners,' and the New Woman ! It need not crow loudly.

P. 632.—' *The Lamenting Lady's last Farewell.*' The amiable and oppressed Princess Elizabeth was no less 'done to death' by her grief for the murder of her father, Charles I, whom she loved, than if the Cromwellians had carried out their purpose quickly by committing her to some loathsome dungeon or shedding her blood on the scaffold. They were capable of both.

The ballad-writer told the tale in rough homespun rhymes, but she lacked not "the meed of one melodious tear" in the beautiful 'Epitaph upon the Lady Elizabeth, second daughter to his late Majesty,' written in 1649 by Henry Vaughan, the Silurist (c. 1622–1695), beginning thus :—

"Youth, beauty, virtue, innocence,  
Heaven's royal and select expense,  
With virgin tears and sighs divine,  
See here the genii of this shrine ;  
Where now—the fair soul winged away—  
They guard the casket where she lay.  
Thou had'st, ere thou the light could'st see,  
Sorrows laid up, and stored for thee ;" etc.

It will be found in the volume called '*Secular Poems of Henry Vaughan*' ; edited and arranged, with Notes and Bibliography, by J. R. Tutin, 1893 ; a model of good editing—as had been his *Poems of Richard Crashaw*, Hull, 1887. (The paltry ingratitude of disloyal Wales was shown by leaving neglected, until a few months ago, the grave of Vaughan, the sweetest poet whom they held.)

P. 641.—*The Escape from Worcester of Charles II* was printed for F. Coles, etc. It is preserved in the unique exemplar, "Come, you learned Poets, let's call" ; not improbably written by Alexander Brome, of date 1660. The full title is, 'The wonderful and miraculous Escape of our gracious King from that dismal, black, and gloomie defeat at *Wor'ster*.' We hope some day to give it in a private issue of *The Civil War Ballads*.

P. 671.—*The Reception of Charles II at Dover, on his Restoration.* Many copies of contemporary ballads on the Restoration of the Monarchy, that were bought eagerly by loyal Cavaliers, must have been printed to meet a large demand, but their very popularity caused their speedy disappearance.

The broadsides were pasted upon walls in workshops and private houses. Some were used to line a new leathern trunk, and thus came down to us, unique exemplars, marked with the impress and brown stains of the portmanteau, more or less mutilated. One is the 'Noble Progress' of Monk, a distinct version of 'Iter Boreale, the Second Part' (reprinted on p. 670 of our vol. vii).

A Second 'Trunk Ballad' is 'The Glory of These Nations; or, King and People's Happiness.' It is an imitation of Martin Parker's ballad 'Upon Defacing of Whitehall' (reprinted, vii, 633), and to the same tune, *When the King enjoys his own again*. It begins, "Where's those that did prognosticate, and did envy fair *England's* state, And said King *Charles* no more shall reign? Their predictions were but in vain, For the King is now return'd," etc. It tells of his reception on 22nd May at Dover, and his progress to Canterbury, Cobham Hall, Deptford, Walworth, and Newington Butts, where he was received by the Lord Mayor. The second stanza is here—

"The twenty-second of lovely *May*, at *Dover* arrived, fame doth say,  
Where our most noble General did on his knees before him fall, [Monk.  
Craving to kiss his hand, so soon as he did land.  
Royally they did him entertain, with all their pow'r and might,  
To bring him to his Right, and place him in his own again."

On Christmas Eve, 1896, while these *Addit. Notes* were being sent to Press, the Editor obtained two other unique, but mutilated ballads of the Restoration, one lacking its second part, the other devoid of title, tune-name, and beginning.

[Mr. H. W. Ball's Collection. Unique, but lacking Second Part.]

### *England's Captivity Returned ;* *With A Farewel to COMMON-WEALTHS.*

To the Tune of, *The brave Sons of Mars.*

Come let's now reioyce, all with a loud voice,  
at the return of *Charles* our King ;  
With a hearty good prayer, He may never come there,  
where the Traytors his Father did bring.  
Let us all make a noise, both young men and boyes,  
with a great acclamation of ioy,  
Whilst those Traytors lament (but want grace to repent)  
which so long did our King annoy.  
Farewel a free State ! such Rascals we hate,  
as we here of late dayes have had ;  
Such Plots they'd contrive, when they were alive,  
enough for to make us all mad.  
But wee'l let them alone, which from hence are gone,  
'cause their reward will be paid them ;  
But leave them where they are, wee'l neither make [n]or mar,  
nor never from thence wee'l perswade them.  
My Lord *Monck's* the man ; though his life's but a span,  
he hath improved that little so well,  
That in true loyalty I can none espie  
that can this great worthy excell.  
To bring home our King, 't was the only thing  
could make all things well for the people ;  
And such ioy for't there was, as in the streets I did pass,  
that the Bells almost leapt out o' th' Steeple.

[Remainder lost.

[In Black-letter. Two woodcuts, portraits, not companions: 1st, a square-bordered portrait of *John Pym*, with pointed beard and broad overlying collar: 2nd, on a large scale, the head and armoured neck of Charles II, a regal crown above. The other half of the ballad is lost, with colophon. Date, May, 1660.]

Another unique, but imperfect ballad on the Restoration (the Second Part only, lacking title, commencement, and tune-name) is preserved in the same collection, Mr. H. W. Ball's, "the gatherings of many years." We supply a temporary title conjecturally; also a reduced copy of the woodcut, which in 1620 had belonged to Nathaniel Butter's *'Good Newes to Christendome.'*

[*Charles, King of England, safe on Shore ;*

*Or, The Royal Landing at Dover.]*

The Second Part, to the same Tune.



J. W. E.

Good Subjects, and they that lov'd him, did pray;  
But rebels did wish the ship were cast away,  
For fear Divine Justice should turn them all o're,  
*When Charles, King of England, is safe set on shore.*

The ioy that did ring, iust at his landing,  
Did pierce the high heavens with 'God save the KING !'  
The Rocks in an echo as loudly did roare,  
*To see Charles the Second come safely [on shore].*

The trumpets did sound, the Cliffes did rebound;  
With hands lift to heaven, and knees on the ground,  
They all did give thanks and true praises good store,  
*To see Charl[e]s the Second come [safely on shore].*

The Cannons at *Dover*, and every rover,  
Did thunder with ioy that the King was come over:  
Some caps were cast up, that they never see more,  
*For joy Charl[e]s the Second was safe [on shore].*

Men, women, and boyes did make such a noyse,  
They made *Kent* and *Christendom* ring with their joyes:  
Such high acclamations were ne're there before,  
*For joy Charles the Second was [safely on shore].*

The true men of *Kent*, and all that was in't,  
Deserve their good deeds should be Publish'd in Print:  
A Loyall just County, and sufferers sore,  
*Till Charles the Second was [safely on shore].*

Put on thy rich Robe, thy Crown, and the Globe,  
For thou hast been well nigh as Patient as *Job*.  
Such intricate hazzards were ne're known before ;  
*But thanks be to God thou art safe set [on shore].*

May every sinew of him strong continue,  
True peace and prosperity raise his Revenue ;  
God blesse my Lord *Monke* too, we humbly implore,  
*By whom Charles the Second got safely on shore.*

**Finis.**

London, printed for *F. Grove*, dwelling on *Snow-hill*. Entred according to Order.

[Black-letter. Woodcut of Portents in the sky, p. 788. Date, May, 1660.]

A third 'Trunk Ballad' was written by a Cavalier who had fought at Worcester, and earlier in the civil wars for Charles I. It is entitled 'The Loyal Subject's Heartly Wishes to King Charles II,' to the tune, *When cannons are roaring* ; and beginning, "True Subjects all, rejoice, after long sadness." A fourth 'Trunk Ballad' is of a few months' later date, October, 1660, on the execution of the Regicides, 'A Relation of the Ten Grand Infamous Traytors,' etc., beginning, "Hee that can impose a thing, and shew forth a reason." To the tune of, *Come, let us drink, the time invites* (for which see *The Loyal Garland*, 1686).

P. 709.—'The Warming-Pan Ballad,' beginning, "When *Jemmy* the Second," is on p. 299 of the present vol. viii : its true date was August, 1745.

P. 720.—*Proclamation and Coronation of William and Mary.*

Writers of panegyric to William of Orange, greedy of gain and clamorous for recognition, had harder work to do than the men who in earlier days belauded 'the Merry Monarch' or his more saturnine brother James of York ; for James had sincere friends, who stood by him in days when the Exclusionists raged against him, and the people imagined a vain thing. William had the stolid and repulsive qualities of his Dutch nature, such as were displayed at Amboyna in 1623, and still survive in the hateful Boers of the Transvaal to this day. He was devoid of gratitude or generosity. He had no love of art or of literature, to soften his manners or refine his mind. Selfish in his ambition, without fervour in religion, or warmth of affection to anyone, except his serviceable *âme damnée*, William Bentinck, he used the wealth and lifeblood of England to secure what he could of victory in Holland against France and the Catholics. But throughout his unquiet reign he repulsed instead of attracted loyal adherence. He demanded servile obedience and tried to crush insubordination. His discontent was obtrusively shown, to all except his countrymen.

Sycophants he had, of course, and pliant tools, like the conceited busybody, Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Sarum, who wearied him with intrusive familiarity, *more suo*. It is evident that all tributes of praise were rendered in political subserviency, and never willingly from independent minds. Even the Whig Revolutionists became aware that he had 'jockeyed' them, and bitterly regretted having been his dupes. Burnet spoke the truth for once, when he named his tractate indiscreetly, '*William and Mary, Conquerors.*'

The Commons were indignant, and condemned the book: "*Burnet! Burn it!*" and burned it was, publicly, by the hangman. It had "let the Cat out of the Bag" (p. 765). Cf. pp. 818, 820, 827, 828.

Not by moral right, or by legitimate succession, had William ascended the throne, and afterwards allowed Mary to share it with him, as his wife, not as her royal father's daughter. By faction and intrigue, remorselessly and unfilially, they had dispossessed, not only James II, but his lawful son and successor the Prince of Wales, from the land of their birth, their wealth and station. Treachery, more than valour, made "William and Mary, Conquerors"!

For renegades, turncoats, and deserters it was natural to be zealous at first burst. They soon found that little gain rewarded their pains: neither Court favour nor Court pensions; except in some dark cases like that of Daniel Foe, *alias* 'Defoe,' where the man had no scruples, but did any required duty of underhand betrayal and duplicity, to earn his secret-service hire. The later world has chosen, in deference to his talent as a novelist, to close its eye and ear from regarding him with deserved contempt as the Government spy. He was needed for dirty work, and he did it unhesitatingly. The rabble believed him to be their friend, and shielded him from volleys of rotten eggs, when in the pillory. "Beefy face and grubby hand—Law! what do they understand?" They were incapable of seeing that, for the bribe of party spite and private greed, in extolling 'Dutch William,' 1701, this 'Daniel come to judgment' was the most libellous traducer of his own nation, who had ever dared to spit venom against '*The True-Born Englishman*.' 'Little-Englanders' of later days could not do worse.

"These are the heroes that despise the *Dutch*,  
And rail at new-come Foreigners so much;  
Forgetting that themselves are all derived  
From the most Scoundrel Race that ever lived:  
A horrid croud of rambling thieves and drones,  
Who ransack'd kingdoms and dispeopled towns.  
The *Piet* and painted *Briton*, treacherous *Scot*,  
By hunger, theft, and rapine, hither brought;  
*Norwegian* Pirates, buccaneering *Danes*,  
Whose red-hair'd offspring ev'rywhere remains;  
Who, join'd with *Norman-French*, compose the Breed  
From whence your *True-Born Englishman* proceed.  
And, lest by length of time it be pretended  
The Climate may this Modern Breed ha' mended,  
Wise Providence, to keep us where we are,  
Mixes us daily with exceeding care.  
We have been *Europe's* sink, the *Jakes*, where she  
Voids all her offal out-cast Progeny.  
From our Fifth *Henry's* time, the strolling bands  
Of banish'd fugitives from neighb'ring lands  
Have here a certain Sanctuary found,  
Th' *Eternal refuge of the Vagabond*."

—*Poems on Affairs of State*, 1703, ii, 26.



P. 721.—To Mary was denied "a male heir of her own" : *Obiit sine proles*. The death of William III, 8 March, 1702, was caused by his horse stumbling over a molehill—"the little gentleman in black velvet who did such service in 1702," and whose health was drunk by the Laird of Balma-whapple at Tully-Veolan, in the Forty-five : see *Waverley*, cap. xi. On William's death his merits and demerits were summarized. Jacobites deemed it a providential retribution ; demonstrating that this modern Ahab, after invading Naboth's vineyard, coveted and seized the horse 'Sorrell,' which had belonged previously to the slaughtered Loyalist Sir John Fenwick. With indisputable brutality William had confiscated it to his own use. Robert Mylne (pp. 211, 263) collected a sheaf of poetical laudations, in contemporary manuscripts, 'on the Horse called *Sorrell*' ; or, 'On Sir John Fenwick's Horse, whereon King William brake his Neck. 1702.' One addresses it :

"Illustrious Steed ! who should the Zadiack grace ;  
To thee the *Lyon* and the *Bull* give place." Etc.

Another begins, "Hail, dearest horse ! Sure, if *Pythagoras* speak truth, That souls by transmigration pass From man to beasts, thy soul an hero's was." Yet another, entitled 'The Mourners, upon King William's Break-neck'—"In sable weeds your beaus and belles appear"—ends thus :—

"Mourn for a ten years' War, and dismal weather ;  
And Taxes, strung like necklaces together ;  
On salt, malt, paper, cyder, lights, and leather ;  
Much more for the Civill List need not be said :  
They truly mourn who're fyftein months unpaid.  
Well then, my friends, since things you see are so,  
Let's e'en mourn on. 't would lessen much our woe  
Had *Sorrell* stumbled twenty-three years agoe !"

Transcripts of these, and of the ensuing '*Dialogue*,' are in *Trowbesh Quartos*.

## Dialogue between the Laird of Brodie and Lilius Brodie.

(On the Death of William III, *pro* and *con*.)

|         |                                                                                                                           |                             |
|---------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| H       | Ere lyes the greatest Prince e'er <i>Europe</i> bred,<br>[ <i>Lilius</i> .] <i>Had he not James his father banished ;</i> |                             |
| A       | most affectionate and loving Prince,<br><i>Had not ambition thrust his uncle hence ;</i>                                  | [ <i>James II.</i>          |
| A       | most religious Prince, and most devout,<br><i>Had he not crown and mitre both thrown out.</i>                             |                             |
| T       | he chastest e'er on <i>British</i> throne did mount ;<br><i>Of him Mynherr can give the best account.</i>                 | [ <i>Bentinck</i> , p. 789. |
| A       | most religious keeper of his word ;<br><i>His manifestoes still are on record.</i>                                        |                             |
| H       | e never promised once and after broke it ;<br><i>Save that he fought with articles in his pocket.</i>                     | [ <i>Arrière pensée</i> .   |
| N       | o innocent blood in all his reign was shed ;<br><i>Save all Glencoe in one night murdered.</i>                            | [ <i>Feb.</i> 1691.         |
| H       | e saved our country, and advanced our trade ;<br><i>Witness such product we from Darien had.</i>                          | [p. 222.                    |
| H       | e acted still with Parliament's advice ;<br><i>Witness the Private Articles of Peace.</i>                                 | [ <i>Ryswick</i> , 1697.    |
| H       | is ministers were still most true and just ;<br><i>Argyle and Stewart for avarice and lust.</i>                           |                             |
| B       | ut since he's gone, God save our Sovereign Lady ;                                                                         | [ <i>Queen Anne</i> .       |
| "Amen!" | says <i>Lilius</i> , " <i>she had best pray for Daddy.</i> "                                                              | [ <i>King James</i> .       |

—Robert Mylne's MS.

In the final line but two of this dialogue we understand that the attributes are associated crosswise, as often is done, confusingly: the externals together—the interior couple grouped: A.B.B.A. (For the first Duke of Argyle was notoriously lewd and immoral, while the Lord Advocate of Scotland, Sir James Stewart, was as proverbially avaricious.) Seeing that King James predeceased the usurper William by a few months (August 16, 1701; March 8, 1703), one may guess that Lillias Brodie was a sound Catholic, and recommended Anne to pray for the soul of her deceased father. An ancestor of this Laird of Brodie is mentioned in the racy old ballad of *We'll go no more a roving*, attributed to King James V of Scotland, detailing his masquerading frolic as a 'Gaberlunzie-man':

"I thought ye war a Gentleman, at least the *Laird o' Brodie* :  
O dool on the dooing o't! are you the *puir body*?"

But accidents happen in the best regulated families, even in chaste Scotland; where illegitimacy did not debar her bastard brother James, the Regent Murray, from attempting to displace Queen Mary from the throne in 1570. Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh's 'poisoned schot' at Linlithgow defeated this treason. (See p. 356 *et seq.* in the *Sempill Ballates*, *ante.*)

P. 725.—'The Jolly Welsh Woman' woodcut will be found in this vol. viii, p. 883, *post*, along with a delayed Welsh-Man. It illustrates the immemorial truism "Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief," insomuch that the very woodcut itself had been stolen for Welsh self-exaltation. It had represented Mary of Bethany with the pot of ointment; not "the woman who had been a sinner," or Mary of Magdala, three distinct persons.

The Welsh record is hard to beat, as their ancient repute for petty larceny, and other pettishness, "little pot soon hot," still holds, when valour and genius are non-existent. "Take all we can get, and keep whatever we can!" is their Golden Legend. "Be boastfully pugnacious!" as Pistol was, when eating the leek. The scenery is grand enough. Not the men. The native Cymbrian, like the Louis-Carrollian Snark, has "the five unmistakable marks, By which you may know, wheresoever you go, The warranted genuine" Taffy. They are summed up in the post-Diluvian rhyme which is quoted as first stanza of this Austintatious ditty, from the original Trowbesh MS. at Nirgeuds College:—

### Taffy up to Date.

**T**AFFY was a Welshman, Taffy was a Thief;

Taffy came to John Bull's house, stole his beer and beef.

John went to Taffy's house, found him 'Not at home!'

Taffy came to Commons' house, to steal Church marrow-bone.

Taffy is *unchangeable*, or goes from bad to worse;

He never was "a boon to men," and now he is a curse;

He breaks the Ten Commandments, and a score or two beside,

Yet prates of Non-Con.-conscience, against "uses sanctified."

Taffy scoffs at Englishmen, prefers his native Bards,

Who splutter Cambrian gibberish at Eisteddfods, by yards;

They twingle-twangle creaky harps, munching leeks and cheese,

Hymning to hillside goats their bosom friends the Cymric fleas.

Taffy yelps for "Home-Rule," obeying none but self;

He seeks to plunder Squire and Church, in greedy love for pelf;

"Take care of Number One!" remains his credo, sole belief:

For "Taffy is a Welshman, ergo Taffy is a Thief!"



'Sch dien, schmußiglich.' Tinnabulation of bells, twitching of harpstrings, would have followed, had a Welshman succeeded in gaining the laureateship instead of the solatium of a baronetcy. Yet the *Epic of Hades* was of merit, and absolute purity. The outside world 'declines with thanks' to listen to a Rhys encore for the '*Bothie of Tober*'-etcetera hexameters of Arthur Hugh Clough (1819-61), who is fallaciously claimed as a Welshman, by lineage, not birth: of whom it has been declared—"There was a bad poet named Clough, Whom his friends found it useless to puff; For the public, though dull, has not quite such a skull As belongs to believers in Clough." Leslie Stephen wrote kindly of him, as a man. Clough's spasmodic and morbidly self-torturing life of unrest is far more interesting than are his verses, which are well-nigh unreadable. Some wished that Clough, the Oxford Tutor, like Southey (himself a laureate),

"Had stuck fast with his first hexameter,  
Not one of all whose gouty feet would stir." (*Vis. Judgment*, xc.)

Clough was not born in Wales, but at Liverpool. Nevertheless, in accordance with the national failing, to steal ("convey, the wise it call!") whatever they covet, they actually laid claim to A. H. Clough; and are tolerably welcome to him; *nemine contradicente*. Less welcome are their plunderers to confiscate the endowments of the Church in Wales: until the sky falls Taffy-wards, or "the world grows honest," and "*when the devil is blind*."

P. 726.—'Private Occurrences'—"A Protestant Muse," is given on p. 760, *ante*.

P. 752.—'True Blue will never stain' is the song named on p. 762, *ante*. It is added on account of its unexplained connection with Frederick Pilon's 'Cruisers' (p. 323 of this vol. viii), one stanza being virtually identical. The same author may have written both, and plagiarized from himself. This was the earlier, with a different tune and burden from the one of 1778.

[Ebsworth Collection of Music Sheets, Red Folio.]

### A Song made for the True-Blue Frigate,

Who has taken her Station on *Tower Hill* this day, *Feb. 29th*, for the better reception of those Jolly Tars that glory in humbling the Pride of *FRANCE* and *SPAIN*.

True Blue, 'tis said, will never stain; this Proverb doth evince  
That British Seamen on the Main were never known to flinch.  
*With cheerful hearts to war we jolly Seamen go,  
For George to fight, for Britain's right, to die or crush the foe.*

Behold upon the swelling Wave, with streaming Pendants gay, [*Cf.* p. 323.  
We gallant Tars invite the brave, whilst Glory leads the way.  
*With cheerful hearts to war, etc.* [*Passim*.]

No faction separates our love from *Britain* and her Laws,  
For with our lives we strive to prove the Justice of our cause.

No Ins or Outs perplex our bands, but fearless we advance,  
To curb the Pride (we'll all join hands) of Rebels, *Spain* and *France*.

Each gallant Son from sea returns, auspicious Vict'ry smiles;  
Each beauteous Fair with ardour burns, with Love rewards their toils.

*Britons*, yourselves but cease t' oppose, like us free Tars unite;  
Defiance bid to all your foes, and still maintain your right.

Printed and Sold at No. 41a, *Leadenhall-Street*. Where may be had, price 6d.,  
'*Grandsire Tripples*,' or a favorite Peal on 8 Bells, as generally rung on the  
King's Birth-Day and other Rejoicing Days. [Music-sheet. Date, c. 1776.]

- P. 768.—End of our 'Group of Historical Ballads' dedicated to W. Y. F.; author of *English and Foreign Bookbindings in the British Museum*, 2 vols.

To the great regret of every reader in the Brit. Mus. Lib. Large Room, the presence of Wm. Younger Fletcher, F.S.A. (highest authority in all matters regarding Bookbinding), is lost since 1894, in accordance with the odious rule of the Civil Service, enforcing retirement on attaining the age of seventy years: the very time when a man's experience enables him to be of the utmost value, worth half a dozen pert smatterers with youthful conceit and self-importance. The rule is being insidiously worked in the Church, to advance in rapid preferment those who are servile in compliance with exactions and 'organization.' In the Army and Navy the wisest and most able men are thrust from command. The headiness of 'crammed chickens and goslings' will be no fitting substitute for the 'lost leaders.'

- P. 770.—Both William Bell Scott and Christina Rossetti have passed away into the silence that is rarely broken, since this 'Dedication of the Christmas Carols Group to John C. Francis' was written. Another gift from him on 'Easter Day, 1896,' was the posthumous volume of her 'New Poems,' dedicated by her brother W. M. R. "to Algernon Charles Swinburne, the greatest of living 'British Poets'"; a volume that takes its place at once in many loving hearts, chiefly her early unpublished poems, but in no respect unworthy of the later achievements. Three of the best, foolishly suppressed, after '*Goblin Market*' first edition, 1862, are now judiciously restored, viz.: 'A Triad,' 'Cousin Kate,' and 'Sister Maude'; we reprint on our p. 876 her brother Dante G. Rossetti's 'Nuptial Sleep.' J. C. Francis wrote in her '*New Poems*' memorial, Christina's Requiem—

"Peace far and near, peace to ourselves and her:  
Her body is at peace in holy ground,  
Her spirit is at peace where Angels kneel."



- P. 785.—Of a fragmentary Carol, date *circa* 1606 (title lost, tune-name, and beginning, a leaf missing from Clark MS., fol. 122), nine stanzas remain—

"A Child whose birth leagues Heauen and Earth,  
*Jesus to us: to God a Sonne.*

Subtill *Herod* sent to finde him, with a purpose blacke as hell,  
But a greater Power confin'd him, and his purpose did repell.

Who should betray, doe all obey,  
As fitting was it should be done:

Then all adore and kneele before

*This God and Man, to God a Sonne."*

Tune, *Jephtha*, *Judge of Israel* (vol. vi, 685)—"I read that many years agoe."

- P. 792.—Of *Dulcina* (reprinted in vol. vi, p. 164), a different version, or Second Sequel, followed, *circa* 1616 (Clark MS., fol. 124): entitled, 'An excellent newe Dytie, wherein fayre *Dulcina* complayneth for the absence of her dearest *Coridon*; but at length [she] is comforted by his presence.' To the tune of *Dulcina*.

THE golden god *Hyperion* by *Thetis* is saluted,  
Yet comes as Shepherd *Coridon*, in Brydall cloathing suited;  
*Dulcina* then did say that men

Were changing, like the silver moon;

"And now, I feare, I buy too deare—

'Foregoe me now, come to me soone.' " [Four stanzas intervene.]

THE SECOND PART, to the same Tune of *Dulcina*.

A Hundred Shepherdes come with him, attyred all in country gray;  
 With oaten reeds they piped trim, in honour of Love's holy daye.  
 Their bonnets fayre embroid'ed were,  
 In beauty lyke a winter's moone;  
 Which set on fire the sweet desire  
 Of wished ioyes that followed soone. [Six stanzas.

Pp. 796 and 799.—'Christ's Love to Penitent Sinners.' Roxburghe text was corrupted from the earlier editions. A distinct exemplar belongs to Mr. H. W. Ball, of Barton-on-Humber, entitled 'A Divine Song on our Saviour's Birth and Crucifixion': *Deans*, Printers, *Stockport*. Variations numerous. Our bracketted words (viii, p. 588, *ante*) supplied some losses; we now reach the *ipsissima verba*. In second stanza the right text is, "God for us hath done in sending of his well-beloved Son." Stanza 3, "When he at first descended." Stanza 4, "This sweet Babe's birth; The mighty monarch then: He was resolved." St. 5, "That every child where he did rule and reign," 6.—"The Slayers were sent out their work to do, And many pretty little Babes they slew." 7.—"Poor harmless Babes." 8.—"You that have learning may in Scripture read." 9.—"Thro' Herod's order was this murder done; . . . the hearts of wicked men." 10.—"then to take his flight, And take the Babe with him to Egypt, where The Child through mercy," etc. (*important rectification*). 11.—"to Egypt land; This Babe was born to suffer for our crimes, And shed," etc.

Vol. viii, p. 589, stanza 12, "The first time that he shed his Blood, behold." St. 15.—"The Fifth time that his blood for us was shed, Was when the Jews did crown with thorns his head; For reason needs must make us think indeed, etc., prickly." 16.—"The Sixth time then; Was when; And they did; was wrote." 18.—"This being done, one of the Thieves said thus; Hearing these words; we do die." 19.—"How dare you to revile." 20.—"with a most gracious look, Did cast an eye." 21.—"The Seventh time they did; blood upon the ground, They; deep it made." 22.—"how were you." Vol. viii, p. 590, stanza 24.—"the sun withdrew his light, The rocks against each other they did smite." S. 25.—"Some of his cruel foes Astonish'd said [*N.B.*, not "admonish'd"]; must be the Son of God." 26.—"three nights and days [*N.B.*]; And when that he." 27.—"Tho' in Death's fetters; Death ne'er was baulk'd so since, nor before." 28.—"For the first time Christ was upon the Earth; heart can chuse but." (*N.B.*) 29.—"And daily crucify; E're it's too late; For Christ will shed for us his Blood no more." 30.—"who sits upon the throne."

P. 810.—*Trois étoiles* Note on Clippers and Coiners. A B.-L. ballad is extant, unique, entitled 'England's Complaint'; or, The Nation's Abuse, thro' Clipping and Coyning.' *Bristol*: printed by *Will Bonny*. It begins, "Clippers and Coyners, your works are not right."

P. 812.—'The Bad-Husband's Information of Ill-Husbandry; or, He goes far that never turns,' is a broadside B.-L. ballad in Pepys Coll., II, 89; Rawlinson, 566, fol. 61; Huth, I, 8; and Lind., 1385. Shewing,

How a Good-Fellow spent most of his Estate,  
 But did repent before it was too late:  
 Wishing all others to take warning by this,  
 And strive in time to mend what is amiss.

To the Tune of, *Digby's Farewell* (vol. vi, p. 39); or, *The Jovial Crew* [*Bagford Ballads*, p. 216], with burden 'For surely I thought it would never be day,' the same theme as next ballad. Printed for P. Brooksby, circa 1675. Begins:

"You bonny boon blades that are company-keepers,  
 Come hither and listen unto this my song."



P. 819.—Mention of 'The Bad-Husband's Reformation' was not coupled with quotation of an entire stanza, and there are ten. We know of no more than two exemplars (C. 22, e. 2, fol. 83, and Huth, I, 9). Of course a 'Bad-Husband,' whether bachelor or married man, is an equivalent term for a spendthrift. If there were many such wasteful revellers in the days of 'the Merry Monarch' (who himself was seldom "flushed with wine," but kept a clear head in potations, although he yielded to the rapacity and allurements of his Harem *ἐραπλία*), it was not for lack of warnings in ballads.

## The Bad-Husband's Reformation;

### Or, The Ale-Wives' daily Decree.

If thou in Folly thus proceed, | Whate'er you earn to spend,  
When thou art in the greatest need, | one Groat they will not lend.

TO THE TUNE OF, *My Life and my Death* [vii, 47]; or, *The Poor Man's Counsellor* [p. 103]. This may be Printed, R. P[rocock].

I Was a Bad-Husband that had a good Trade,  
But I of the same such ill profit have made,  
By taking my pleasure in folly so large,  
I seldom or never took care of my Charge.  
*This caused much sorrow and grief to my Wife,  
But now I'm resolved to lead a new life.*

While I ran to ruin, she would me advise,  
With tender expressions, and tears in her eyes :  
"If thou wilt be ruled, I then will contrive  
To do my endeavour in order to thrive."  
*Still I ne'r regarded the words of my Wife,  
Yet now I'm resolved to lead a new life.*

"Your jovial Companions and Ale-wives you'll find  
When you are in trouble will prove most unkind ;  
They'll laugh at your folly, and slight you like dirt :  
You'll find what I tell you is not for your hurt."  
*In scorn I disdain'd to be rul'd by my Wife,  
But now I'm resolv'd to lead a new life.*

While I took my pleasure I'd ramble and roame,  
And never delighted to come to my home ;  
In Gaming and Drinking I wasted my strength,  
Till I was reduced to sorrow at length.  
*And then I rememb' red the words of my Wife,  
Resolving there[after] to lead a new life.*

[t. fore, for.

While I in extravagant courses ran on,  
The Ale-wife would call me a right honest Man ;  
As long as I labour'd and brought it her all,  
As likewise for Liquor most freely would call,  
*She would take my part then against my poor Wife ;  
But now I resolve for to lead a new life.*

At length I did chance to be out of Imploy,  
And my Wife sore sick, aye, and likely to dye ;      [text, I, and.  
And I having nothing, in time of distress,  
My grief, care, and sorrow was great, you may guess,  
*Because I had nothing to nourish my Wife ;  
But now I'm resolved to lead a new life.*

Away to my Hostis[s] I went with all speed,  
In hopes for to borrow a Crown in my need ;  
And when I had told her my sorrowful Tale,  
It was but in vain, for I could not prevail

*In borrowing a Tester to comfort my Wife :  
Therefore I resolved to lead a new life.*

Tho' when I had told her the depth of my grief,  
She would not afford me the least of relief ;  
Her words were so killing, when to me she spoke,  
I thought in my sorrows my heart would have broke.

*Then, then I rememb'ed the words of my Wife,  
And therefore resolved to lead a new life.*

Now just as I was at the point of despair,  
Wrapt in those troubles of sorrows and care,  
Behold how good Providence then did provide,  
I got into Labour, whereon I rely'd

*To bring in a daily supply to my Wife,  
And likewise resolved to lead a new life.*

And this did my grief and my troubles expell ;  
My Wife she recover'd and all things went well ;  
Now Love, Peace, and Plenty does daily abound,  
I ne'r will forget how my Hostis[s] she frown'd :

*What ever I earn I'll bring home to my Wife,  
As being resolved to lead a new life.*

**Finis.**

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-Ball* in *Pye-Corner*, near *West-Smithfield*.

[Black-letter. Two woodcuts : 1st, Hostess presenting her reckoning to guests, vol. vii, p. 293 ; 2nd, Lady stretching out her hand, with no growing rose, vii, 475. Date, as licensed, 1685-8.]

P. 821.—'The Ale-Wives' Invitation' deserves more than a cursory mention.

[*Trowbesh* Red Fol. ; C. 22, e. 2, f. 80 ; Huth, I, 2 ; Jer., I, 213 = Lind., 436.]

### The

## Ale-wives' Invitation to Married-Men and Batchelors :

Shewing, How a Good Fellow is slighted when he is brought  
to Poverty.

Therefore take my Counsel, and Ale-Wives don't trust,  
For when you have wasted and spent all you have,  
Then out of Doors she will you headlong thrust,  
Calling you Rascal and shirking Knave.

But so long as you have money, come early or late,  
You shall have her at command, or else her Maid *Kate*.

To a New Tune ; or, *Digby's Farewell* [see vol. vi, p. 391].

Good Fellows, come hither, 't is to you I speak,  
Good counsel here 's for you, if you will it take ;  
In thy pockets may save thee many a crown,  
Where ever thou walkest in City or Town.  
It 's known a Good-fellow I 've been many a year,  
And much have I spent in wine and strong beer ;

*For so long as I had money, my kind Hostess she  
Would cry, " Come when thou wilt, Boy, thou art welcome to me."*

For she knew, late or early, apace I would call,  
 And, whoever drink it, yet I'd pay for all;  
 Which made her take delight much in my company,  
 But 't was more for the love of my money than me:  
 And so long as my credit and stock it would hold,  
 Come early or late, I might have what I would. *For so long, etc.*

But when I had wasted and consumed my store,  
 And had nothing to mortgage, or sell, to make more,  
 Unto my fine Hostess I then told my tale;  
 She must lend me some money, or I go to th' Gaol.  
 "Nay, tarry'" (said she), "I do n't see it so rife;  
 I'll not lend thee a penny, if 't would save [thy] life!"  
 This was all the comfort that I got from she,  
 That always pretended my friend for to be.

Therefore it is good to save something in store;  
 Make much of a little, and 't will encrease more;  
 For the times they are hard, and money is scant,  
 And by drinking there [s] many a man comes to want.  
 Then whilst you have goods, either house or yet land,  
 Be sure to be careful, and keep 't in your hand. *For so long, etc.*

Let a man come to an Ale-house, tho' cloath[e]s they be poor;  
 And if that she sees you have silver good store,  
 She'l bid you sit down, and you're welcome beside,  
 And whatever you call for, you are not deny'd:  
 But when you have wasted and consum'd your store,  
 "Away with this fellow! thrust him out of door!" *For if you, etc.*

This by experience there's many finds true,  
 Which makes both their backs and their bellies to rue;  
 Whilst they have a penny, or credit will go,  
 They ne'er will give o'er, tho' it brings them to woe,  
 But there sit and tipples whilst a drop will go down:  
 "Come, fill us more liquor, tho' it cost me a crown!"  
 Thus his Money doth fly, and he wasteth his Pelf;  
 The next day he is ready to hang himself.

Then let me advise all Good-Fellows that be,  
 Once learn to be wiser in e'ery degree;  
 In your youthful days keep something in store,  
 Lest you're forc'd when you're old to beg at the door:  
 Do n't spend all thou get, to make others brave,  
 When thy Wife and thy Children ne'er a rag have. *For so long, etc.*

But when thou hast good Money, make much of the same;  
 Do n't drink it and spend it in an unlawful Game:  
 And 't is good for all young men to be well advise;  
 You see a Good Husband to Fortune doth rise.  
 But a Spendthrift you see is regarded by none,  
 His word will not go, let him be ne'er so young. *But while you, etc.*

Though a man he has means, he may spend all [he] have,  
 Then he unto others must be a bond-slave;  
 Then he sighs, and he grieves, when it is too late,  
 He should be such a fool to part with his Estate:  
 But while he liv'd bravely, O then, day and night,  
 Drinking and Ranting it was his delight.

*But now all is consumed, wasted, and gone,  
 He may look o' th' bare walls, and make his sad moan.*

For now he is slighted, because he's grown poor,  
 Nor none will him pitty, nor encrease his store,  
 But mock him and jear him in his Poverty:  
 "You might have been wiser!" they'll to him reply.  
 So he is a Fool that will rant to make others brave,  
 And all his life after to live like a slave;  
 But he is a Wise Man, the which doth take pains,  
 And then lets his Family tast[e] of his gains.

And thus, all you Young-men, you plainly may see,  
 This Song it will learn you good Husbands to be,  
 If thou goest to an Ale-house, and hast store of Cash,  
 She'll make thee welcome, so long as it lasts;  
 But when thy pockets are empty, and silver thou hast none,  
 She'll look lightly on thee, tho' thou makest sad moan.  
*But so long as you've money, your kind Hostess she  
 Will cry, "Come when thou wilt, Boy, thou art welcome to me."*

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden-Ball, in Pye-Corner.

[Black-letter. Three woodcuts: 1st, Spanish-hatted pilgrim, vii, 249, R.; 2nd, drinking-bout in a booth, vii, 432, R.; 3rd, fag-end of the carved-wood frieze in vol. vii, 209, with one rosette. Date, 1672, or soon afterwards.]

In one rare collection (M. f. r. L., ii, 6) is 'The Gossips' Feast; or, A Merry Meeting of Woman-kinde each other greeting.' Ent. to T. Lambert, January, 163 $\frac{1}{2}$ , in Stat. Reg.: "Of late within an evening tide, it was my chance to be, Close placed by a good fire-side, with a merry company."

This ballad preceded one beginning "A Company of Gossips that love strong bub, that met at an Ale-house, and there they did club." Tune of *Digby's Farewell* (vi, 39); therefore not earlier than 1672, and printed for P. Brooksby. It is entitled 'The Merry Gossips' Vindication to the Groatworth of good Counsel Declaration' (viz. 'A Groatworth of Good Counsel for a Penny; or, The Bad Husband's Repentance,' reprinted, vol. vi, p. 480). 'Argument' is this:

Some Women can drink and be drunk night and day,  
 For all the fault is laid most on the Men, they do say.  
 For if a Man do intend for to thrive,  
 Then he must be sure to ask leave of his Wife.

Twelve stanzas. The first is quoted in vol. vi, p. 482. The second is here.

"What is 't for a Man to marry a Wife?

If she proves a Drunkard, hee'll be weary of his Life:

As there is in *London*, and *England* all o're,  
 they'll take it so sweetly till they lye on the floor.

When a knot of Merry Gossips are gotten together,  
 they then take no care for fair or foul weather.

*There's many a Husband takes pains and do's strive,  
 but must ask his Wife's leave if he intend to thrive."*

He hears ungrudged testimony to the "civil good women," deserving great praise.

P. 834.—Robert Hassall (compare viii, 750, *ante*) may have been the author of 'The Maiden's Nay,' instead of Robert Hayhurst: the same initials for both.

¶ We have here completed our 'Additional Notes' to all the previous *Seven Volumes of Rosburgh Ballads*, issued during the years 1869 to 1893. Now remain a final group of similar 'Additional Notes' to the current vol. viii of 1894-97.





[This cut belongs to 'England's Pride,' pp. 18, 801.]

\* \* ADDITIONAL NOTES TO VOLUME EIGHT, 1897.

*First Preface*, p. x (Part XXIII, 1894).—'The Prior's Book-Plate.'

The 'neatly-inserted slips' for annotation in a borrowed volume, held special application to the habit of a very dear friend and neighbour, the late Rev. Julian Pratt, M.A., Oxon. He was Vicar of Challock-Leas by Ashford, Kent. Many of the Editor's books at Molash Priory were thus enriched by him. In *Notes and Queries*, No. 165, Feb. 13, 1895 (8th series, vii, p. 149), a tribute to J. P. appeared.

"In his loneliness, and with the secluded habits of an intellectual scholar, shy and modest, and somewhat deaf, books were to him the supreme delight. But he never, under any inducement, would pencil notes or corrections inside a borrowed volume. He wrote always on a separate slip of paper, and inserted it loosely. These *corrigenda* are valuable, and I recommend the practice to others. He edited no book, printed no sermon, but the fulness of his knowledge and his scrupulous exactitude were memorable. Of him we say, with *Philip Van Artevelde*:

'He was one  
Of many thousand such, that die betimes,  
Whose story is a fragment known to few. . . .  
The world knows nothing of its greatest men.'



Julian Pratt's resignation, and death in February, 1890, broke the connection of Challock-Leas with Molash Priory. He left no family, or worthy successor.

P. 18.—Of the ballad entitled '*England's Pride*; or, A Friendly Exhortation to forsake that Sin so much in Request,' we gave four stanzas on p. 18. It is unique, and began, "Pride's a reigning Sin of this Nation." We add the remainder.

"*Dives* like, they are cloath'd in fine Linnen,  
and fare as sumptuous and dainty as he;  
Though this is a most happy beginning,  
they do not know what their ending may be.  
Pride is a Sin that most wallow in,  
And daily committed agen and agen:  
Heaven may frown, bring your Pride down,  
Remember this, Ladies of *London, London Town*.

"See how some will jett in their going,  
as if that carriage was none of the worst,  
While, alas! the poor mortal not knowing  
how soon that Pride may be laid in the dust.  
Death will take place, in each painted face;  
There's none can withstand him if he will you embrace  
In his cold arms: then farewell charms;  
All Beauties now must yield to Death's alarms.

"Are not some, who once did adore you,  
now laid asleep in their lodgings of clay?  
They are gone but a little before you,  
and you must follow the very same way.  
Instead of neat new Fashion compleat,  
You must have a Shrowd, or a poor Winding-sheet:  
This is your state, though ne'er so great;  
Consider your folly before it is too late.

"If that we a Blessing desire  
should on this nation amongst us appear,  
Learn more Modesty in your Attire,  
or else, alas! we have reason to fear  
God's heavy hand may punish this Land,  
While in opposition against Him you stand.  
Therefore I pray, this very day,  
*Let Top-knots and Towers be clearly cast away.*" [Cf. pp. 16, 17.

Finis.

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the sign of the *Angel*, in *Guilt-spur-street*.

[Black-letter. Two woodcuts: 1st, the lady with Peacock, vii, 120; 2nd, lady in front of a mirror, p. 800, sketched by Editor at the Bodleian. Date, 1684.]

P. 28.—'The Swine-faced Gentlewoman' must have had a mother. She, like Semiramis, "that injured Queen by chroniclers so coarse, has been accused, I doubt not by conspiracy, of an improper friendship [or, say, worse]: Love, like Religion, sometimes turns to heresy": Pasiphaë also bears a tainted character. In Richard Brome's *English Moor*, 1659, Act i, sc. 3, *Millicent Testy's* 'bashful, modest, whimpering niece,' sings thus:—

"There was a Lady lov'd a Swine. 'Honey,' quoth she,  
And wilt thou be true love of mine? 'Hough!' quoth he."

- P. 49.—The woodcut of 'Arden of Feversham' belonging to the ballad is the same as that in the 1633 edition of the tragedy of the same name and subject. It had been prepared, but, like several others engraved by the Editor, was lent, and lost through a publisher, Mr. Jarvis.
- P. 109.—Thomas Lanfiere being one of our most popular writers of *Roxburghe Ballads* (see vol. vi, 339, 343; and *Bayford Ballads*, pp. 287, 960), we give his 'Looking-Glass for a Bad-Husband: or, A Caveat for a Spendthrift.' The full title and motto were reprinted in this volume on p. 109.

[Huth Coll., I, 157; C. 22, e. 2, 6; Jersey, I, 254=Lind., 1422.]

### *A Caveat for a Spendthrift.* [Cf. 109.]

TO THE TUNE OF, *The Poor Man's Comfort*, or, *Digby*. [p. 105, and vi, 39.]

YOU that are Bad-Husbands, I pray you draw near,  
 Good counsel here 's for you, if you will give ear:  
 Then observe it rightly, and bear it in mind,  
 A great deal of Benefit in it you 'l find.  
 Here you may learn how to live gallant and brave,  
 If you will endeavour for to get and save.  
*Then take care how in idle [ness] your money you spend,  
 For in time of need it will be your best friend.*

You see that the times are very hard grown,  
 Trading it is dead both in Country and Town;  
 If a man he han't wherewithal him to maintain,  
 To make his Complaint it is all but in vain:  
 For money is scarce, and charity's cold,  
 Then save something in youth against you are old.  
*Then take care how in idleness money you spend,  
 For in time of need it will be your best friend.*

Now you that intend Good-Husbands to be, [i.e. provident.  
 Observe well this Rule in every degree:  
 If you do get money, don't spend it in waste,  
 For when it is gone you will want it at last.  
 To be careful and saving, you must always strive,  
 O that is the right ready way for to thrive. *Then, etc. [passim.*

First at the imployment and work be not slack,  
 To get food for the Belly and cloth[e]s for the Back,  
 When thou hast got money don't spend it in vain,  
 But keep it and save it, thy charge to maintain.  
 Take care and refrain from all bad company:  
 For that is the highway unto Poverty.

Refrain from the Ale-house, and don't it frequent;  
 To be thrifty and careful let thy mind be bent;  
 But if thou chance with a Friend for to meet,  
 With a Flaggon or two thou then maist him greet;  
 And when thou hast done, then to work again fall:  
 Some thing hath some savour, though it be but small.

If that thou art blest with a good careful Wife,  
 Be loving unto her all the dayes of thy life.  
 If she gives thee sweet counsel, do not it refrain,  
 Thou 'lt find at the last it will be for thy gain.  
*Shun the company of Harlots, for they 'll thee betray,  
 And bring both thy Body and Soul to decay.*

Also unto *Gameing* do not thy self use,  
 To hazard thy money in danger to lose;  
 For many by gaming confounds their estate,  
 And then they'll repent it when it is too late.  
 Such idle courses be sure allwayes defye,  
 Endeavour for to follow good Husbandry.

But some there be that at an Ale-house will sit,  
 And waste away credit, both money and wit;  
 Until they have spent all, they will ne're quiet rest,  
 But makes themselves worse than is any beast:  
 So they can have their fill of strong beer, they do n't care,  
 Tho' the belly and back do go empty and bare. [See *Note*.\*

I heard of a Prodigal swaggering young Heir,  
 Who spent six hundred pound in less than two year;  
 He capor'd and vapor'd, and took his delight,  
 He ranted in Taverns both day and night:  
 But when all his gold it was wasted and gone,  
 O then he was slighted by every one.

And thus you may see that Bad Husbandry  
 Will bring a Man at last unto Beggary;  
 For those that are Spendthrifts alwayes thread-bare be,  
 With their cloath[e]s all torn, a sad sight for to see:  
 But those that are careful their money to save,  
 They doth maintain their Family galian and brave.

To conclude, I advise all Good-Fellows that are,  
 In time of the main-chance for to have a care;  
 Take heed, and be saving of that which thou hast,  
 It is not in plenty for to make waste.  
 Remember this Proverb, and bear it in mind,  
 'When Poverty comes, Friendship is hard to find.'

*Then take care how in waste thou dost thy money spend,  
 For in time of need it will be thy best Friend.* Finis.

By Thomas Lanfiere.

London, Printed for *W. Thackeray*, *T. Pussenger*, and *W. Whitwood*.

[Black-letter. Four cuts: 1st, the man in peaked hat, with R. J. initials, vii, 475; 2nd, oval portrait of Charles II, as Prince, vii, 628; 3rd, man in long coat, iii, 547; 4th, grim couple, on p. 712. Date, probably 1670-77.]

\* Cf. Bishop Still's "*Back and side go bare, go bare, both hand and foot go cold, but belly, God help thee, I'll keep thee well happ'd with jolly good ale and old!*" This bacchanalian ditty begins: "I cannot eat but little meat, my stomach is not good, But yet I think that I can drink with one that wears a Hood." To find an equal to it we must seek Walter de Mapes's renowned lines, *Mihi est propositum in tabernâ mori, Vinum sit app-situm morientis ori*: happily paraphrased by Leigh Hunt, "I devise to end my days in a tavern drinking."

There were several kinds of spendthrifts. One gave us the foregoing 'Caveat'; another told of himself as an 'Extravagant Youth' who got into the wrong end of the horn (vol. iv, p. 443); another 'Fantastic Prodigal' similarly was "*clapt into Limbo*" (p. 811, *post*). In one unique ballad (Manch. f. r. Lib., ii, 28) a toper combined miserliness with wasteful improvidence. It is, 'The Good Fellow's Complaint: who being much grieved, strong Liquor should rise, In paying a farthing a pot on Excize.' Begins, "Come hither, my jovial blades!"

P. 179.—‘*The Berkshire Lady's Garland*,’ Four Parts, not given, because it does not belong to the Roxburghe Collection. Beginning thus:—

“Batchelors of ev’ry station, mark this strange and true relation,  
Which in truth to you I bring: never was a stranger thing.

“You shall find it worth your hearing: Loyal Love is most endearing,  
When it takes the deepest root, yielding gold and charms to boot.”

The Berkshire Lady has “store of wealth and beauty bright,” with five thousand pounds a year uncontrolled in her own right. She has many suitors, but she is hard to please, until at a wedding he’d in Reading she meets a young man, a student of the Law, who takes her fancy. She challenges him as a stranger to fight a duel: meets him with his friend, she being clothed in her own attire, but masqued; and speedily gains his consent to marry her. Her coach is ready, and they go to her house, where she leaves her bridegroom alone for two hours, amazed, and when she returns pretends that she does not understand why he came. She is richly dressed, and now shows her face. At first she dissembles.

“Sir, my servants have related that you have some hours waited  
In my parlour: tell me who in my house you ever knew?”

“Madam, if I have offended, it was more than I intended:  
A young lady brought me here.” “That is true,” said she, “my dear.

“I can be no longer cruel to my dear and only jewel;  
Thou art mine and I am thine: hand and heart I do resign.”

Now he’s cloath’d in rich attire, not inferior to a ‘Squire:  
Beauty, honour, riches’ store: what can man desire more?

It is of date *circa* 1706-7. Tune of *The Royal Forester*. In Douce Coll., *ter*; Ebsworth. Red Folio; Lind., 163; *Collection of Divert-Songs*, 1737, 521; Moore’s *Pictorial Book Bds.*, ii, 54; and J. H. Dixon’s *Percy Society Bds. of Peasantry*, 90.

The lady was Miss [Mary?] Kendrick, only daughter and heiress of Sir William Kendrick, Bart., of Whitley Park, formerly called Abbot’s Park, near Reading. She wore a thick veil at the wedding in St. Mary’s Church, in 1705-6. Her husband, Benjamin Child, had been a poor attorney in the same town, but afterwards, in 1714, became High Sheriff of Berkshire. J. H. Dixon declared that he had seen a broadside of the Garland about that date, with portrait of Queen Anne (which went out of fashion next year). J. S. Moore was told by Thomas Wright, F.S.A., that the story is extant in French of the sixteenth century: this without bringing any proof. “Mais le pecheur se tut, car il ne croyait pas.”—A. de Musset’s *Rolle*.

P. 180.—‘*The Northern Lord and Cruel Jew*’ was reprinted in Peter Buchan’s Aberdeen ‘*Gleanings of Scarce Old Ballads*,’ 1825 (a more trustworthy little volume than his ambitious *Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland*, 1828); also in J. S. Moore’s *Pictorial Book of Ballads*, Appendix to vol. ii, p. 352, 1849. See woodcut of Collier’s exemplar on p. 82, *post*.

P. 180.—‘*The Durham Garland*’ is not here reprinted. It was given not only in Ritson’s ‘*Bishoprick Garland*,’ 1784, and in the reprint thereof, 1810, but also in the Abbotsford Edition of *The Waverley Novels*, vol. ii, p. 378, 1842, where it illustrates an early chapter of *Guy Mannering*; or, *The Astrologer*, 1815, viz., the incident of a stranger calculating the horoscope or nativity of the newly-born child, Harry Bertram. ‘*The Durham Garland*’ and the novel were in great part founded on the career of James Annesley, claimant of the Anglesea peerage (‘the Wandering Heir’ of Charles Reade), is indisputable.

P. 181.—‘*A Choice Penny-worth of Wit*; or, A Clear Distinction between a Virtuous Wife and a Wanton Harlot,’ was not reprinted in either

J. H. Dixon's or Robert Bell's *Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry*. But in T. Roberts' and D. Leach's *Collection of Old Ballads*, 1723, vol. ii, p. 215, an earlier version of it is given as 'An excellent Song,' to the tune of *Labandwischot*, sixteen ten-line stanzas, beginning thus:—

**I**N ancient years, as Books express | of old-done Deeds both more or less,  
A Merchant young, of tender years | (as by the Sequel well appears),  
A worthy woman took to wife, | right well brought up and void of strife.  
Could he with her have been content, | great blessings might the Lord have sent;  
But he a Harlot loved more, wherewith his friends were vexed sore.

Designing to travel abroad with merchandize, he asks leave of his concubine, but she feigns to be distressed, entreating him to stay. Then he returns to his wife and desires her to tell him what she most would crave in his adventure. She draws from her purse "a fair-coined penny, verily, wherewith she will'd him *Wit* to buy; Of other toys small mind had she, 'But Jesus bless your long journey!'"

She weeps, and he goes away thinking great scorn of her Penny. He prospers in all his foreign adventures, and while revelling boasts of his leman and tells of his faithful wife, in the hearing of an old man, who earns the penny: giving him advice how to test the sincerity of both women by returning home in rags, and bewailing his misadventures. He obeys, and finds himself upbraided by the meretrix, who drives him from her door, but his wife welcomes him gladly, shows that she has saved money, in case of such a need, and will arrange with his creditors to give him a fresh start. Once more he goes to the courtesan, but richly clad, and with servants attending him. She tries to cozen him again, and answers his reproaches by showing that she still retains the jewels he had given to her. These he reclaims, despite her cries, and takes them to his wife. He tells her that these jewels, "in value worth an hundred pound," are a pennyworth of ware, the profit of her investment, since he took counsel of the old man. "They both did thank God for his grace, and after liv'd in happy ease."

In a black-letter tract entitled 'Penny-wise, Pound-foolish,' 1631, is an earlier form of the 'Pennyworth of Wit' (scarcely the one that had been mentioned in Laneham's Kenilworth Letter, 1575—'The Chapman of a Pennyworth of Wit'). Also, bearing title drawn from the second line, is a manuscript version beginning,

"Lystenyth, lordynges, y you pray,  
*How a Merchant dyd hys wyfe betray.*"

Joseph Ritson prints this, among his *Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry*, 1791, p. 69 (from a transcript of one of Bishop More's MSS. at Camb. Univ. Lib., f. 2, 38, or 690), supposed to be written temp. Edw. IV or Rich. III. A fragment of a different version, temp. Henry VI, is Harl. MS. 5,396. There is also the Auchinlech MS., printed for the Roxb. Club, 1857.

The Roxb. Coll., III, 474, is the common w.-L. broadside, in three Parts, entitled, 'A Choice Penny-worth of Wit; or, A Clear Distinction between a Virtuous Wife and a Wanton Harlot.' It begins thus:—

**H**ERE is a Penny-worth of Wit, for those that ever went astray;  
If warning they will take by it, 't will do them good another day.

It is a Touch-stone of True Love, betwixt a harlot and a wife:

The former does destructive prove, the latter yields the joys of life.

The story is absolutely the same, and cleverly told (but long—sixty-five stanzas). It ends happily

Home he return'd to his sweet Wife, and told her all that he had done;  
E'er since they lead a happy life, and he'll no more to harlots run.

Thus he the Wanton Harlot bit, who long had his destruction sought:  
*This is a Penny-worth of Wit*, the best that ever merchant bought.



- P. 181.— ‘*The Cruel Knight and the Fortunate Farmer’s Daughter*’ was reprinted in our Trowbesh *Collection of Delightful New Songs*, 1737, p. 541. It is a sample of the old-world race of women, enduring brutality without losing fortitude or affection. Such was ‘Patient Griselda’; such was the pertinacious Helena, who cheerfully accepted as her husband the irredeemable Bertram, an intentional seducer of Diana, and in every way forsworn. Here, again, as in *The Durham Garland*, a stranger is found to cast the horoscope of a child, in the farmer’s house; but “he, being well learn’d in the planets and signs, did look in the book, which did trouble his mind.” He reads that the baby-girl is fated to become his bride. He is so disturbed that he cannot rest, but next morning hastens to purchase the child for £300 from the overburdened farmer, on pretence of adopting her. Believing that while she lives he can marry no other, he casts her into the river. She is rescued by a fisherman, and brought up by his wife for nearly twelve years. Then she is seen by the cruel knight, who learns the story, and speedily removes her from the fisherfolk, sending her to his rich brother in Lancashire, to be put to death; but the letter is changed for one that orders her to be well nurtured. A year later she is again seen by her persecutor, who a third time tries to kill her, and then flings a ring into the sea, commanding her to never come near him until she brings that ring as a token. She is left to wander, seeks shelter, and then enters a nobleman’s service, where she finds the ring inside a cod, and knows it to be the same. Ere long the knight comes with other guests, recognizes her, and gains a boon from her mistress to meet the girl alone. He again threatens to kill her, but she shows him the ring.

“When he saw the ring he flew into her arms;  
He swore she had a million of charms.  
Says he: ‘Dear creature, pray pardon me,  
That often contrived thy ruin to be.

“‘We cannot alter what Providence doth decree,  
I find you were born my Bride for to be.’  
Then married they were, as I do hear say,  
And now she’s a lady most gallant and gay.”

(The sequel lacks poetical justice. He deserved not a good wife.)

- P. 182.— ‘*The Garland of Trials*.’ One exemplar in Brit. Mus. (p.m. 11,621, c. 3, art. 69), is marked to the tune of *The Fisherman’s Daughter*. The ‘*Oxfordshire Tragedy*’ is reprinted from Roxb. Coll., on pp. 68, 175; but an inferior version, entitled ‘*The Scarborough Tragedy*,’ occurs in Hindley’s *Curiosities of Street Literature*, p. 9, 1871. It assumes the names to be Susan Forster, a farmer’s daughter, and Robert Sanders, a naval officer. It tells the tale anew in thirteen additional Catnachian ‘Tragic Verses.’

- 182.— ‘*The Broken Contract*.’ This is the title of one of the songs by Thomas Jordan, beginning, “You that are safe and sound in soul”; to the tune of, *Cloris, farewell, I needs must go*. It is in his *Royal Arbor of Loyal Poesy*, 1664 (p. 131 of J. P. Collier’s reprint). See our summary of it on p. 815.

- ‘*The Broken Contract; or, The Betrayed Virgin’s Complaint*.’ This is in Three Parts (Roxb. Coll., III, 780), a genuine ‘*Garland*,’ corrupted from an earlier Black-letter ballad, once popular; with variations in the reissues. Reprinted on p. 807.

No. 1.— ‘*The Distressed Damosel’s Downfall by a deceitful Young-man*. Shewing how a young Maid, that was but fifteen years of age, was trapan’d by a dissembling young Man, that promised her Marriage from time to time, til[l] he got his opportunity, lay with her, and got her with child, and then forsook her; and she, wand’ring up and down, at last was delivered of two brave Boys, and she not being sixteen years of age; yet a thing both strange and true. With a Warning for other Maids to take example by.’

To the Tune of, *Frankling [sic] is dead and gone, O hone, O hone.* (See vol. vii, p. 418 for mention of this lost ballad, of the Overbury poisoning, 1615, followed by Roxb. Coll., "*Frankin*, my loyal friend, O hone! O hone!" on Frankin and Cordelia.) The Black-letter exemplar begins, "You pritty Maidens all, I pray draw near." Seventeen stanzas of eight lines each. In Two Parts, with two woodcuts. *London*, Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clark, circa* 1674 (Rawlinson Coll., 566, art. 80).

No. 2.—An excellent new Song, call'd 'The Injur'd Lady; or, The hard-hearted Gentleman. Being a true Relation of a young Lady two miles from *London*, who (after Contract to a young Gentleman) was dishonourably left, notwithstanding her great Fortune, which may be a warning to all Virgins. To a Pleasant New Tune, much in request at Court.' White-letter. *London*, Printed and Sold by *T. Moore*, 1691. Begins, "You pretty Maidens all, I pray give ear" (Pepys Coll., V, 192).

No. 3.—An Excellent New Song, called 'The Ruined Virgin; or, The Hard-hearted Young Man.' Printed for and Sold by *Charles Barnet*. Begins, "You pretty Maidens all, I pray give ear." To an excellent new Playhouse Tune. With Allowance. (In Lord Jersey's Osterley Park Collection, Vol. III, p. 54.)

No. 4.—In Chap-book form, entitled, 'The Ruined Virgin's Garland' (Brit. Mus. Coll., p.m. 11,621, c. 5, art. 28); shewing, etc. Same beginning, "You pretty Maidens all, I pray give ear." It omits the last five stanzas.

No. 5.—As 'The Broken Contract,' woefully misprinted, in *A Collection of Diverting Songs* (probably *The Aviary*, but title-page of Trowbesh exemplar lost), p. 534, of date 1737. In four-line stanzas, 9 + 12 + 10, divided into three Parts, the third telling of the brutal seducer's late remorse and suicide, after the children have died and their mother has slain herself. The true end, no doubt, had been in the seventeenth stanza, corresponding with the early B.-L., at end of Second Part.

No. 6.—The Roxburghe Coll., III, 780, 'The Broken Contract; or, The Betrayed Virgin's Complaint.' In Three Parts, including her Answer. Begins, "You Maidens all, I pray give ear Unto my sad downfall which I declare." See p. 119, *ante*, where it is quoted; before we established the inter-relations with early editions of this corrupt version, issued at Stonecutter Street, Fleet Market; at Evans's, Long Lane; and at J. Pitts's Press: also at Bow-churchyard (Bradshaw Coll., I, 103, at Cambridge). Roxb. exemplar varies from the *Coll. of Diverting Songs* version, and is better; giving stanzas which *Diverting Songs* omits, viz. the 6th, 25th, 26th, 28th, and 34th. It is in the genuine folio Roxb. Coll. of *Roxburghe Ballads*.

[Roxburghe Collection, III, 780; Bradshaw Coll., I, 130.]

## The Broken Contract; or, The Betray'd Virgin's Complaint.

[To an Excellent New Playhouse Tune. See Note, *supra*.]

### Part I.

YOU Maidens all, I pray give ear unto my sad downfall, which I declare;  
Of parentage I am [near] to a gentleman, as some [here] witness can the  
date of year. [Roxb. nigh, now.]

At fourteen years of age, with grief I tell, many a young man lov'd me very well;  
I, being childish and young, believ'd a flattering tongue, and fix'd my mind upon  
a brisk young man.

He said, if I'd not yield with him to dwell, he would go hang himself, whate'er befel;  
He wrung and tore his hair, and solemnly did swear, his sword should end his care, before me then.

But hearing what he said grieved me so, I took him for a friend, and not my foe.  
"Young man," said I, "forbear, and pray let go your hair! I'll ease you of your care, and be your bride."

O, how he jump'd for joy before me then: "My love, my only dear!" happy's he than. [ = then.

He kindly me embrac'd, and hung about my waist, and then my love I plac'd on this young man.

For two months space or more he courted me, and swore without my love he was not free;

He let me take no rest, I must sleep on his breast, and then my love I plac'd most desperately.

The appointed day we set for to be wed, but first of all he stole my maidenhead.  
My parents did not know I lov'd this young man so, which prov'd my overthrow, and ruin quite.

When I with child did prove, and him had told, he call'd me twenty whores, brazen and bold;

"I know you not," said he, "so pray be gone from me!" which prov'd my misery, my love grew cold.

I was asham'd to stay where I was known, straitway I did go from my own home,  
Then wander'd up and down, from sea-port town to town, till in travail I fell down, on the highway.

Then taken up I was by women kind, whose friendship they did show, nature to bind;

Deliver'd then I were of two fine babies there, which caused me much care. Be warn'd by me.

### Part II.

**W**As ever damsel so unfortunate as I have been? for lo! my grief is great.  
No comfort can I find, to ease my troubled mind, since he is so unkind that ruin'd me.

My friends and parent dear, alas! I left, to wander up and down, sadly bereft  
Of joy and comfort too. False man, farewell, adieu! in troubles now I rue my wretched state.

My infants being born, as I have told, I then endur'd the scorn of young and old;  
For they did deride me in my sad misery; no comfort could I see, to ease my care.

Then with my smiling son and daughter dear, I went unto my love; when I came there,

With dismal heaviness, these words I did express: "I pray my wrongs redress, and pity me."

I laid before him then my grief and care, and likewise told him when with sad despair

I wander to and fro, in my sad pain and woe, and knew not where to go and ease my care.

I told him I had no place of abode, but travell'd to and fro on the high road;  
I did in travail fall, my sorrow was not small, having no friend at all to succour me.

“ These infants at my breast by you I have, and were they but rich drest would  
be as brave  
As e’er the sun shone on : then hear my piteous moan, and for their sakes alone,  
love, pity me ! ”

When I had ended this sad, mournful tale, with a most bitter curse he then  
did rail ;

Striking me such a blow as laid me sprawling low : with grief my eyes did flow  
with briny tears.

My little infants cry’d when I was down ; here was my patience mov’d, for in  
the town

That night I must not stay, but was compell’d away : I knew not what to say,  
but wept amain.

In the town where he lived I was not known, therefore their rage I felt, for  
he alone

Hired near a hundred more, who did abuse me sore ; never was a soul before  
used like me.

They drove me out of town, no friend I saw, my former bed of down was  
chang’d to straw ;

The infants at my side with bitter bruises cry’d, and the next day they dy’d,  
tho’ to my grief.

Sweet tender virgins young, take heed, I pray, let not deluding tongue steal  
you away.

Lest you my griefs behold, which have been manifold. Hot Love is soonest cold :  
be rul’d by me. [*a.l.* I know ’t is true.

### The

### Mournful Answer to the Betray’d Virgin’s Complaint.

**A**S he was on his bed the self-same night, strange things run in his head, did  
him affright :

He dream’d his love he see, in sad extremity ; so that next morning bitterly  
he cry’d :

“ I am the wretched man who broke my vow, no living mortal can pity me now ;  
Bath’d in tears I lie, accus’d of perjury : oh ! whither must I fly to ease my  
grief ?

“ No youthful Lady fair, of beauty bright, could with my love compare, tho’  
I did slight

Her lamentation so, causing her overthrow, in bitter grief and woe, when in  
distress.

“ My very conscience, flies in my face : how shall I make amends for  
[this] disgrace ? [*Roxb. misp. my.*

Which I did bring her to, when from her friends she flew : my troubles to renew  
both day and night.

“ Why did I strike her down with blows severe ? Why did I raise the town to  
fright my dear,

When she her moan did make, for her dear infants’ sake ? With grief my heart  
will break, for what I’ve done.

“ I’ll search the nation round, [both] night and day, and if she can be found  
without delay,

I will her pardon crave, which if I may not have, I’ll seek a silent grave, and  
lay me down.”

O'er hills and dales he past, thro' groves he went, and at the last he found his heart's content:

Near to a river side, where silver streams do glide, his love there he espy'd, bleeding to death.

Close by her side he found these verses writ: "Myself did give the wound, that I might quit

My life of care and grief, since there was no relief: worse than a cruel thief my love has been."

Like one distracted then his locks he tore, and often kiss'd her lips when bath'd in gore;

Crying out, as she lay: "This is the dismal day. Alas! what shall I say? I am the cause. [Garland ends here.

"What shall I think of this that I have done?" Then he her lips did kiss, both pale and wan;

By sorrow compass'd round, lying upon the ground, he bath'd her bleeding wound with flowing tears.

He many sighs did fetch, crying amain: "None but a cruel wretch, as I have been, Could e'er have serv'd thee so, for to my grief I know I wrought thy overthrow and ruin'd thee.

"Has Death no fatal dart that he can give, to pierce my cruel heart? Why should I live?

Why should I here remain, since my true love is slain? Oh! ease me of my pain, and let me die.

"I'll go the nearest way to find my dear. I will no longer stay to languish here." This said, his sword he drew, and run his body through, and bade the world adieu, as down he went.

You perjur'd Lovers all, take notice, pray! See you a conscience make, and don't betray

Any poor harmless love, least you [he]r ruin prove, for there's a God above will find you out.

Sold in *Stone-Cutter-Street, Fleet Market*. [Collated with exemplar of 1737.] [White-letter. Two cuts: 1st, country revel; 2nd, girl lying dead.]

P. 183.—'Country John's Unfortunate Ramble to London' (Roxb. Coll., III, 867; where it is called 'The Country-man's Garland': nine eight-line stanzas, and six more in the sequel called 'Country John's Revenge') is of date before 1737: it reappeared on p. 513 of *A Collection of Diverting Songs*. Begins:

"YOU young men that down in the Country do dwell,  
Come listen a while to my song, sirs;  
While my sad misfortunes to you I shall tell,  
I'd not have you think the time long, sirs.  
I liv'd in the country, as sweet as a rose,  
Till Providence prick'd me, as you may suppose,  
That one day in a Maggot I pack'd up my clothes,  
And away I came trudging to London."

He soon meets a Lass of the game: "She was drest up as fine as a Lady." When he tells her that he wants a good place, at service, she smiles and welcomes him to London. On pretence of knowing a friend who needs a man to wait at table, she takes him to a tavern, plies him with drink, sends for her maid and promises a shilling if he will carry her basket. Bertie walks at his side, as "demure as a mouse," and leads him straight to the Constable's house. He knocks,



but finds a baby beginning to moan in the basket. He is cuffed and miscalled before he returns to the tavern, whence the lady has carried off his trunk, with his cloathes and seven years' wages. He is sent to prison for a year.

Reduced to poverty, as the Sequel tells, "One day I was begging in Bishopsgate-street, it being sad rainy weather, With Mrs. Betty I happen'd to meet, and the other old [double-u] together." He tracks them to their home, being now well acquainted with London, fetches the constable and tells his tale. They are arrested. He finds his lost trunk in their room, and reimburses himself by securing all that he can lay his hands on, watch and rings and silk breeches: "I thought it good booty in London." The women are carried off on warrant to new Bridewell to beat hemp (in canting lingo this is called 'Mill-doll': see Hogarth's fourth picture of 'The Harlot's Progress,' 1733), and he returned to his old work at old Mr. Page's farm. He warns young men against the town.

"For London's as sharp as the edge of a knife,  
The city is fill'd with faction and strife;  
Boys, there's nothing so sweet as a Country Life,  
So let them that want wit go to London."

P. 184.—See the later list on p. 739 of slip-songs reprinted in this vol. viii.

P. 186.—'The Fantastical Prodigal' is reprinted, being Roxburghe.

[Roxburghe Collection, III, 597.]

### The Fantastical Prodigal.

[To the Tune of, *Multum in Parvo*: in *Merry Musician*, III, 57.]



J. W. E.

ON a time I was great, now little am grown,  
A mimick of *Multum in Parvo*:

I'm buried alive in a Cloyster of stone,

Some say it is what I deserve, O!

In what they have said there is something of truth,

I have been a wild and extravagant youth,

Some hundreds I spent upon *Rachel* and *Ruth*,

But now I am got into *Limbo*.

The song that I bring you is absolute true,

Then mark well my woefull con[fess]ion;

It is of myself (give the devil his due),

I hope it may make an impression

[t. sing is.

[t. condition.

On the [harden'd] heart of all prodigal beaus,  
 For, friend, let me tell you, under the rose,  
 Those whom you feasted will be your wors[t] foes,  
*If ever you get into Limbo.*

My Father and Mother, 'tis very well known,  
 They left me abundant of riches ;  
 But I was so wild and extravagant grown  
 That I daily furnish'd my breeches  
 With guineas, and to the tavern I'd stray,  
 As fine as a fop, or a fool at a play :  
 I thought in my heart it would ever be day ; [text, never.  
*Till now I am got into Limbo.*

My Father he left me five hundred a year,  
 My Mother she left me her jointure ;  
 And every acre from mortgage was clear ;  
 But I was for bottle and pointer. [Cf. infra.  
 So field after field to market I sent,  
 My acres I sold, and the money I spent ;  
 My heart was harden'd, it would not relent,  
*Until I got into Limbo.*

My land, with abundance of old-fashion'd plate,  
 In short, I sent packing together ;  
 And set my self up in a pageant of State, [a.l. drest.  
 With my powder'd wig, hat, and feather.  
 With hounds, hawks, and wh—s, and fine ambling nags, [Note.  
 I would revel about, till I emptied my bags,  
 So all my gay cloathing was turn'd into rags,  
*And now I am clapt up in Limbo.* [t. fast in.

I used for to vaunt, as if I would fly,  
 And strut like a Crow in a gutter ;  
 The people would cry, where as I past by,  
 There goes Master *Flupling Flutter!* [Etheredge's, 1676.  
 [Like] top and top-gallant I hoisted my sails,  
 My [Rapier, muff, ribbons], with wig of two tails, [t. fringed cravat.  
 But now I am ready to gnaw my own nails,  
*Confin'd to a chamber in Limbo.*

My time and my money I wofully spent,  
 On forbeloed Ladies of Pleasure ;  
 The cunning young Gypsies would sit and invent  
 Which way for to squander my treasure.  
 Whatever they asked I would presently get,  
 Rich garments or dainties, their palates to fit :  
 Thus they made a mere fool of an absolute Witt,  
*But now I have got into Limbo.*

I once kept a brace of as delicate Jades [a.l. I kept.  
 As ever brought Ninepence to nothing ;  
 My credit I mortgaged to several trades,  
 To treat them with meat, drink, and cloathing :  
 The Goldsmith with jewels, [chains,] lockets, and rings,  
 And others for laces, and rich [Bridal] strings,  
 I pleasur'd my Doxies with fifty fine things :  
*For which I am clapt into Limbo.*

[White-letter. No colophon. Left thus incomplete in Roxb. Coll. slip-song, and *Merry Musician*. (But see *continuation*, following.) Woodcut at top is a man smoking, in a full-bottom'd wig of Queen Anne's time; sitting on a bench, at a table with wine. Tailpiece, a dog running. Date, before 1729. An appropriate woodcut for this ballad is given on p. 811, borrowed from 'The Extravagant Youth': "Come, listen a while, and I will relate."]

We avail ourselves of a book-version, *The Merry Musician*, circa 1729, "I that was once great, now full little am grown"; while Roxb. begins, "On a time I was great, now little am grown." The two agree in number and sequence of eight stanzas; with a few verbal differences, noted in our margin, where the Roxb. text is marked *t*, and the other is *a.l.*—for *alter lect.*, reading "and pointer"; "harden'd heart"; "and fine ambling nags"; "drest myself"; "revel'd"; "Like top"; "chains"; and "*am elapt into Limbo*"; in place of Roxb. misprints, "and pint, sir"; *carct*; "making my brags"; "set myself"; "rambled"; "Then top"; *carct*; "*have got into Limbo*." Also, "Bridal strings" for Roxb. "satten strings." On the other hand, Roxb. is sometimes the better text. There must have been an earlier '*Multum in Parvo*.'

In 1808 *Multum in Parvo* gave title to a volume of songs. The song found its way, with variations, into a chap-book of '*Five excellent new Songs*,' joining 'The Valiant McCraws' and General Reid's march "In the Garb of Old Gaul," so late as circa 1782; but lacking our third, fifth, and seventh stanzas. It is corrupt in text, misprinting 'cluster' for '*cloister*'; 'rant' for '*vaunt*,' etc., but giving us the correct '*confession*' for Roxburghe's misprint of 'condition.' Thus omitting three of the best stanzas, it nevertheless numbers eleven in all (after transposing our eighth to be the fourth), by continuing with the sixth stanza to the end, completing the story with his retrieval from Limbo.

### [The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.]

And as I was lying one day in the straw,  
 Bewailing my woeful condition,  
 With hunger my fingers was ready to gnaw,  
 I sigh'd and brought forth this expression:  
 "If I could but get the young queans to my hand,  
 To argue the case very long I'd not stand,  
 To thrash the young vixens as small as the sand.  
*I'd teach them to leave me in Limbo!"*

I had an old Uncle who lived in the West,  
 When he heard of my sad disaster,  
 Poor Soul! his heart was never at rest,  
 His sorrows came faster and faster.  
 He came to the Prison to see my sad case;  
 No sooner I saw him than I knew his face,  
 And on him stood gazing, like one in amaze:  
*I wish'd then to be out of Limbo.*

Said he: "If I set thee once more on thy legs,  
 And put thee in credit and fashion,  
 D'ye think you can leave off your *Bridgets* and *Pegs*,  
 And can you now bridle your passion?"  
 "Believe me, dear Uncle, if ever they come,  
 To tempt and beguile, as before they have done,  
 Odds wounds! I'll belabour their hides like a drum;  
*I'll teach them to leave me in Limbo!"*

He threw me a purse of five hundred pounds,  
 Which was all told me out to a penny;  
 Receiving the same I return'd him my thanks,  
 Then I went to see *Betty* and *Jenny*.  
 Disguis'd in my rags, they knew nought of my gold,  
 They turn'd me right out in the rain and the cold:  
 You'd laughed to have seen how the creatures did scold,  
*And jeer'd at my lying in Limbo.*

They next had no sooner got sight of my gold,  
 Then my pockets they fell apicking;  
 I beat them so long as my cane would hold,  
 And then fell to cuffing and kicking.  
 One call'd out "Murder!" while th' other did scold,  
 But I was not able my hands for to hold:  
 I thrash'd their bodies for the good of their souls,  
*And taught them to leave me in Limbo.*

Come, all you young Gallants, take heed what I say,  
 I'd have you take warning by me, boys!  
 That little you have, do not make it away.  
 "For fear to be serv'd such as he was."  
 They'll kiss you and bless you, with many a fine tale;  
 So soon as your money begins for to fail,  
 They'll be the first that will pack you to jail.  
*Take care that you keep out of Limbo.*

Finis.

Encore, '*Cherchez la Femme!*' Charles Dibdin in 1804 told such an adventure as this Second Part relates, where the along-shore wenches were ungrateful to their returned sweetheart, 'The Shipwrecked Tar.' It begins: "Escaped with life in tatters; behold me safe on shore! Such trifle little matters, I'll soon get togs galore." He trusts in Poll, though there are also Meg, Doll, Sue, and Kitty, but all of them fail him, and it is not until he meets the faithful Nancy that he reveals the truth—"I'm shipwreck'd, but I'm rich." In the multitude of counsellors, by Marryat called 'Dolly-mops,' there is no safety.

"Cried *Jack*: 'This is hard dealing! the elements at war  
 Than this had kinder feeling: they spared the shipwreck'd tar.'"



P. 198.—'*A New Song*,' beginning, "*Cupid*, as you shall understand," etc. Roxb. text reads in second stanza "for a maiden's head." Continues thus:

Then he did for his crutches call, that a wooing he might go;  
 And when he came before his dame, he made her a bow so low;  
 He said: "Can you fancy a good old man, who has a great mind to wed;  
 My charming fair, I do declare I long for a maiden's head." [*sic, passim*].

The damsel made him this reply: "What makes you in such heat?  
 So old and grey! therefore, I pray, think on your winding-sheet.  
 Your age is fourscore and sixteen; with you I'll never wed:  
 What would you have? Think on your grave, and not of a maiden's head.

"Besides, the world would think it strange my passion should be so strong;  
 So much in years as it appears, Old Age cannot tarry long:  
 For women that are both blind and lame, they have a great mind to wed."  
 "It's so with me, my dear," said he: "I long for a maiden's head."

"Do you think I am going to marry one that's troubled with stone and gout? Diseased, I know, from top to toe; can hardly crawl about. You cannot please a woman well, in the joys of the marriage-bed. What would you have? Think on your grave, and not on a maiden's head."

This old man went home in discontent, and troubled very sore;  
And, like an ape, he hang'd himself: an hundred wanting four.  
His crutches did behind him lie, alone as he lay dead, [t. him lay.  
To testify that he did die for the sake of a maiden's head.

The damsel mourns with pleasant smile, and every tear that falls  
Would drown a town, or quite wash down an hundred Castle walls.  
It's said she wrote upon his tomb, so fair for to be read:

"Here lies one, underneath this stone, who died for a maiden's head."

[No colophon or cut. White-letter. Date, circa 1775.]

She could not understand his motive, poor innocent maid! The explanation was simply this. By his own priest, or 'Mess-John,' he had been enjoined as a penance, *memento mori*, to "*Sleep with a skull on the same pillow.*" He felt piously inclined to obey the order. As of old time, he thought it better to have a living body attached to the skull. She refused to lighten the penance.

P. 198.—*Unhallowed Marriages.* Another ballad, telling of a young maiden who is coveted in marriage by an Old Man (in Douce Collection, I, 32), is 'The Constant Maiden's Resolution; or, Silver and Gold cannot buy True Love.' Tune of, *Laugh and lie down.* No p.n. See pp. 856, 859.

"I Am a young Damsel that's plunged in woe,  
And how to remove it I do not well know:  
My friends they would tye me unto an Old Man,  
That has store of riches, but love him who can?  
'T is not Father nor Mother my mind shall remove,  
For I am resolved to have him whom I love."

There lived a spruce Old Man near to the Girl,  
Who wooed her and sued her, like Lord or like Earl;  
Of wealth he had plenty, in Riches did swim,  
But for all he'd such dainty, she'd not fancy him.  
But still she reply'd: "*My mind sha'n't remove,  
For I am resolved to have him whom I love.*"

Etcetera (Eight more stanzas.)

Thomas Jordan's song of 'The Broken Contract,' 1664 (mentioned on p. 806), gives another story of an unhallowed marriage, but ending more tragically. Jordan's song is quite distinct from the Roxb. Coll. 'Broken Contract' reprinted on p. 807. It may be briefly summarized. These are the early stanzas:—

YOU that are safe & sound in soul, whose minds are well & hearts are whole,  
Attend my tale, for I impart the sorrows of a broken heart;  
So sad it is, that much I fear 't will break your very hearts to hear.

A Lady, as my story saith, was bound within the bonds of faith,  
As fast as Contract could unite, with a youthful noble Knight:  
But by her powerful Brother she was forc'd to break this unity.

She now is married to a rich and very jealous Old Man, which  
Doth in her love take much delight, but she must never stir out of sight:  
By all that look upon her he doth fear he shall cornuted be.

He escapes this proverbially common punishment, and survives them all. The bride's brother, when about to be married, repents for the wrong he has done her; knowing that grief is killing her. Her former lover challenges him to a mortal combat, slays him before his wedding, and then kills himself. She dies also.



Thomas Jordan's song was sung to the music composed by Henry Lawes for Edmund Waller's tender song, beginning :

"CHLORIS, Farewell! I now must go, for if with thee I longer stay  
Thy eyes prevail upon me so, I shall prove blind, and lose my way.  
Fame of thy beauty, and thy youth, among the rest me hither brought;  
Finding this fame fall short of truth, made me stay longer than I thought."

In a *Garland of New Songs*, 'The Goldfinch,' 1797, is 'The Old Man kill'd by a Cough.' It appears to be a coarse but vigorous modernization of 'The Young Woman's Complaint' (given on p. 679, *ante*), and of date *circa* 1797. It is English, not Scotch. See a later Addit. Note, p. 862.

P. 199.—'The Complaining Maid' would have found a fellow-sufferer in the heiress of Pittenweem, who was similarly ill-yoked with an old man, one of the Earls of Home. It is entitled 'The Lady's Misfortune.' Begins thus :

"A Ft ha'e I heard o' an Auld Man, but now I'm catch'd at last;  
I wish that Death had seized him, before the knot was east.  
I wish that Death had seized him, and ta'en him in his maw:  
That I had gotten a Young-man, to row me to the wa'."

Not only a 'young woman' disdainfully wondered what she could do with an Old Man, but even a buxom widow was equally averse to wasting her opportunities without enjoyment. (Compare p. 821, on Scotch widowers.) Among our valuable *Clark MSS.* is a 'Complaint' (fol. 228), *c.* 1612, to the Tune of *Trentam's Toy*—

### The Complaint of a Widow against an Old Man.

SHall I wed an aged man, that groaneth of the gout,  
And lead my lyfe in miserie, within doores and without?  
No, I will haue a Batcheler, of lyuely bloud and bone,  
To cheare me in my latter dayes, or els[e] I will haue none.  
Etcetera. (*Nine and a half stanzas in all.*)

All know that a thrice-wedded widow was habitually found willing to marry again, whenever she had a chance, she being practised in employment of birdlime and dazzling metal, against which frail man is powerless. It was no joke to 'wap with a widow.' Compare the same Trowbesh *Clark MSS.*, fol. 235, *verso*, same date or earlier. (Sixteen stanzas.) To a new Northern Tune.

### A new Song, intituled, To Wappe with a Widow.

IN Christmasse tyme, as y<sup>t</sup> befell, the couldness of the weather,  
A bonny Lasse and her maister both the[y] would go ligge together.  
*With hey dildedo, hoe dildedo, hey dildedo dildelye.*  
*The bravest sport y<sup>t</sup> a man can devise*  
*Is to wap with a widdow, Berldye.* [ = *By'r Lady?* ]

Old men who married young wives were proverbially jealous. The same MS. (fol. 224, *verso*) tells of such a husband at Margate. It is entitled 'The Torment of a Jealous Minde: expressed by the tragicall and true historye of one commonly called the Jealous Man of *Margit* in *Kent*.' Tune of, *Rogero* (see vol. iii, p. 160).

Al such as lead a jealous lyfe, as bad as paines of hell,  
Bend downe attentive eares to this, which I will brieflye tell,  
And thereby learne to live content, in quiet peace and rest,  
And harbor not suspicious thoughts within a troubled breast,  
Etcetera. (*Twenty-two stanzas in all.*)

## The Queen Anne Ballads.

P. 210.—This Group of Ballads and Notes, including those on ‘The Georges,’ is Dedicated to the Editor’s friend and helper, Adolphus Coni, Esq., of Cloughton, West Norwood, S.E., *whose generous sympathy brought this Eighth Volume to completion.*

“*Non omnis moriar!*” if when dying I yet live in a tender heart or two.”

P. 228.—Henry Sacheverell, whom the Low-Churchmen nicknamed ‘*The Bishop of Bungay*,’ had preached his famous sermon on “Perils from false Brethren”; because the Church was in danger, from intrigues of the ‘Moderates’ abetted by the Commons and Lord Godolphin, who was stigmatized as ‘*wily Volpone*.’ For this he was prosecuted in 1710 (see p. 823).

The sentence condemned the preacher to silence for three years: it was hailed triumphantly by his friends as tantamount to an acquittal, and formed the subject of many ballads, *pro* and *con*. One of the Whig songs against him began thus:—

To the Tune of, *Fackington’s Pound*.

“YE Vicars, and Curates, and Lecturers all,  
 Make haste, and repair unto *Westminster-Hall*;  
 For there you may hear, ev’ry one, if you will,  
 No Tryal at Bar, but a Tryal of skill;  
 For Low Church and High their strength are to try,  
 Where Queen, Lords, and Commons, are all to be by.  
*O! ’Chev’re!ll, O! ’Chev’re!ll, ’t is all ’long of thee;* [Sacheverell.  
*Thou’dst better be hang’d on the Triple-Tree.*

“For ‘*Chev’re!ll* of *Southwark* a Sermon has preach’d, [5 Nov. 1709.  
 For which he now stands by the Commons impeach’d,  
 ’Cause it was suspected his Sermon was meant  
 Against our good Queen and her good Government. [Godolphin’s.  
 Which if it appears, before our wise Peers,  
 ’T is thought he can hardly escape with his ears.  
*O! ’Chev’re!ll, O! ’Chev’re!ll, ’t were better for thee,*  
*That thou had’st been hang’d on the Triple-Tree,”* etc.

The Whig finale was added, in bitter disappointment at the verdict, 1710—

“Ye Vicars, and Curates, and Lecturers all,  
 May go back again now from *Westminster-Hall*;  
 Sedition preach up, at the Government rail,  
 No danger shall follow your ill-temper’d Zeal.  
 For, far from discarded, you shall be rewarded,  
 And God knows by whom at length much regarded.  
*O! ’Chev’re!ll, O! ’Chev’re!ll, ’t were better for thee,*  
*If thou had’st been hang’d on the Triple-Tree.”*

Answered by N. F. G. in ‘The Doctor Militant; or, The Church Triumphant’—

“BOLD Whigs and Fanaticks now strive to pull down  
 The true Church of *England*, both Mitre and Crown,  
 To introduce Anarchy into the nation,  
 As they did at *Oliver’s* late usurpation:  
 In Queen *Anne’s* happy reign, they attempt it again,  
 Who burn the text, and the preacher arraign.  
*Sachev’re!ll, Sachev’re!ll, thou art a brave man,*  
*To stand for the Church and our gracious Queen Anne.”*

While the martial renown of England in the reign of Anne centres in the Duke of Marlborough, the Church discords found a climax in the impeachment of Sacheverell. Here is an indictment of the Seven Prelates, who swelled the majority in the verdict against him.

### To the Guilty Bishops, 1710.

FOR shame, ye doating Fools ! for shame, be wise ;  
 Shake off your lethargy and ope' your eyes.  
 What, will you silent sit, and tamely see  
 Hell's Engineers subvert your Prelacy ?  
 The Church's Danger though you would not own,  
 Nor fear the second part of '*Forty-One*, [i.e. 1641.  
 Yet let your own security prevail,  
 Which loudly calls for timely aid of all :  
 For the same power that pulls *Sachev'rell* down  
 Will first your Mitre seize, and then the Crown.  
 But why, alas ! why do I speak to you ?  
 False to your God, and to your selves untrue.  
 Go bravely, break your Sacerdotal Test,  
 And all turn Chaplains to the Calves'-Head Feast. [30 Jan.  
 See poor *Sachev'rell* sacrific'd thro' hate,  
 The certain harbinger of your own fate :  
 Like *Laud*, the dire fore-runner he'd become,  
 Had not your Sov'reign stopt th' intended doom.

This remonstrative warning does not apply to the Six prelates who, having kept their heads, conscientiously voted 'Not Guilty' at the famous contest, although Tennyson, "the Primate, absented himself at the trial"—viz.: John Sharp, Archbishop of York; Henry Compton, Bishop of London; Nat. Crewe, of Durham; Thomas Sprat, of Rochester (friend and biographer of Abraham Cowley); William Dawes, of Chester; and George Hooper, of Bath and Wells. The personal worth of each was duly recognized in a poem, 'The Save-Alls' (= "While Faction with its baleful breath proclaims," etc.), which warns the Queen against the intrusive Gilbert of Salisbury: if she would rouse herself,

"*Burnet* would not the sacred Lawn disgrace,  
 By preaching up Resistance to thy face."

In truth, wherever Burnet moved he was obtrusive and obnoxious, with a bad word against everyone. Many said that he officiated as Chaplain to the disloyal 'Calves'-Head Club.' He was well described (perhaps by N. F. G.) in the satirical poem entitled 'The Seven Extinguishers,' the *Septem contra Ecclesiam* bishops who attempted to crush Sacheverell in 1710, with their verdict of 'Guilty.'

"THE Calves'-Head 'Brawny Churchman' leads the van,  
 Descended from a *Cameronian Clan* ; { *Burnet's* mother:  
 Out of whose lowest dregs he basely sprung, a *Johnston* of  
 Gifted with all the frauds of heart and tongue, *Warristoun*.  
 And sworn, like infant *Hannibal*, to bear  
 Eternal hatred to the *Roman Chair* ;  
 As he, in Life's most inauspicious dawn,  
 Renounc'd the *M[iniste]r* and abjur'd the *lawn* :  
 Tho' some years since the *M[anage]r* broke his oath, [John Dolben.  
 And lives a burning scandal to them both :  
 If those the worst of characters deserve  
 That from the sacred Office meanly swerve,  
 And to the best of Churches give offence,  
 False to their God, their Master, and their Prince."

The other six were John Moore, of Ely, who was seeking a translation; Richard Cumberland, who held the see of Peterboro', whereof Thomas White, the Non-juror, had been deprived; William Talbot, of Oxford; William Wake, of Lincoln; Charles Trimnel, of Norwich; and William Fleetwood, of St. Asaph. This trial of Sacheverell was a collapse and *brutum fulmen*. N. F. G. wrote accordingly—

"(The Primate refusing to come to the Tryal,  
In my opinion, is St. Peter's Denial.)  
Six B[isho]ps were for him, but Seven, more wise,  
Have saved their own bacon in Low-Church disguise;  
Their votes so divided, as plainly does shew  
At sixes and sevens Religion does go."

—On the Burning of Dr. Sacheverell's Sermons.

None of the persecutors prospered by their trickery in the game. John Dolben, degenerate son of Archbishop Dolben, and Member for Liskeard, who had moved the Commons for the impeachment, 13 Dec. 1709, died speedily of vexation, shame, and an opportune fever, on 29 May, 1710. He was often mentioned as "Blasphemy Jack, that was stript by Oak Royal, The republican whelp of a Sire truly loyal." Godolphin's fall soon followed, and Dr. Sam. Garth, author of the *Dispensary*, consoled him in a poem, ending thus:—

"The God of Day and your own lot's the same;  
The vapours you have rais'd obscure your flame;  
But tho' you suffer, and awhile retreat,  
Your globe of Light looks larger as you set."

—A Tory Pill, ii, 4.

Eloquently does the author of 'The Seven Extinguishers' (bishops who attempted to ruin Sacheverell, 1710) proclaim the merit of their predecessors, Non-jurors who had been 'deprived' of their sees at the coming of William III.

"Oh! whither is the Church's genius fled,  
That reign'd when *Sancroft* rul'd it as its head! [Canterb.  
When *Ken*, like *Moses*, to God's will resign'd,  
Kept it unshaken by the waves and wind.  
When *Lake*, when *Turner*, and when *Frampton* strove,  
Who should the most display paternal love,  
And by a steadfast honesty declare  
Their spotless Duty and unwearied Care.  
Alas! its beams are lost in endless night,  
And Faction's baleful damps extinguish *Gospel-Light*."

Some of the wisest men at the time, as there are such always, avoided both extremes of indiscreet High-Church and fanatical Low-Church, seeing the faults of both, and writing 'On the Present Debates about Religion'—

I Wonder what these nice distinctions mean,  
'Tween zealous High-Church and proud Low-Church men?  
When we shall all at God's just Bar appear,  
Think you, He'll ask us of what Church we are?  
No, no: let then this foolish difference rest,  
They're of the truest Church that live the best.

Agreeing with Pope's sound aphorism in the 'Essay on Man,' without bigotry:

"For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;  
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

This reaffirms what Cowley had said in 1650 on Crashaw—

"His *faith*, perhaps, in some nice tenets might  
Be wrong; his *life*, I'm sure, was in the right."

P. 228.—Gilbert Burnet held a latitudinarian belief, favouring the admission of heretics, pagans, and avowed Socinians, into a sort of anticipatory "Churchocracy"; and yet remained bigoted against Roman Catholics, or the orthodox 'High-Fliers.' His intolerance towards political foes was as conspicuous, as his boundless egotism. The Historical MSS. Commission (5th Rep., p. 355) tells that "He was zealous for the truth, but in telling it always turned it into a lye; he was bent to do good, but fated to mistake evil for it." The Earl of Aylesbury declared (*Egerton MS.*, 2621, Brit. Mus.) that "He wrote like a lying knave." Lord Hailes called him "a man of the most surprising imprudence."

Attacks were made at the same date on Queen Anne's favourite, Ben Hoadly, and the High-Church-Flier "'Cheverell" (Dr. Sacheverell); but this poem plainly indicates Burnet. Another, entitled 'The Whigs' New Toast to the B[ishop] of S[alishur]y: Printed by Rich. Newcomb, in Fleet Street, 1711,' and beginning, "Here's a Health to the P[rela]te whose Excellence reaches All the world o'er, for making Harangues and fine speeches." hits at Burnet's falsehoods, his litigiousness, arrogance, slippery doctrines, and double-dealing.

"Either in or without his lov'd city of S[arum],  
May the Alderman there that dar'd say he preach'd Lies  
Remember his hundred Pounds cost, and be wise! . . .  
Whosoever says he's not the Church's Defender,  
Must be for the Pope, or the Romish Pretender,  
Since the Thirty-nine Articles by him explain'd  
Discover what doctrines he always maintain'd."—*Poet. Broads.*, p. 185.

"Broad-backed and *brawny*, built for Love's delight;  
A prophet, form'd to make a female proselyte."—*Dryden*.

Two ballads must remain associated with Burnet's memory until his name is forgotten. *First*, 'The Brawny Bishop's Complaint,' an account of his unseemly squabble with the ladies of Mary's Court. *Second*, his 'Descent into Hell'; instead of *De Mortuis nil nisi bonum*. The 'Complaint' is to the tune of *Packington's Pound*.

"**W**hen B[urnet] perceiv'd the beautiful Dames,  
Who flock'd to the Chapel of hilly St. James,  
On their Lovers the kindest looks did bestow,  
And smil'd not at him while he bellow'd below,  
To the Princess he went, with pious intent,  
This dangerous Ill to the Church to prevent.  
'O Madam!' quoth he, 'our Religion is lost,  
If the Ladies thus ogle the Knights of the Toast. [*a.l. Post.*]

"'Your Highness observes how I labour and sweat,  
Their affections to raise and new flames to beget;  
And now, when I preach, all the world will agree  
That their ears and their eyes should be pointed at me.  
But now I can find no Beauty so kind  
My parts to regard nor my person to mind.  
Nay, I scarce have a sight of a feminine face,  
But those of old *Oxford* and ugly *Ardglace*.'"

The Princess, "tho' she laugh'd," yields to him: the ladies are imprison'd in high pews, so as to be seen by him without their being able to see others.



'Burnet's Descent into Hell' (*vide, inter alia*, the *Townely MSS.*) is believed to have been written by his youngest son, Sir Thomas Burnet (born 1694). It begins thus: "The Devils were brawling at Burnet's descending, but at his arrival they left off contending." He meets a courteous reception from the master of the house (whose 'Sorrows' are afterwards Correlated by a certain Mavis Clare), and the latest news of the year 1715 is interchanged amicably.

" 'This night we'll carrouse, in spite of all pain :  
Go, *Cromwell*, you dog ! and *William* unchain,  
And tell him his '*Gilly*' is lately come down,  
Who has just left his mitre, as he left his Crown :  
Whose lives, till they died, in *our service* were spent :  
They only come hither who never repent.  
Let heralds aloud, then, our victories tell :  
Let *George* reign for ever ! ' 'Amen ! ' cried all Hell."

Sir Tom's mother was Mary Scott, the Dutch widow, second wife of the much-married Bishop, who misinterpreted St. Paul, and read that "a bishop *must* be husband of at least three wives, all of them with a jointure." (Compare vol. v, p. 583, but read "*Plutus*," not "*Pluto*," which is misprinted. Burnet did not meet *Pluto* until 1715 ; *Plutus* he had worshipped longer.)

Burnet resembled "Dainty Davie" Williamson, of early Cherrytrees renown (see Kirkton's *Church History*, p. 349, when, "Being pursued by the dragoons," he so amorously distinguished himself, that Charles II, hearing of his audacity, invited him to Whitehall). *Arcades ambo*. Like Burnet in this also, 'Dainty Davie' had held fellowship with the Covenanters. He married his *seventh* wife, Mrs. Jean Straiton, on 20 May, 1700. Mr. Fynn timer wrote his 'Epithalamium': "The man whom *Venus*, hath she power, will choose to lodge for ever in her bower." Dr. Pitcairn satirized him in Latin verse and English ; the Moderator of the Assembly rebuked him on the memorable sevenfold nuptials. (*Vide* Mylne's MS.)

" Dear Brother, you've grown a jest to the nation :  
To marry a Seventh Wyfe in so holy a station,  
Is more scandalous than was your first fornication. [*Cherrytrees*, 1679.  
As a Minister, mynd what *Paul* says to thee,  
That of one wyfe alone you a husband should bee."

Burnet could not surpass Williamson, but laboured hard to compass more than three wives *seriatim*. Two were widows, with "mickle gear."

Some praised William III, to the tune of *Lilliburlero* (*Bagford Ballads*, p. 239)—

" Let's sing the brave Hero, whom heav'n did ordain  
To quell wicked tyrants, and nations set free ;  
Who humbled proud *Lewis*, and cut thro' the Chain  
That he made for people of ev'ry degree.  
*Hero, hero, sing the brave hero !*  
*William the glorious, the gallant Nassau,*  
*The hero who saved us, when James had enslaved us :*  
*The hero who saved our Religion and Law."*

The satirical ballad 'Welcome to the Medal' or 'The Constitution Restored,' beginning, "Let's joy in the Medal with *James* the III's face," was sung in 1711, to the tune of *Mortimer's Hole* (at the fall of the Godolphin Ministry)—

" Who wou'd not rejoice at a turn of the State, [Cf. p. 837.  
Which rescu'd our Old Constitution ?  
From that happy period we joyfully date  
The Fall of the curs'd Revolution. *La, la,*" etc.

—*Political Merriment*, ii, 36, 1714.

The Whigs replied with 'Loyalty Displayed,' to the same tune: "Confound all the Medals of *James* the Third's face, and rebels that pleaded his cause!" '*Mortimer's Hole*' mockingly alludes to Harley's title of 'Baron Mortimer,' on elevation to the peerage; and less directly to Nottingham Castle, where, entering by a secret passage in the rock, King Edward III arrested Roger Mortimer, the paramour of Queen Isabella. (Cf. p. 837.)

P. 229.—Though the Commons raved about the Revolution of 1688, many men looked back on William with abhorrence. 'A New Ballad,' of 1714. 'Staff, Mitre, and Purse,' was sung to the tune of. *Wou'd you have a young Virgin of fifteen years?* 'Boy Harry' means Henry St. John.

"Staff, Mitre, and Purse made a damnable rout,  
But we all know the treason it happen'd about;  
'T was who'd have the honour of keeping, keeping,  
Keeping the *Hanover* family out.  
State-gamesters 'the Shamster' would make their King; [Cf. p. 826.  
Thus warring and jarring they kill'd the Queen.  
For money and rings too, and other fine things too,  
Boy Harry told *Perkin* they'd bring him in. [James III.  
"The Staff, with a ruddy, carbunculous face;  
The Purse, with a head like that of a Bass; [i.e. Bass Viol.  
The Mitre, pert fellow, who wou'd be, wou'd be,  
Very fain would be ador'd as 'His Grace';  
Boy Harry, Page *Wentworth*, and *Ben[so]n* of York, [P. W., p. 835.  
With an *Irish* dear joy, the Prelate of *Cork*, [Peter Brown?  
Drink utter confusion to the *Revolution*,  
And curse good King *William* abundantly for't."

—*Political Merriment*, i, 31, 1714.

The Staff is Harley, or Simon Harcourt, Lord-Keeper; the Mitre, Francis Atterbury, Bp. of Rochester; the Purse, Harley, or Sir W. Wyndham, Chanc. of Excheq.; Robert Benson on 21 July, 1713, had become Baron Bingley. Sir Simon Harcourt was ungenerously mocked by the Whigs for his 'pink eyes' and being almost 'blind.' He was successfully couched for cataract by Sir William Read, 22 Aug. 1710 (Luttrell's *Brief Relation*, vi, 620). From Solicitor-General he had been raised to Attorney-General, 26 April, 1707; this post he resigned on 12 Feb. following; but was again sworn into the office, 9 Sept. 1710; he became Lord-Keeper, 18 Oct. (*ibid.*, vi, 642); and Baron Harcourt, on 3 Sept. 1711.

P. 229.—"*Dona*, in qualms, sent *Abb* her drab for ease": here *Dona* means Queen Anne. Abigail Hill, afterwards Mrs. Masham, was the prototype of every pert waiting-woman or chambermaid. She bore an evil reputation. Although esteemed a Jacobite, she was, unless grossly slandered by the Whigs, as intemperate in drinking as she was intrusive in politics, and ungrateful to her early friend, Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough. Abigail had shown Harley secretly the backstairs. Duchess Sarah was faulty in her imperious arrogance, but she was a lady, and virtuous. This cannot be affirmed of the mean rival who supplanted her. Whigs sang thus maliciously of Abigail, to the tune of *The Dame, or, Maid of Honour* ("= Since now the world's turn'd upside down"), in the summer of 1707.

### Masham Displayed.

All things are chang'd in Court and Town, since *Sarah's* happy days, Sir;  
One who of late had scarce a gown, now Queen and Kingdom sways, Sir;  
She's neither beauty, birth, nor sense, yet does controul the Nation,  
A matchless stock of Impudence and blasted Reputation.

Four pounds a year was her Estate, time alters her condition,  
A Lady fine she's grown of late, and a wond'rous Politician.  
The ugly beast to *Tope* retires, while others snore in bed, sir;  
With Bumpers she augments those fires which make her Nose so red, sir.

Her brazen face like flames appears : with a desire that's hearty,  
I'll say it, tho' I lose my ears, I wish it may burn her Party.  
*Or[for]d* and She each night do meet, and drink to the *P[ro]tende[r]*;  
And hug and kiss, and are as great, as the Devil and Witch of *Endor*. Etc.

This is certainly unfair to the Witch of Endor, who was loyal to King Saul. In 'A Ballad on the Junto,' sung to the tune of *Lilliburlero*, Abigail is thus denounced ("Now, *Britains*, mourn your Liberty torn," etc.) :—

"Tho' by the *Q[uee]n* she was rais'd, of Honours, th' once but a Maid,  
Yet she basely her Mistress and Church has betray'd;  
For which I don't fear to see her hoist in the air,  
With a curse in her mouth instead of a Pray'r.  
Oh ! *Volpone*, *Volpone*, 'Cheverel, and Ormond," etc. [p. 250.

"The crafty insidiousness of such wily *Volpones*" was the taunt at Godolphin, by Sacheverel, in the famous sermon. Another ballad on *Harley* mentions Abb.

"In the days of Queen *Anne*, deny it who can,  
The poor King of *France* was on his last legs;  
And had been undone, as sure as a gun,  
But for some good friends of honest *Will Gregg's*. [pp. 235, 824.  
*Harley, Harley, Harley, Harley, St. John and Harley, Harcourt and Hill ;*  
*Harley, Harley, etc.* [Three stanzas intervene.

"This Triumvirate with *Abigail* sate,  
Who swore, by the carbuncles of her sweet face,  
No more the poor Church should be left in the lurch,  
And none but her true Tories shou'd have any place. *Harley, etc.*

"All which to make good, she solemnly vow'd  
That *France* in the nick shou'd *Scotland* invade;  
That *Perkin* should come, with trumpet and drum,  
And try of what metal that Council was made.

"'Tis nonsense to dream that a Bitch with a broom  
Could ever contrive to lay such a scheme;  
But that *Roger* of *York*, for so pious a work,  
Her parts had improv'd by cutting of phlegm. *Harley, etc.*" Finis.

One might as well assert the chastity of Doll Tear-sheet, Moll Flaggon, Ninon de L'Enclos, or Barbara Palmer, as claim such for "Abb the drab." She is described, "of a plain face and a large red nose."

In January, 171½, she won the title of 'Lady' Masham. It was difficult to tolerate this double-faced intriguer and tippling sycophant, who was false at heart to all except what she deemed her self-interest. With such a tainted intermediary the Jacobites were sure to fail, and *Harley* to be jockeyed.

The song beginning "*England*, of late a glorious State, made *France* to beat a parley" (to the tune of, *Cold and Raw* : vol. vii, 233), ends with prophesying,

"If ever we see better times, and Justice acted fairly,  
Who must be hang'd for these high crimes?  
Why, *Abigail* and *Harley*."

These were Whig attacks, of course, and therefore habitually throughout the century more venomous and unscrupulous than any Tory diatribes. Yet so late as Dec. 1862, in the *Cornhill Magazine* 'Monthly Survey,' in vol. vi, p. 851, the falsehood is repeated that the Radical Press never equalled the Tory Press in virulence; that the *Quarterly Review* and 'Ebony' (= *Blackwood's*), surpassed in savage brutality the mild expostulations of the tender-hearted *Edinburgh* or the *Hunts' Examiner*. Compare Leigh Hunt's slanderous attack on Walter Scott and the Tories in the *Reflector*, vol. ii, p. 317, 1811, 'A Feast of the Poets.'

P. 230.—*The Junto* was a term used so loosely on several distinct occasions to designate a coalition of men who united temporarily for political manoeuvres, sometimes Whiggish, sometimes Jacobitical, that it really served no end, beyond a nickname for gibbeting a clique at the mercy of outsiders. It is here the so-called 'Jacobitical Junto' in which Harley was chief, though St. John controlled, until they quarrelled and broke asunder. Sir Simon Harcourt was suffering from cataract (see p. 822). He is ungenerously mocked and taunted, as '*Simon the Blind*,' in the following Whig ballad, and as '*Blinking Sim*' or '*Monoculus*' elsewhere.

The tune used for '*The Jacobite Junto*' is a proof of the abiding popularity of D'Urfe's song of 1696 (quoted on p. 621), furnished by the fact that its tune was chosen in 1713 for another political ditty, '*A Halter for Rebels; or, The Jacobites' Downfall: A most excellent new Ballad, to a merry old Tune, call'd, The Old Wife she sent to the Miller her Daughter.*' See p. 825.

The two distinct versions, sung to this same tune, begin almost identically: one, written probably in 1713, which certainly was reprinted in 1714. The opening stanza indicates Henry St. John (Lord Bolingbroke), Robert Harley (Earl of Oxford), Matt. Prior (= 'Plenipo Rummer'), Sir Simon Harcourt (Ld.-Keeper, 'Codicil'), Arthur Moore, the Old Chevalier ('*alias* Perkin,' or James III), and the Bishop of Rochester (= 'Atty Brogue,' Francis Atterbury). To call it a 'new' tune was a 'pious fraud.' The second is given on p. 825.

Five years after the public execution of William Gregg, his name is mentioned, in second stanza. Betrayers of official secrets were called '*Greggsters.*' Gregg, Harley's secretary, had been hanged at Tyburn, 28 April, 1708, for an alleged breach of trust, amounting to treason, he having shown to the French ambassador D'Aumont (p. 235) some military correspondence in reference to Flanders. Gregg's accusers were flying at higher game, trying to ruin Harley.

### A New Song on the [Jacobite] Junto.

To a New Tune, *The Old Wife she sent to the Miller her Daughter* [p. 621].

A Junto of Statesmen were late met together,  
 Lewd Harry and Robin, Matt, Simon, and Moore,  
 With a Sanctify'd Bishop, all birds of a feather, [Atty Brogue.]  
 Declaring for Perkin, that son of a whore:  
 Bob smil'd, and embrac'd Lord Simon the Blind: [Cf. p. 822.]  
 "By G—!" swears the Prelate, that's wondrous kind."

Plump Nancy, delighted, was heard then to sing,  
 And all the day long she mumb'l'd this song:  
 "My Jemmy, dear Jemmy, I tell thee, dear Jemmy,  
 Thou shalt be a King!"

From Spain and from Paris came Pistoles in plenty,  
 To purchase a Peace, and quite ruin our Trade. [Ulrecht, 11 Apr.]  
 Duke D'Aumont, Gregg's Master, who[m] I [ewi]s late sent you,  
 Was stallion to Abigail, Nan's fav'rite Maid: [Ab. Masham.]  
 He hugg'd her, and tugg'd her, both fell in a Trance,  
 And waking, call'd out for a Bumper of Nantz.  
 Plump Nancy, delighted, etcetera.

Great Marlbro' banish'd, our forces disbanded,  
 To open the way for the Traytor to come;  
 These Statesmen all wishing th' Impostor but landed,  
 And Britain secur'd as a Province of Rome:  
 The Whigs all divested of Places of Trust,  
 And glorious King George ridicul'd as a Jest.  
 Plump Nancy, delighted . . . "Thou shalt be a King!"

Finis.



“Plump Nancy,” one of Bolingbroke’s many mistresses, is referred to, as his expensive burden, in another ballad, quoted on p. 830. She was Anna-Maria Gumley, on whose bare shoulders he was accustomed to write epistles to his friends (but not indelibly, as in Rider Haggard’s *Mr. Meeson’s Will*). Matt. Prior’s choice specimen of light-gear was ‘Flanders Jane,’ *alias* Chloe : not ‘Fair Kitty, beautiful and young,’ the female Phaeton who “obtain’d the chariot for a day, and set the world on fire.” Intriguing politicians always lose the game when they blab State secrets to their Light-of-loves ; for loose companions hold these wenches in hand better than their own keepers. Harley himself must have been betrayed by his demirep Abigail Hill, tippler and tattler (pp. 229, 836). Miss Gumley in 1714 married Pulteney, and in 1742 became Countess of Bath (see p. 288). He deserved no better fate than “marrying a punk.” But he liked no allusions to her having been formerly used as Bolingbroke’s ‘writing-desk.’

“*St. John* in State Affairs the mark could hit,  
And temper politicks with love and wit :  
From that *Soft Desk*—would fire the hermit’s soul,  
He sent Dispatches round from Pole to Pole.”

—*Rival Wives : Clarissa to Skirra, 1738.*

‘*Skirra*’ meant Maria Skirret, Sir Robert Walpole’s mistress and second wife. ‘*Clarissa*’ is probably Marie-Claire Deschamps de Mareilla, Marchese de Villette (p. 835), who held the same double relation in 1718–20 to Bolingbroke as his earlier mistress, Anna-Maria Gumley, afterwards bore to Pulteney, but as first wife. It was the evil fashion at the Court of Queen Anne and the Georges (except good George III) to prefer damaged fruit : “taste ’em and try ’em before you buy ’em” became the rule. To Bolingbroke’s first wife he was exhorted to return, from his profligate amours at Greenwich (pp. 831, 833, 835).

“Oh, *Gambol !* change this course of life ;  
No more be lewd, and tease !  
Go home, drink Tea with thy own wife :  
Thou hast lost the power to please.”

—*The Greenwich Hunting-Match, 1714.*

She had endured patiently his many infidelities, and must have loved him. Knowing that it was his besetting sin, she felt contempt for his loose associates. In his early youth, before she married him in 1700, he had nearly ruined himself. It was not until 1717, when he met the Marchese de Villette at Paris, and in his exile lived openly with her, that his outraged wife displayed her anger, revoked the fortune she had bequeathed to him, and died next year, 1718.

To 1716, not 1718, belongs the following ballad, ‘A Halter for Rebels.’ On p. 824 was given an earlier version of ‘The Junto.’ *The Jacobite Junto* of 1713, sung to the same tune as D’Urfey’s ballad, differs much from the second version of 1715–18. We give both. The imitation has a Second Part.

## A Halter for Rebels ; or, The Jacobites’ Downfall.

A most excellent new Ballad, to a merry old Tune, call’d, *The Old Wife she sent to the Miller her Daughter.* [See pp. 618, 824.]

A Junto of Knaves met at *Paris* together,  
Lewd *St. John*, bloody *Berwick*, and several more, [p. 250.  
With Frenchified *Ormond*, all Birds of a Feather,  
Declaring for *Perkin*, that son of a whore. [James III.  
Each smiled and embraced, opinions express’d,  
And their Loyalty thus to young *Jemmy* confess’d :  
They swore the lov’d *Shamster* to *Britain* they’d bring ;  
And all the day long, this, this was their Song :  
“Dear *Jemmy*, dear *Jemmy*, depend on’t, thou shalt be a King !

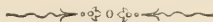


"Tho' Marlborough's with GEORGE, sirs; tho' we are disbanded;  
 Tho' our Plots are discover'd, our old Schemes undone;  
 If once more we get but our dear Hero landed,  
 Great Britain shall yet be a Province of Rome.  
 Of the Church's great Danger we'll loudly complain,  
 Fool the Mob to believe it, or all is in vain!"  
 They swore the lov'd Shamster to Britain they'd bring; [*James III.*  
*And all the day long, this, this was their Song:*  
 "Dear Jemmy, dear Jemmy, depend on't, thou shalt be a King."  
 But e'er this vile Treason was brought to conclusion,  
 The Senate the Jacobite Rogues did detect.  
 Great GEORGE rais'd his Troops to their utter confusion,  
 Resolv'd our Religion and Laws to protect.  
 E'ry day some new Rebel to Bar le takes Post, [*Bar le Duc.*  
 Whilst Bob in the Cage swears the Game is all lost. [*Harley.*  
 In vain they cry, "Help us, oh! Lewis and Rome":  
*And all the day long, now this is their Song:*  
 "Dear Jemmy, an Halter, an Halter's our Doom." **Finis.**

London: Printed for J. Graves, next White's Chocolate House in St. James's  
 Street, and W. Graves, at the Black Spread-Eagle in Paternoster-Row, 1718.

This evident plagiarism from the original 'JUNTO OF STATESMEN' was followed  
 by 'The Second Part of A Halter for Rebels, to the same Tune.' This was after  
 news had arrived of the premature Scottish uprising in the Highlands by John  
 Erskine, Earl of Mar (compare p. 253, and vol. vi, pp. 618, 623), 26 Aug. 1716.

I N vain are the hopes of a Popish Pretender,  
 In vain are the schemes of a Jacobite Crew;  
 True Britons their Freedom will never surrender,  
 But still to themselves and their Country be true;  
 Alike they despise a Bribe or a Threat  
 To raise their own fortunes and ruin the State:  
 The defence of King GEORGE is their aim alone;  
*And all the day long, this, this is their Song:*  
 "No Popish Impostor shall e'er wear our Crown." [*Cf. p. 305.*  
 A Jacobite values not Scandal or Shame, sirs;  
 He's not a True Tory, whom conscience controuls;  
 All know that Interest's their only Aim, sirs,  
 How trivial their Country, how powerful Pistoles!  
 They'l asperse, trick, and lye, swear too, then disown;  
 Persecution and Pride is their chief Religion:  
 Shall such, then, unpunish'd tempt our Laws and our Throne?  
*No, all the day long, this shall be our Song:*  
 "No Popish Impostor shall e'er wear our Crown."  
 Let Mar, and his Villainous Association,  
 Rebel, and pretend the Church is their care;  
 Since Great GEORGE protects our Religion and Nation,  
 We'll soon shew the World what vile rascals they are.  
 Were their numbers superior, they know to their cost  
 With vast Odds on their side what at Blenheim they lost;  
 That Tyrants and Slavery we have sworn to pull down.  
*And all the day long, this, this is our Song:*  
 "No Popish Impostor shall e'er wear our Crown." **Finis.**



P. 231.—The picture of the Duel is in the Crowle *Pennant*, at British Museum.

P. 233.—The satirical poem on the Duke of Hamilton, 1712, is this :

### The Embassy.

A Great Man once, that was to go  
 Ambassador to *F[ra]nce*, was sent below ;  
 And by mischance was forc'd to tell  
 Instead of *F[ra]nce* his Embassy in *H-ll*.  
 Having with reverence thrice bow'd,  
 With visage grave and voice most loud,  
 To *Pluto* thus he told his story,  
 Not like a *Whig*, but like a *Tory* :  
 " Great Prince, the State from which I came  
 Sues Peace, and hopes you 'll grant the same ;  
 'T is only you our Church can save :  
 Sending a Prince, which here you have :     [*James II.*  
 We all will own him lawfull Heir,  
 If once we can but get him there.  
 All friends are ready to receive him,  
 If you 'll but please to let us have him :  
 That he, with zeal most Apostolick,  
 May bring the Church [to firm] Catholick.     [*t. misp. too from.*  
 And we shall *Io Pæans* cry,  
 If you 're our Friend and great Ally."  
 This senseless speech and idle tale  
 Made all the D—ls laugh in *H-ll*.  
 But *Pluto* with a civil look,  
 Answer'd his Grace that he mistook :  
 " 'T is true my Brother rules above,     [*Louis XV ?*  
 Faithful in Friendship as in Love ;  
 Who, right or wrong, no matter whither,  
 Sends many mortals panting hither :  
 But now Great *Mohun* 's become my friend,  
 By putting to your life an end.  
 Be not dismay'd, nor dread this Hot-land,  
 You 'll find it not so bad as *Scotland*.  
 I ever did design t' assist  
 Your friends in all things that they wist :  
 They, too, shall have their favourite King,  
 If all my Tools can bring him in."

Here *Pluto* ceas'd, and down he sat,  
 Expecting from his Guest more chat.  
 But he, surpriz'd, around him gaz'd,  
 And *Pluto* told he was amaz'd,  
 How he came there, or by what chance  
 The Devil he took for K[in]g of *Fr[an]ce*.

This anticipated by two years '*Gilbert Burnet's Descent into Hell*,' of p. 821.

P. 234.—" A Dozen of Peers, made all at a start, To save *Harley* from scaffold,  
 and *St. John* from cart." Confessedly, the Whigs thirsted for the blood of  
 both. Despicable was the character of *Guis-card*, who on 8 March, 1710-11,  
 stabbed Robert *Harley* at the Council-board, as it was thought by a mistake,  
 instead of assassinating *St. John*. But their political enemies would have  
 rejoiced at the murder of both. *Harley* knew the malevolence of his foes.

He held it excusable to resort to such a bold unconstitutional trick as creating a dozen subservient Peers in a batch on New-Year's Day, Jan. 1, 1711-12. Among them the most insignificant was Samuel Masham, who had married 'Abigail the drab,' by the connivance of Queen Anne and in her presence. He obtained his Barony by chance, being taken as a substitute for Sir Miles Wharton, who "declined the honour of a Peerage." Two were James, Lord Compton, and Charles, Lord Bruce, called up by writ; the ten others were George Hay; Viscount Windsor; Henry Paget; Sir Thomas Mansel; Sir Thomas Willoughby; Sir Thomas Trevor; George Granville; Thomas Foley; Allen Bathurst; and the aforementioned Sam. Masham.

Harley's bold expedient delayed his fall: "for the sole end of establishing a majority for the Court, a resource which would be always at the command of successive factions, till the British nobility might become as numerous and venal as that of some European states" (Hallam's *Constitutional History*, chapter xvi). When they were first about to vote, *en bloc*, and save Harley and St. John's Government from being in a minority, they were likened to a petty jury, being sarcastically asked by the Earl of Wharton "whether they voted by their foreman!" The Peers were comparatively conscientious. The Commons were utterly contemptible in all their doings.

### A New Protestant Litany.

FROM a Dozen of Peers, made all at a start,  
To save H[arley] from Scaffold and St. J[ohn] from Cart :  
*Libera nos, [Domine] !*

From discarding the Duke : whereas no mortal knows [Marlbro', 1711].  
Any cause of demerit, but by beating our Foes : *Libera nos.*

From a General (God knows) silly, lavish, and poor, [Ormond].  
Whose courage and wit lies in keeping a w—re : *Libera nos.*

From a Peeress of Merit, for handling a broom, [Lady Masham].  
For sweeping down cobwebs and rubbing a room : *Libera nos.*

From a Masculine Dutchess' preposterous fate,  
From baulding for w—r's grown chief Baud of State; etc.

Whose Husband at Rome our faith did surrender,  
And swore to the Pope and his godson Pretender; etc.

From a Tr[aito]r us'd to drink, lie, swear, and pray, [Ld. Harley].  
And to bribe Scottish Peers with Civil-List pay; etc.

Whom St. Germans equip with a Catholick wh—re, [Oglethorpe ?]  
And Old Lewis retain'd with his Image in Ore; etc.

Who sacrificed Gregg, to save his own neck, [pp. 235, 824].  
And may serve Prior, too, another such trick : *Libera nos.*

From St. J[ohn] the bloody, and P[aul] the Cat, [or Hy. Paget].  
From B[ridge]s the Sharper, and B[eau]f[or]t the Brat;

From all who would sell our Religion and Laws,  
And betray our good Queen to advance Perkin's Cause; [James III.

Give them Gibbets and Halters, and Axes in store,  
And from the French Harpy preserve us once more,  
*We beseech Thee to hear us, Amen. [1711-12.*

These descendants of the Fifth-Monarchy men were ravenous for the slaughter of their political foes. They thirsted for blood, as their fathers had done, who similarly indulged in cant, as befitted the 'Elect,' against prelacy and popery.

P. 237. — Another 'Raree-Show' ditty of Queen Anne's reign, of later date, is directed against Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, who died unregretted early in March, 1714-15: he is indicated irreverently as 'Gibbie Salisbury.'

### The Raree-Show,

Lately brought from the flaming Isle of Moderation, all alive.

Good People all, both Low and High, vnto my *Raree-Show* draw nigh;  
For 't is a Sight, nor foul, nor pretty, nor long, nor short, nor dull, nor witty.  
It has no Beginning, and has no End, 't is crooked all over, yet cannot bend;  
'Tis strait, in a Lump, without tail or top; 'tis full of all Points, yet has no stop;  
'Tis a mingle-comeupur of all-together, and fitted for fair, or for foul weather.

Gallants, walk in, and take your places, and ye, pale Nymphs, with fiery faces,  
Within this Booth you have in view a black white Monster cloath'd in blew.  
He's neither wild, nor is he tame; from *Moderation* Isle he came.

In foreign Court he hath been shown, with great applause, yet liked by none;  
On Horseback, with his staff in hand, he walk'd from *Dort* to *Switzerland*.

Did *Calvin* at *Geneve* profess, and when at *Rome* did say the *Mass*.  
No *Nazarite*, nor *Turk*, nor *Jew*, of ev'ry sort but comes in view.

He holds all Creeds, and none at all; he worships God and bows to *Baal*.  
With all, and none, he stuffs his pack, and carries and brings the *Devil* back.

If you'd know his name, 'tis *G—— S——y*, of bending brow and pinking eye.

He's neither young nor is he old; he bauls all day, yet cannot scold;  
He speaks no truth, yet tells no lie; he hath reserves for Perjury.

A Champion for the Church's cause, yet ties her Rites to human laws;  
Postpones the Prince's Birth divine, and equals *Noll's* to *Stewart's* line.

With courage bold, as I have heard, he lately took *St. Paul* by 's beard.

And, whatsoe'er he talk'd before in Pulpits, or to courts had swore  
(As teaching subjects to obey), his *Revolution* took away.

For in a long, compendious speech (with which he might have wip'd his br—h),  
He cases and distinctions found, which Ages past laid under ground:

That if *Q[ueen]* *A[nn]* rules not well, then, in such case, we may rebel.

Next on the *Dervishes* did fall, and hip and thigh he did 'em maul; [*High* Ch.  
No *Atheist*, *Jew*, or scoffing *Turk*, but would have scorn'd so vile a work;  
Not *Julian*, nor *Calvin* Foes, could more the Christian Priests expose.

All this he rav'd! and more than this, at which, they say, the Court did hiss:

But least you doubt what's said is true, pray ask himself, he comes in view.

This 'Island of Moderation' differed not much from the philosophic landmarks of indifferentism, known to scholars and sages, while bigots fought and wrangled about ritual and doctrine. When Rome began to *decline and fall*, as cynically told by Edmund Gibbon—"The various modes of worship which prevailed in the Roman world were all considered by the people as equally true, by the philosopher as equally false, and by the magistrate as equally useful." Compare Lord Bolingbroke's '*Letters on Religion and Philosophy*,' in epistles to Pope; also Præd's 'Brazen Head'—

"I think, while zealots fast and frown,

And fight for two or seven,

That there are fifty roads to town,

And rather more to Heaven."

[i.e. Sacraments.

P. 237.—Distinct from "Since Shentlemans my *Raree-show* hit so pat," is this.

### The Second Part of the Raree-Show.

**A** LI Loyal Men, come zee my vine rary Show,  
Dat your Foes from your Friends den you truly may know :  
In dis Box is de finest sight you ever saw,  
For it shews all de Villains attainted by Law. [1716.

Virst dere is false St. *John* to the life to be seen, [= *Bolingbroke*.  
Who to make a base Peace did advise the late *Queen* ; [ *Utrecht*, 1713.  
His country for money de Knave did betray,  
But for veer of an Halter did soon run away. [Note, p. 221, 837.

Dat Woman vine drest he maintains as his whore, [Cf. pp. 825, 835.  
Who will give him the p . . , and e'er keep him poor ;  
Without she seems Shant to cover her sin,  
But oh ! the damu'd Bish be all Devil within.

Zee, dere is *James Butler*, who e'er ran in debt, [ ' *Ormond y\**  
To make him in all his debauch'ries look great ; [ *Brave*, ' p. 250.  
Who the *French* wou'd not vite, and there on my word  
You may zee how de Padlock do's hang on his Sword.

Zee, dere is dat Rebel we once called *Mary*, [Cf. vol. vi, p. 619.  
Whose Head, was it right, should be on *Temple-Bar* ;  
Zee how like a vagabond *Areskin* does look, [= *John Erskine*.  
And his fate now do's curse by bell, candle, and book.

Zee yonder is *Nithisdale*, who never was good ;  
What a figure he makes in his long Riding-hood ! [ *W. Maxwell*,  
Dat Fashion which now is zo much here in vogue, ob. 1744.  
Vas de means of preserving from *Marvel* a rogue. [The hangman.

Zee deere, Zur, dat's *Derwentwater*, quite dead ; [ *Jas. Radcliffe*.  
Zee under his arm he do carry his Head :  
Had dis Traytor ven living but had any grace,  
His Joulter he still had kept on de right place.

Zee here is another rebellious base Peer, [ *Wm. Visc.*  
Who dy'd (as he zed) a true *Protestant* here ; [ *Kenmure*.  
But fought for a Bastard, de Devil, and Pope,  
For vich he deserved not an Axe, but a Rope.

Zee dere de Pretender, dat son of a whore, [ *James III*.  
Whom none but the Mob and strumpets adore ;  
Zee how he do's sit wid finger in eye,  
And wou'd for a kingdom not vite, Zur, but cry.

Is not this a knot of Villains, I pray,  
Who will not deir lawful Sovereign obey ? [Cf. vi, 618.  
But ven dey are all hang'd, King *George* he shall reign,  
So th' Devices of Rebels will prove all in vain. **Finis.**

Such were the political amenities of Hanoverian Whiggism in 1716-7, over a fallen foe. It was chanting *Vae Victis* ! before the last struggle of 1745. Whigs now triumphed, not by their own valour, but by their cunning trickery and the blunders of the more loyal adherents of the Stuart cause. '*Pickle the Spy*' was one arch-traitor : Alexander Macdonnell of Glengarry ! Another '*Raree-Show*' remains, of date 1716-7. But the theme had grown stale. Plagiarists are like greedy apes ; they befoul the fruit they cannot eat.



## [A later account of] The Raree-Show.

[After the failure of the year 'Fifteen.]

Here be de var pratty zhow vrom *Lorrain* just brought over; [James at L.  
 'T is both tragick and comick de machine vill discover :  
*O raree zhow ! O var fine zhow, etc.* [Cf. p. 235.  
 Den vurst me prest you vid von var pratty ting,  
 De Bricklayer's Zon personating ov de King. [pp. 228, 298.  
*O raree zhow ! O var fine zhow ! who see my fine dainty zhow ?*

Now look on de left hand, and dat vill disclose  
 His last brave campaign, and how he dealt vid his voes.  
 Here be de *Ormond* and *Mar* dat attend him in State, [p. 826.  
 Who ven dey do crown him sall be made vary great.

Here be all de Rebels in *Newgate* and de *Tower*,  
 Staring von at denoder, most damnably zour.  
 Here be de Tory, *incog*, stand trembling vor year, [Bolingbroke.  
 De rebels dat impeach make the treasons appear.

Here be de Shaints to be zeen, who lately died martyrs,  
 And we zoon vill have more made by *Shack Ketch*'s garters.  
 Here be de ten thousand Tory, vor King *George* vid all deir heart,  
 Yet curse all who wish to his foes deir desert.

Here be de Cabal ov de *Shesuits*, taking var great pain,  
 To shtir up more vools to a shecond campaign.  
 And here be de var pratty ting to crown deir endeavour, [p. 251.  
 A *Triangular Tree* and a halter's most clever. [Tyburnia.  
*O raree zhow ! O var fine zhow ! etc.*

[No colophon. White-letter. Date, 1716.]

MORE wonderful than these are the pictures, "O rare show!" to be seen by the favoured few to whom such a privilege is given, within the Magic Mirror of the Fates, labelled mysteriously "*The things that might have been!*" If Queen Anne had shown strength enough on her deathbed to redeem her promise and atone to her wronged brother James, all might have ended happily. But the Whigs kept watch. "Lewd Harry" and "Wildfire Will" Wyndham were playing the fool at Greenwich, St. John's "seraglio," allured by a petticoat; and of Harley it was said, "he hugs the sister Oglethorpe" (pp. 836, 837). Their enemies won the odd trick in their absence. Shrewsbury received the white wand, and George I was proclaimed without opposition.

A much earlier '*Raree-Show*' was printed in 1681 by Allen Banks, afterwards reprinted in 1684, 1685, and (the old sheets reissued with new title-page) 1694, p. 316, of Nat. Thompson's *Loyal Songs*, To the Tune of *The Northumberland-Man*. Title, '*Raree-Show; or, The True Protestant-Procession.*' It mentions Winington, Shaftesbury, Monmouth (as '*Perkin*'); Es[erick] Howard, or the Earl of Essex, who afterwards killed himself in the Tower; Titus Oates, 'the Doctor Informant'; the obtrusive 'Apprentices,' and the huckstering scribblers of disloyal pennyworths, Harry Care and Langley Curtis. It begins, "This is the *Cabal* of some Protestant Lords." The third stanza runs thus:—

"This is popular *Perkin*, that smirks and looks gay; [Monmouth.  
 The women extol the Spark up to th' skie;  
 None dances with so great a grace, as they say:  
 Yet some body thinks that he capers too high."

- P. 264.—"Alace ! that samyn sweet face." Additional Note on this, giving two stanzas for completion, is reserved for the *Final* Note of the series, on p. 877 ; to avoid disturbing these political ballads.
- P. 267.—Lord John Hervey (Pope's 'Lord Fanny,' *alias* "that thing of silk, *Sporus* ; that mere white curd of asses' milk"), the effeminate invalid, who married Mary Lepel, and challenged Pulteney to a duel in 1731. He almost redeemed himself from the ridicule his affectations deserved by his writing the '*Memoirs of the Court of George II*' (not printed until 1848).

"To dance, dress, sing, and serenade the Fair,  
 Conduct a finger, or reclaim a hair ;  
 O'er baleful Tea with females taught to blame,  
 And spread a slander o'er each Virgin's fame ;  
 Form'd for these softer arts, shall *H[ervey]* strain  
 With stubborn Politicks his tender Brain !  
 For Ministers laborious pamphlets write,  
 In Senates prattle, and with Patriots fight ! [Pulteney.  
 Thy fond Ambition, *pretty Youth*, give o'er,  
 Preside at Balls, old Fashions lost restore ;  
 So shall each Toilet in the Cause engage,  
 And *H[ervey]* shine a *P[ostu]re* of the Age." [picture ?

—The *State Dunces*, 1733.

That he wrote verses of insincere compliments was inevitable, but he also wrote ballads. This is mentioned by Horace Walpole in a letter to Mann, dated 16 Oct. 1742. One ballad by Lord Hervey, of the same date, contemptuously refers to William Pulteney as "the New Doctor." Hervey still felt rancorous about the duel between them (p. 271). Prince Fed, having been ostensibly reconciled with his father, the second George, prevailed on him to receive unwillingly into his Cabinet a coalition of Whigs: Lord Carteret and Spencer Compton, Earl Wilmington. Of these two, Carteret was supreme, in power, although Spencer Compton was reputed leader ; "the tail moves the head." Two editions are in the Brit. Mus., p.m. 11,632, p. 20 ; and 1876, f. i, art. 127.

## The State-Ministers are Come ;

Or, A New Doctor for a Crazy Constitution.

A new Ballad, to the Tune of, *Derry Down*.

"OH, *England* ! attend, while thy fate I deplore,  
 Rehearsing the schemes and the conduct of Power ;  
 And since only of those who have power I sing,  
 I'm sure none can think that I hint at the K . . g. *Derry Down*," etc.

The other edition, printed at Dublin, appears to have been pirated, and is entitled 'A New C[our]t Ballad, 1742.' Twenty-seven stanzas, beginning similarly, "Old *England*, attend, whilst thy fate I deplore, And rehearse the schemes and conduct of Power : Since only," etc. Both editions continue—

"From the time his S[on] made him old *R[obert]* depose, [*Walpole*.  
 All the power of a [King] he was well known to lose ;  
 And of all but the name and the badges bereft,  
 Like old women his *Paraphernalia* are left. *Derry Down*, etc.

"To tell how he shook at St. *J[ames's]* for fear,  
 When first these new M[iniste]rs bully'd him there,  
 Makes my blood boil with rage, to reflect what a thing  
 They made of a man we obey as a [King]. *Derry Down*, etc.

The King is shown at St. James's, "Like a top they all lash'd him about," until Carteret comes and says, "If you'll make me your doctor I'll bring you relief"; and again, "All that weather-cock *Pulteney* shall ask, we must grant."

"For, though you have made that R[ogue] *W[alpole]* retire,  
You are out of the Frying-Pan into the Fire;  
But, since to the Protestant Line I'm a friend,  
I tremble to think where these changes may end."

Finis.

Dublin: Printed by *James Stone*, in *High Street*, 1742.

People enjoyed this sort of thing immensely in Dublin at that date, when already they were frolicsome and mischievous enough to deserve the century-later praise from Charles Lever (1839): "Oh, Dublin, sure, there is no doubting, bates every city upon the say!"

"For 't is the capital of the greatest nation,  
Wid the finest pisantry on a fruitful sod;  
Fightin' like devils for conciliation,  
And hating each other for the love of God."

P. 274.—Correction of an erroneous guess has followed (p. 614), but is here. *The fifteenth line from bottom of p. 274 should read thus:—*

"Viscount Bolingbroke. We are to understand *Horace* and *Le Heup* by *H. and L.*" "I'll honour *Horace*, praise *Le Heup*, in hope to hear from Mr. *Scroop*," viz. the able accountant and financier.

Among the lampoons of later time was a ballad, 'The Seven Wise Men of England': supposed to have been written by Thomas Tickell, but inspired by Secretary James Craggs, the younger (see *Wm. Coxe's Mem. of Horatio Lord Walpole*, 2nd edition, 1808, i, 36). In it the treatises of the senior *Horace Walpole* are mentioned as flippantly as they were in the *Le Heup* 'New Song':

"The *Walpole's* twain but one I count, for say whate'er they can,  
Altho' two wags, they do amount but just to one wise man.  
"To the purpose *Horace* said not much, but made a heavy splutter,  
On *Treaties*, when he bit the *Dutch* in the fam'd point of butter:  
With noisy tales and bawdy sham, and jokes, he settled *Rotterdam*."

The date of this satire was 1719, at the time when Lord Townsend was hastily displaced from power, by the intrigues of Sunderland and Stanhope; the friends and colleagues of Townsend speedily resigning, and following him, these 'Seven Wise Men' amalgamated into a strong opposition against the "tull thirteen fools who professed to rule this realm." It was sung to the tune of Dorset's favourite ballad, "*To all you Ladies now at land*."

"Seven Planets they do grace the skies, Seven Bishops grac'd the Tower;  
In *Greece* were only Seven Wise Men, in *England* are no more;  
The Eighth, to make the number even, is he that's govern'd by the Seven.  
*With a fa la*, etc. [8th = 'Prince Fed,' p. 268.]

"Now shall I tell each title o'er, each different degree:  
The Peers they are in number *four*, the Commoners but *three*;  
Which peerless three they don't see why  
They may'n't be Peers before they die.  
*With a fa la*, etc. [Nineteen stanzas in all.]

They are Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford; Earl Cowper, "never known to bend"; William Cavendish, "almost the tallest of the Seven," fourth Duke of Devonshire; Richard Edgcumbe, political agent of Sir Robert Walpole: who, with his brother Horatio, afterwards Lord Wolterton, and "the son of Muster-master Gumley," makes up the count. They all go in Walpole's barge to Richmond to pay court to "Our Hope"—"the strutting dwarf—Prince Fed."

The broadside was printed for *T. Norris*, at the *Looking-Glass*, on *London-Bridge*. It is in the *Madden Collection*, vol. ii, p. 313 (Univ. Lib., Cambridge).

This title of 'The Seven Wise Men' had been anticipated by rhymed satire, not song or ballad, reprinted in vol. iv, p. 28, of *Poems on Affairs of State*, 1707.

"SEVEN Sages in these latter times are seen,  
The glory and support of *Albion's* Queen,  
Whose wisdom will the *Gordian* Knot undo,  
And be our *Isle's* *Palladium* 'gainst the foe."

But this leads us back a year before 1708. There are initials that help to identify some of these 'Seven Wise Men' of 1706-7. Perhaps one who is termed, mockingly, "the humble *S[hffield]*" is John, Duke of Buckingham, whose patronage of the wits is shown to be ostentatious, insincere, and paltry; "a gentle *D[uke]* with his *Lucinda*"; "giddy *Phaethon*," who had been praised by Sir James Forbes; "*Frank* the valiant *S[cammony]*"; "young *Townshend*"; "old *Fer[guso]n*" of *Pitfour*. It hints at two dishonoured marriage-beds, and ends thus:

"Oh! *Albion*, on these shoulders ne'er repose!  
These are thy dangerous intestine foes;  
These are the tyrants who would thee enthral,  
Resolved to govern, or o'erthrow the Ball,  
Tho' they, like *Sampson*, in the ruin fall."

On the whole, Sidney Lord Godolphin, *alias* 'Volpone,' comes out of the examination favourably; and next to him perhaps Lord Somers. The taint of unscrupulous faction and selfishness is on the public men of Queen Anne's time. Without our wholly trusting them, the intellectual superiority of Bolingbroke and Robert Harley make them pre-eminently attractive. To Bolingbroke, Henry St. John, justice has rarely, if ever, been done. He gives the impression that he never put forth his best powers, but trifled with his wonderful ability and intellectual equipoise. In adversity tested severely, he bore the ordeal well. Like Swift, he towered above all competitors. Even Pope, in his changeful and splenetic moods, did him scant justice, and appears to have slackened in friendship as time wore on; although his noble *Essay on Man*, in Four Epistles, and his *Imitations of Horace*, Book I, Epistle 1, are dedicated to this too tolerant "guide, philosopher, and friend," who sought to make him the man whom wisdom calls her own; since if St. John did not, "This he who loves me, and who ought to mend," his case remained hopeless: "what *he* can, or none" can do.

"*St. John*, whose love indulged my labours past,  
Matures my present, and shall bound my last!  
Why will you break the sabbath of my days?  
Now sick alike of envy and of praise."

Again, in the opening of the first Epistle, 1732, Pope had addressed his friend, to whom the suggestion of the design was said to be due—

"Awake, my *St. John*! leave all meaner things  
To low ambition and the pride of kings.  
Let us (since Life can little more supply  
Than just to look about us, and to die)  
Expatriate free o'er all this scene of *MAN*,  
A mighty maze! but not without a plan.

Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,  
And catch the manners living as they rise;  
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,  
But vindicate the ways of God to *Man*."

Nothing should have impaired the remembrance of such a friendship. Pope's motive or excuse for having secretly printed 1500 copies of Bolingbroke's '*Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism*,' may possibly have been innocent and misrepresented.



'Augustan Age,' forsooth ! probably at no time was England politically and socially more corrupted, despicably, than during the reign of Anne. Ministers of State, whether married or single, lived openly in concubinage, took bribes, revelled to excess, and were habitually forsworn, pilferers, cowards, and slanderers ; false alike in friendship and in love, as they were to patriotism and religion. Bolingbroke had not openly avowed his disbelief in everything but deism, until it was revealed posthumously, by his having left his papers in charge of David Malloch, *alias* Mallet, rightly styled 'a cur.' The nicknames of 'Gambol' and 'lewd Harry' were earned in his youth by libertinism. Yet his first wife was the amiable Frances Winchescombe (a lineal descendant of Jack of Newbury). Married at the close of 1700, she died in 1718, indignant at his intimacy with the woman, at that time his mistress, whom two years later he took to wife, viz. Marie-Claire Deschamps de Marilly, widow of the Marquis de Villette, niece of M<sup>de</sup>. de Maintenon. In 'Advice to the Tories' it is written, " Let him in his Seraglio at *Greenwich* be enclosed " (cf. pp. 825, 837).

Peter Wentworth was on our p. 822 called "Page Wentworth," he having been previously page to Queen Mary, afterwards Equerry to George of Denmark. "*Est-il possible ?*" Peter wrote to his brother William, Lord Raby, 29 June, 1714 : " Lord B[olingbroke] goes on still merrily ; and in his cups, and out of his cups, brags what a mighty man he is. He has often frolicks at *Greenwich*, and there he banters the people with the expectation of his bringing the Queen [*Anne*] there . . . . There [wa]s a story of him, some time ago . . . . that he himself shou'd brag, that in one day he was the happiest man alive, got drunk, harrang'd the Queen, and at night was put to bed to a beautifull young Lady, and was tuck up by two of the prettiest young Peers in *England*, Lord[s] *Jersey* and [*Allen*] *Bathurst* ; who, by the by, make no pretty figure in the world to be pimps to his Lordship, who they suppose is happy in armes of nothing but common —. He has now *Bell Chuck*, a blackguard girle, in high keeping ; who was first kept by Lord *Orrery* " [viz. Charles Boyle, fourth Earl of Orrery].—James J. Cartwright's *Wentworth Papers*, p. 395.

This narrative explains the ballad 'Advice to Dr. *Harry Gambol*,' written immediately after his flight to France (p. 838), beginning, "*Harry Gambol* at last is gone packing his ways " : (Mrs. Danvers was a Lady of the Bedchamber)—

" At *Greenwich* no more thy lungs must be try'd,  
No Peers tuck thee up, to pamper thy pride,  
Nor no Lady D[anver]s to lig by thy side :

*Which no body can deny, deny, which no body can deny.*

" How lately, alas ! thou turn'dst *Robin* away, [ = *Harley*.  
To make room for thy self, and thy power display :  
Had'st thou ne'er done worse, thou had'st ne'er seen this day :

*Which no body can deny, deny, which no body can deny.*

" Ah ! *Gambol*, consider how seasons do alter ;  
Repeat thy last speech, that thy tongue may not falter ;  
Think what a sad change, from a Staff to a Halter !

*Which no body can deny, deny, etc.*

" Down, down on your knees, and pray for King *George* !  
The traitors impeach, and the treason disgorge,  
Or expect to be slash'd with a Parliament scourge :

*Which no body can deny, deny, which no body can deny."*

—*Advice to Dr. Harry Gambol.*

The Wentworth extract also confirms 'A New Ballad, call'd The *Greenwich* Hunting Match' (beginning, "God prosper long our noble King, and send him quickly o'er !" to the tune of *Cherry Chase*). It accounts for Henry Bolingbroke and 'Wildire' Wyndham being absent from the Queen's death-chamber (p. 831).



- "But Pleasure, that bewitching Ill, oft makes great things miscarry,  
So did it here with *Wildfire Will*, and eke with wise Lord *Harry*.  
"To drive the Doe in *Greenwich Park* these Statesmen took their way;  
Oh! *Perkin*, thou hast cause to rue the Hunting of that day.  
"For Fate, that boded thee no good, to *Brunswick* did encline,  
And gave a *Staff* when they were gone, which spoil'd their close design: "

The white 'Staff' being committed into the hands of Shrewsbury by the vacillating and dying Queen, barely conscious, but obeying the latest tutors.

Among Bolingbroke's many mistresses, the most celebrated was Anna-Maria Gumley, who has been already named as 'Plump Nancy' (p. 825). Another was "The Lady *D[anvers]* to lig by his side." A Lady *G*— (perhaps the Jacobite Duchess of Gordon, who contributed funds for "the Medal with *James* the Third's face": see p. 821) may be included. Their name was Legion. Together they helped to ruin one whose intellectual capabilities were not surpassed in his own day, even by those of '*Cadenus*' Swift; who, going to the opposite extreme of avoidance, despised the sex, satirizing them in the Queen of Lilliput, the proud Duchess of Somerset, and the female Yahoos: he forfeited happiness by repelling *Vanessa*, whom he must have loved, although he submitted to her peevish rival, '*Stella*,' in irksome bondage. '*Lewd Harry*' *alias* '*Gambol*' never can have known what true love meant, unless it were to the Marchese de Villette. With others he consorted on the lowest level of his nature. Among wanton women he became a sensual Castaway.

Of Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, we have seen too little in these ballads (compare p. 229), the collection formed chiefly by himself, aided by John Bagford. We might have expected it to be complete in all the fugitive pasquinades wherein he figured so frequently. To this day his super-subtle schemes and 'harlequin' transformations are a riddle. He, like a child for whom toy palaces of showy cards were built, took some whimsical delight in blowing them down, until he tired of fresh erections. Harley, whom Pope highly appraised, must have been noble-minded at his best, for adversity and long imprisonment could neither degrade him nor daunt his courage.

- "A soul supreme, in each hard instance tried,  
Above all pain, all passion, and all pride;  
The rage of power, the blast of public breath,  
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death."

Harley was neither true Tory nor Whig, but was a shifty Trimmer: to use a modern phrase, an opportunist. His schemes were tortuous, and self-conflicting. His enemies mocked him, to the tune of, *There's rare doings in Bath*.

- "Plump *Cocky* and *Abigail*, *Rome* to aduance: *There's rare doings in Town!*  
Swigg to the *P[retende]r* and Tyrant of *France*: *There's rare doings in Town!*  
And drink naught but sherry and Protestant *Nantz*: *There's rare doings in Town!*" etc.  
— *Rare Doings in Town*.

The ballad named 'Credit Restored, in the Year of our Lord God 1711,' to the tune of, *Come, prithee, Horace, hold up thy head*, begins thus: "All *Britains* rejoice at this turn of the State, which rescu'd from plunder the Nation."

- "Great Schemes like to these might be well brought to bear,  
Since the Persons employ'd were not small;  
For who should they be but the good *M[orime]r*, [= Harley].  
And the beautiful *A[bigai]l*?"

'Page Wentworth,' Peter (pp. 822, 835), vainly sought on 27 Nov., 1711, to recover "a ballad made of Lord Treasurer *Harley* and Mrs. *Oglethorpe*." — *Wentworth Papers*, p. 215. She was Anne, daughter of Sir Theophilus and Lady Eleanor Oglethorpe, *nee* Wall. See '*She-lard and Robinocracy*.'

"He hugs the Sister *O[glethorp]*e, and fumbles her a-bed :  
Curse on the lecher's *Gunarchy*, and on his S[outh] Sea Trade." [*Gynocracy?*]

Anne Oglethorpe had been arrested in May, 1707, but quickly released. Yet another song, to the tune of *Fair Rosamund*, twitted Harley for Protean changes as '*Harlequin*' and his connection with Abb the drab; not forgetting 'blinking Sim,' '*Monoculus*' Harcourt, *alias* '*Codicil*': "I pray God bless our gracious Queen, a Queen of great renown," etc.

"First *Harlequin*, a man of might, as many shapes can take  
As there are Stars in starry night: oh! may the Queen awake!

"And see this doubling tricking Wight in his natural shape:  
Oh! how her hair would stand upright, and Royal mouth would gape!

"With him *Monoculus* does join, well taught by *France* and *Rome*,  
How to fob off the Rightful line, and bring sweet *Perkin* home.

"Then to consult these two did go, but then they had forgot  
That the Devil with *Adam* nought could do, till *Eve* joined in the Plot.

"Therefore they flew to Female Aid, and straitway did agree  
That the Caruncle Chambermaid should make one of the Three." [= *Ab.*]

When on 24 May he became a Peer, Baron Harley of Wigmores, Earl of Oxford, and Earl of Mortimer, after Guiscard had wounded him, instead of St. John, the intended victim, allusions were rife to *Mortimer's Hole*, a mock tune-name, used as synonym for South-Sea stock. Thus, in '*Mat's Peace*,' a new ballad ridiculing Matthew Prior, 1711, to the tune of *Greensleeves*—

"Poor *Mat* in the *Pillory* soon will be seen,  
For *M[ortimer's]* too; oh! well it had been  
That he had been pleas'd in his *Hole* to remain,  
If now we must give up *Spain*."

In '*Credit Restored*, 1711,' an investor of S. Sea stock is mockingly told that he

"In *Mortimer's Hole* must lay all his effects,  
Where they never will give him more trouble. *La, la*," [Cf. p. 821.]

If Robert Harley had been sincere as a Jacobite he might have succeeded in restoring 'the hereditary line.' But his wiles were too intricate and changeable, so that, when disunited from Bolingbroke, total ruin ensued. Harley refused to follow the example of his former friend, and escape to France. He remained to face their common foes, and bore imprisonment with fortitude. His enemies would have gladly brought both of them to the block. One libeller wrote 'A Ballad, by a Friend to the German Doctor [Elector of *Hanover*],' beginning, "To you, ye Tories, I address this charitable ditty, Intending not in your distress to aim at being witty," with this anticipatory short shrift for them all:—

"First *Hermodactyl*, of high fame, must freely be given up [*Harley*.  
To that which has the fairest claim, the Scaffold or the Rope;

"For by the Peace which he advis'd, for the sake of Lewi'dore, [*Utrecht*.  
Abroad he made us be despis'd; at Home, stark mad and poor.

"Let *Codicil* his fate too share, for without much divining [*Harcourt*.  
One need not scruple to declare he had a hand in signing.

"And that the Stage may ne'er again with Quack'ry be perplex'd,  
Leud *Gambol* in th' jug'lar vein shou'd bleed a little next. [*St. John*.]

"Or, since this, as severe, I know, by some will be oppos'd,  
Let him in his Seraglio at *Greenwich* be enclos'd . . . [p. 835.]

"Without delay to *Tyburn* send *Hibernian Atty Brogue*; [*Atterbury*.  
For there's no other way to mend the incorrigible Rogue."

—*Advice to the Tories*, 1714.

- P. 296.—The original of George Macdonald's "Once I thought, almost despairing," is by Heinrich Heine—

Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen,  
 Und ich glaubt' ich trüg' es nie,  
 Und ich hab' es doch getragen—  
 Aber fragt mich nur nicht: wie?

- P. 296.—The lines beginning, "Ah! my Prince, it were well," are by Andrew Lang, the best of whose poems have the grace and beauty that should ensure for them a loving remembrance in later days. They stand in contrast to the ephemeral trash, which is loudly trumpeted and speedily forgotten:

"I'm sick of the whole race of poets,  
 Emasculate, missy, and fine: [al. lect. misty.  
 They brew their small-beer, and don't know its  
 Distinction from full-bodied wine."—*Bon Gualtier.*

- F. 298.—'The Vagabond Tories' was sung "to a well-known tune," left thus unspecified; no doubt *The Battle of Audenarde* (1708; words are in *Bagford Ballads*, p. 386, beginning, "Ye Commons and Peers, pray lend me your ears"). R. Leveridge composed the music, *Pills to p. Mel.*, vi, p. 1.

"What a racket is here, with your fugitive Peers,  
 Two Dukes and a Viscount to lead 'em!  
 'Tis plain that the Sages are gone for their wages,  
 That he who employed 'em may feed 'em. [Louis XIV.  
 "But if I'm not mistaken, they'll scarce save their bacon,  
 Old Lewis will quickly abhor 'em;  
 'Tis always his nature to bilk a poor traitor  
 When he finds he can do no more for him.  
 "The high-mettled Harry began the vagary, [Bolingbroke.  
 But you'll hear he is all on the fret:  
 When the diamond he wore is pawn'd to a wh—,  
 Or the giver has seiz'd it for debt." Etc. [18 stanzas.

This ballad appeared early in March, 1715, after the secret flight to France, on the sixteenth, of Henry St John, Viscount Bolingbroke. The two Dukes were James Butler, second Lord Ormond, and James Fitzjames, Duke of Berwick (*vide* p. 275). Bolingbroke was attainted and outlawed, kept in exile until June, 1723, when he got leave to return and resume his property, but was debarred from sitting among the Peers, whom his oratory would have stirred. He held in private the reins of power, strengthening the opposition against Sir Robert Walpole, his chief enemy, by writing in *The Craftsman* as 'Humphrey Oldcastle' or 'O'; while Pulteney signed initial 'C,' for 'Caleb d'Anvers,' a pseudonym shared with Nich. Amhurst (p. 271). Frequently disappointed when near success, yet free at last from debt and danger, Bolingbroke secured a peaceful home at Battersea, but was exhausted in strength. He had survived all his best friends, before he died on Dec. 12, 1756, aged seventy-three. Almost his last words were these: "God who placed me here will do what he pleases with me hereafter, and He knows best what to do. May He bless you." This valediction is worthy of remembrance, along with that of Sir Walter Scott to his son-in-law and future biographer. He said: "Lockhart, I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." Admittedly betwixt Scott and Bolingbroke there was an impassable gulf, not alone of the century, but of moral and religious difference. Both men were great. We shall meet them no more in these pages, and no one their equal.



- P. 322.—Another version of the same song on Dr. Dodd, less flippant in tone, is in Brit. Mus. Coll. (p.m. 1872, a. 1, art. 17 *vo.*), of nearly the same date as our *Roxb.* ballad, before 27 June, 1777.

“ Good people, alas ! the sad news we do hear  
Will prove fatal to good Dr. *Dodd*, I do fear.  
Only think of his case, and wink with a nod,  
For forgery’s detected the good Dr. *Dodd*.

“ Who’d think that the *Shepherd* should be thus led astray,  
Who against sin so often [and loudly] would pray,  
And tell us so gravely we must all fear God ;  
But alas ! what’s befell our good Dr. *Dodd* ?

“ The Lambs at the *Magdalen* good he would teach,  
And turn up his eyes, and against sin would preach, etc. (see p. 322.)

“ But money, they say, led the Dr. astray,  
Four thousand two hundred ! Good Lord, let us pray  
That he may repent while here upon earth, [linger he must ?]  
And remember his body must mingle with dust.”

(This appears to have been written hurriedly “mingle with earth” ; the false rhyme being detected before passing the press ; unless the manuscript read “while here without mirth . . . mingle with earth.”) The final stanza is less brutal than the *Roxb.* later issue with woodcuts ; in fact, the bitterness of mockery became intensified when two pictures were added, of a triple-faced divine and a jail, to please the rabble. After “When before my Lord Mayor,” etc., and “*Robinson*, the broker,” etc., it differs thus :—

“ But for trial, alas ! the good Dr. is sent,  
For forging, a halter must be the event :  
For a time, then, we’ll leave him to fast and to pray,  
To suffer at *Tyburn* on the fatal day.”

[No colophon or woodcut. White-letter. Date 26 May, 1777.]

Dodd died on 27 June, 1777. Attempts were made to resuscitate him, with connivance of the hangman, but failed, and he was buried at Cowley. His widow survived him, in great misery, until 24 July, 1784. He was born on the 29th of May, 1729, at Bourne Vicarage, Lincolnshire. His sermons and books became popular ; but his extravagant indulgence in luxuries caused his ruin. He was not a hypocrite at heart, like ‘Deacon Brodie,’ William, the Edinburgh burglar of 1787-88. Both men attempted perilously to lead a double life. The end was not silence, far otherwise. In their day the noisy mob awaiting round the scaffold used their “most sweet voices” for shouts, yells, and profane jests ; especially if the victim had ever laid claim to sanctity. Since May, 1868, the laws have abolished the demoralizing publicity of the spectacle, but deepened its inherent brutality. It was always an outrage to civilization and religion, but to make each execution a secret act of butchery is worthy of the Inquisition and the Venetian Council of Ten. The husband of ‘Tess’ eagerly watches outside the prison to see the black flag hoisted, and make sure that his wife is hanged, so that he, the ‘Angel,’ may at once marry again. The girl, her future successor, a hardy annual, shares his vigil, nothing loth.

- P. 323.—Fred Pilon’s song of ‘The Cruisers’ (*vide ante*, pp. 762, 793, for Notes) reads “*Howe’s* flag” in *New Summer Amusement Garland*.

- P. 336.—The ‘Song in Praise of Captain Batty’ ends the ‘*Group of Queen Anne and the Georges*.’ The ‘No Popery Rioters’ of June, 1780, might have followed chronologically ; but the ‘Execution of the Ten Malefactors,’ men and women, was delayed to a more appropriate position, on p. 726, showing the end of some representative ‘Female Ramblers.’

P. 341.—*Mary, Queen of Scots.* We envy not the man who in June, 1864, on first reading '*The Sempill Ballates*' rejoiced to have found that their malignity against her (see p. 450) furnished him with fresh calumny and vituperation. He was her latest and most bitter enemy, James Anthony Froude, who abhorred her as a Catholic and insulted her as a woman. Her beauty and her misery became incentives to make him mock her martyrdom. His "offence is rank, it smells to heaven."

The false teaching of George Buchanan and of others who defamed her, suborned and hired to give false evidence which could not bear the light of day, has been to a great extent confuted by the sounder work of better students, such as John Skelton = 'Shirley,' biographer of '*Maitland of Lethington*.'

Mary was neither a canonized saint nor an eager martyr; but calamities had fallen on her when unprepared and unbefriended. Her country was ruthless to her, because of her sincerity in religious faith. Her worst foes were those of her own household. In nobility of soul, no less than in beauty and loveliness, she far surpassed the treacherous Elizabeth, whom, as of doubtful legitimacy, she must have secretly distrusted before their open rupture. Elizabeth was the stealthy instigator of all rebellion and conspiracy in Scotland, to overthrow Queen Mary.

"Fairer than eye may see or tongue express,  
The sweep of centuries hath not taken off  
The freshness of her famous loveliness;  
The savage scowl of party hate, the scoff  
Of black-souled bigots, have not made her less  
Than when she first was taught the Queen to doff,  
And beamed all Woman, on these halls antique,  
Love's liquid eye, and mantling maddening cheek.

[*Holyrood.*

"Alas! on cold and heartless days she fell,  
When men threw charity from faith away;  
And even her heavenly face possessed no spell,  
The demon of their bigot rage to lay;  
And she was left to one who loved full well  
And practised all the privilege of sway—  
And erred, perchance, as much as *Mary* did,  
Albeit her better craft her errors hid.

[*Elizabeth.*

"A Woman, and a Christian, and a Queen,  
What could she more or less? she did not bare  
Her neck unto the axe with the high mien  
Of pride, which mantles dying men's despair;  
Nor on her upward eyelids was there seen  
That radiant light of faith—that scorn of care—  
That joy of love which virgin saints display,  
When rude men take their spotless lives away.

"She was nor glad nor sorrowing, proud nor cold;  
Yet did her sex, her station, and her creed  
A mingled mild serenity unfold  
Upon her forehead, when she knelt to bleed,  
Such as became her nobly; less than bold—  
And yet in nothing seemed she terrified—  
As were her life not much to be laid down,  
Being already stripped of her fair crown."

—J. G. LOCKHART'S *Holyrood*, 1819.



We complete our retrieval of '*Barra Faustus's Dream*' (see p. 595). William Slatyer in 1642 followed the example of the two Scotch brothers, Alexander and James Wedderburn, of 1599, by his writing some new paraphrases and Psalms, to be sung to the airs of "profane" songs. The tune-name, '*Barbara Forster's Dream*,' is not printed, but was *written* on the page, probably by George Thomason, its original possessor.

## Psalm XIX.

[TUNE OF, *Barbara Forster's Dream.*]

**L**Ord, the Heavens high and faire, starrie Spheares and Orbes thereunder,  
 Gloriously they do declare all thy mightie workes of wonder.  
     Day by day do show the same,  
     Night to night record thy fame.  
 No language, tongue, or speech,  
     In which their voices are not found,  
     Thy noble acts with lively sound  
 To th' ends of th' earth to preach.  
 There he set a Tabernacle for the Sun, that Bridegroom wise;  
 From his chamber's receptacle, doth in Eastern regions rise,  
     And with valiant champion's grace,  
     Giant-like to run his race,  
 Advanceth in the skie,  
     From end to end, that nothing did  
     Escape, or from the heat were hid,  
 Or beames of Day's bright eye.  
 Perfect, and the soule converting, is thy law and iudgments sure;  
 Wisdome to the weak imparting, thy Commandements are pure;  
     Giving light vnto the eies,  
     They reioyce the heart likewise.  
 Thy lawes and statutes either  
     Cleane, thy feare endures alway,  
     Truth thy testimonies ay,  
 And righteous altogether.  
 Precious, more than gold admired, than much 'fined gold, thy doome;  
 Sweeter and to be desired more than hony or hony-combe.  
     They forewarn me in my way:  
     What's so deare or sweet as they?  
 High honour they intend;  
     In keeping them 's great recompense.  
     O! who can tell his secret sins?  
 How oft he doth offend.  
 Cleanse, O cleanse my negligence; secret faults my soule that staine;  
 So freed, o'er me foule offence nor presumptuous sins shall raigne:  
     But from many blots made cleane,  
     Let my soule her selfe demeane,  
 And tongue, as may beseme her,  
     That both thought of heart and word  
     May acceptable be, O LORD,  
 My strength and my Redeemer.

By William Slatyer.

— *Psalmes and Songs of Sion*, 1642.

P. 443.—The ‘She-Wedding at Deptford’ in 1684. See note on title, p. 557.

P. 444.—‘THE MALE AND FEMALE HUSBAND.’ A few words and five stanzas were unavoidably delayed from the text of this ballad. The chief cut was one in vii, 458 (misprinted “vii, 358” on pp. 443, 444, 550): common to many ballads of objectionable character, and almost serving the purpose of Gustave Doré’s Fig-leaf in *Les Contes Drolatiques*; or a watchman to hold a lanthorn outside the door *d’un mauvais lieu*. The broadside reads, “an Hermaphrodite,” in title and fourth line. Brackets lost from lines 12, 19, viz. “[this her son] with the maid in bed some nights it spent.”

‘Mother Midnight’ was a proverbial name for a Midwife: compare sundry Pepysian ballads, and *Redgauntlet*, cap. xiii, where the “little piece of skulduddery” is mentioned, entitled, ‘*Merry Thoughts for Merry Men*; or, *Mother Midnight’s Miscellany for the Small Hours*.’

Textual omissions from the reprint are pathological. (Third stanza:) “And let it oft with women lye, who knew not that it bore of other sex a signal mark, and had each thing in store. And oft with maids it us’d to be, but long time did refrain from the kind feats of *Venus*’ sport, for fear they should complain.” (Fifth stanza:) “And [opportunity] so us’d, the wench prov’d great with child; When being tax’d who got the same, she blush’d and answered mild: ‘The teigned Female that did come with Mother *Midnight*.’ Why?—‘Because he had male parts as well’ [as any, altho’ sly].” (Sixth:) “And that it, being lusty grown, surpris’d her in her sleep, she nothing dreaming of the thing, it [stealthily] did creep. Which, on a sudden wakeing, she shrieks and starts with fear; But all in vain, for it [did plead and pray to linger near].” (Seventh:) “And after that some other nights they did both sport and play; The wench, being familiar grown, said not the monster nay. But in short time she’s big with child, by this both-sexed thing; For which some folks strait her before a Justice then did bring.” (Eighth:) “And there she set the story forth, which made some women smile, to think how with a double-sex Dame *Midnight* did beguile. While others blush’d to think how it Nature’s great business saw, which to the Female-sex alone is common by their law.” (Revert to p. 444 for the *Tenth* stanza:) “When on their words the Justice then,” etc. Text reads, “got with child, . . . our Hermaphrodite.” (Last:) “And could the feats of either sex perform and keep in store; . . . wicked trade, and modesty neglect.”

P. 514.—The woodcut of ‘Robin Hood’s Chase’ and ‘Stukely’ is now on p. 882, *post*.

P. 530.—‘The Pinder of Wakefield.’ Part of an old and lost ballad called ‘*Wakefield on the Green*’ is a scrap quoted in the play of ‘George à Green, the Pinder of Wakefield,’ 1599 (*Dodsley Coll. of Old Plays*, III, p. 14, 1744).

“I care not for Earl, nor yet for Knight, nor Baron that is so bold;  
For *George à Greene*, the merry Pinner, he hath my heart in hold.”

P. 550.—Chief woodcut on vii, 458. Text reads, instead of dots, after ‘Crown’:

“The which he gave me then with speed, and thus we lovingly agreed  
That he should have my maidenhead: I got new cording to my bed,

“For fear the old ones they should break, which would a sad distraction make,  
And cause a sad discovery of all my master’s love to me.”

“Thus was my expectation crost”; etc.—“came”—“half”—“play”—“bed”—“got your maidenhead.” Last line, “With such a feeble limber blade.” [*Sex substituted words were left unbracketed*, viz. “Unless . . . betray’d.”]

P. 551.—‘The Fair Maid of the West,’ which begins: “Here is a jest, I do protest, of a young damsel in the West,” the earlier version, is better than the Roxb. White-letter exemplar. It reads: “I have deny’d”; “lay you down”; “maidenhead and money”; “maidenhead”; “my maidenhead.”

P. 552.—“with whom she had lain, and bring her maidenhead again”; “her maidenhead restore”; “part with it.”

- P. 552.—A 'Crafty Miss' cheating the amorous fool who entertained her at a tavern, to suit his own pleasure, was a favourite subject of ballads. It meets us again in "A Lady of Pleasure at *Bart'lemey Fair*," on p. 711; not to forget the tar's unlucky frolic on p. 568. In *Coll. Div. Songs*, p. 501, 'The Country Farmer Bit' tells of a similar adventure, where the pretended 'Merchant's Lady' deceives him, leaving him entangled in his boots, and unable to follow her, after partaking of a splendid supper, for which he has to pay, like the Exciseman at Rochester (p. 553).

"Walking of late near *Bishopsgate Street*,  
Thinking, indeed, no manner of harm,  
A jolly brisk Dame I happen'd to meet,  
Just as I had been selling my farm.  
My heart was glad, for then I had  
Five hundred guineas in shining gold;  
This Lady of Pleasure she got all my treasure:  
*Adzooks! she left me the dog to hold.*" [seven stanzas.

- P. 555.—References were made to certain Pepysian ballads on wealthy graziers. Another one is in the second volume of Samuel Pepys's *Penny Merriments*, unprinted. It is entitled 'A Country Garland for the Broken Grasier,' beginning, "This damsel went both neat and brave." Sung to the tune of *The Oxfordshire Damosel*, 1684 (see vol. vii, p. 134, "There was as fine a London blade as ever trod on leather"). It is the same tune as *The Job for a Journeyman Shoemaker*.

- P. 557.—No doubt exists that the woman's name was *Charlotte*, and meant to rhyme with the word harlot; instead of repeating that word as a false rhyme. As Palmerston said, 'Why cannot you let it alone?'

- P. 558.—'Cheat upon Cheat; or, The Debauched Hypocrite'; Second Part on p. 560. In Roxb. the stanza beginning "*Susan* strangely" is misplaced, preceding "Disguised went she": reads "bed" and "cat without a tail"; like those of the dempster Maux-men, with whom the race of Caine weary us. Are Mona's three-legged arms substituted for her deficiencies in heart, head, and caudal colophon? Does she not take brandy with her Sodor and Man?

Joseph Martin's 'Huntsman's Delight' (vol vii, p. 557) is mutilated in Roxb. exemplar: a few words lost; a few others, of no value, are cancelled. "I am serv'd as my father serv'd my mother"; "big with fawn"; delete comma after "lay." vii, 558: "the heel"; "kiss and feel"; "did"; "gentle." (*This Additional Note should have been on p. 783, ante.*)

- P. 568.—Here also a few words are changed. It is a corpse, not a loaf of bread, that the drunken sailor finds on the pillow when he wakes, instead of "the arms of the Punk."

- P. 569.—Read, 'the Rev. Andrew Clark,' not *Clarke*. See later note on p. 848. He has been the most generous of benefactors, as frequent extracts from the Shürburn and Aubrey MSS. have shown in our final volumes. Compare pp. 568, 609, 663, 668, 688, 791, 845 to 848, 851, 857.

- P. 587, final par.—LORD BATEMAN. Erroneously reported to the Editor as "an early Black-letter *Second Part of Lord Bateman*," a ballad long sought, but never found. It had not formed part of William Thackeray's ballads kept in stock, 1685-89, No. 40 of List (see *Banford Ballads*, p. lxii), for the entry "*Bateman*" evidently refers to the ballad on Jerman's wife and '*Young Bateman*' of date June 8, 1603. There is no early registration of 'Lord Bateman.' But it was certainly circulated long before 1806: the modern corrupt versions tell the adventures of Gilbert Becket, father of Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the reign of Henry II. One is 'The Loving Ballad of Lord *Bateman* and the Fair Sophia.' (*cf.* *Introd.*, ix.)

- "Lord *Bateman* was a noble Lord, a noble Lord of high degree ;  
 He shipp'd himself on board a Ship, some foreign countries for to see.  
 "He sailed East, and he sailed West, until he came to proud *Turkie*,  
 Where he was taken, and put to prison, until of life he was wearie.  
 "And in this prison there grew a tree, it grew so stout, and grew so strong ;  
 Where he was chained by the middle, until his life was almost gone.  
 "This *Turk* he had an only daughter, the fairest Maid that eyes did see,  
 She stole the keys of her father's prison, and swore to set Lord *Bateman* free.  
 "I have got houses, I have got lands, half *Northumberland* belongs to me ;  
 I'll give it all to the fair young Lady that out of prison would set me free.'  
 "Now in seven years, I make a vow, seven years I will keep it than ; [= then.  
 If you will wed no other woman, I will wed no other man.'  
 "She took him to her father's harbour, and gave to him a ship of fame :  
 'Farewell, farewell, Lord *Bateman*, in seven long years to meet again.'

Although indisputably modernized, the story is less distorted in the English stall-copies than it is in the absurdly elongated Scottish 'traditional' versions cited by Jamieson, Motherwell, Kinloch, and Peter Buchan. They prove that the modern claims advanced for G. C., C. D., and W. M. T. are untenable. Beyond a few verbal modifications to enhance the ludicrous effect, none of the three could possibly have been the author of it, singly or collectively. The ballad was extant before they were born. In 1805 stall-copies hung on "an old wall in Piccadilly." Earlier than 1783 (1760) '*Young Bicham*' was known in the North.

The common version of '*Lord Bateman* and the Fair *Sophia*' (or *Saphira*, vulgarized in Scotland into '*Susie Pye*'!) was burlesqued in 1839: illustrated by George Cruikshank, also by Thackeray. The original antique is lost. The Scotch versions begin thus: "Lord *Bichan* he was a noble lord"; "In *London* was Lord *Bichan* born"; "Young *Bekie* was as brave a knight." The "proud Porter" and the angry Bride's mother are in Robert Jamieson's version, his *Popular Ballads and Songs*, ii, 117, 1806; also J. H. Dixon's *Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads*, in Percy Society's vol. xvii, 1845, for '*Young Bondwell*'; and also his *Songs of the Peasantry*, pp. 85, 95, 1846.

The disappointing Lancashire fragment, like the entry of 'Bateman' in Thackeray's Ballad-List of 1835, proves to be merely 'A Warning for Maidens; or, Young *Bateman*,' of June, 1603 (= Trowbesh Coll., '*Bateman's Tragedy*'), beginning, "You dainty Dames so finely framed," Roxb. Coll., I, 501; III, 766. The newly recovered exemplar (Manch. f. ref. Lib., 34 vo.) bears the colophon '*London*, Printed for W. G[ilbertson], dwelling in *Gilt-spur-street*.' It furnishes corrections of the text reprinted by Mr. William Chappell (*Roxb. Ballads*, iii, pp. 195 to 197). 'The Second Part, to the same tune, of *The Ladie's Fall*' (vi, 764, "Mark well," etc.), begins with stanza 9, "But mark how *Bateman* died for Love." Read, properly, "... Cord, God wot"; and "Bride's own door. Whereat such sorrow . . . gastly Ghost." Stanza 11.—The old expression "a nights" is used; "betweene . . . In Love thereby." Stanza 12.—"But she then being big with child." Stanza 13.—"and further sorrows . . . And of her friends she did intreat, desiring them to stay; 'Out of my bed,' quoth she, 'this night I shall be borne away.'" St. 14.—"gastly takes." St. 15.—"this night, I pray, and see . . . you . . . you . . . doe the best." St. 16, 17.—"fast asleepe, to them unknowne which way The; You maidens . . . doe . . . as of a wilful vow doe."

P. 588.—John White's Newcastle reprints were before 1769. Rectification of his text has been made on p. 795, by collation with a Stockport exemplar, reprinted from an earlier text. These 'Religious Ballads' are in sequence to the 'Christmas Carols' of vol. vii; the whole being dedicated to John Collins Francis, Esq., author of the '*Life of John Francis, and History of the Athenæum*,' 1888: a memoir of his own father, revered and beloved.

P. 595.—An example of pious uses to which the tunes of amatory ballads were turned is shown on p. 841, and the unique MS. of 'The Sinner, despising the World and all Earthly Vanities, repositeth his whole confidence in his beloved Sauior Jesus Christ.' Sung to the tune of *Dainty, come thow to mee* (the same tune as *Phillida flouts me*—"O, what a pain is Love!" vol. vi, p. 461). See *Preface* to vol. vii, p. xx: "IESU, my loveinge spouse, eternall verytye."

Similarly a religious 'New ballad intituled A Myrrour or Looking-glasse for all Sinners,' was appointed to be sung to the profane tune of *Queene Dido* (= "When Troy-town, for ten years' wars," vi, 548).

"O Mortall man, bedrencht in synne,  
Rouse vp thy selfe, 't is tyme to rise.

Delight no more in sluggish sleepe,  
The crowing Cocke the day describes.

*Remember, then, thine owne estate;*

*Repent in time, come not too late."*

[22 stanzas.

'A Warninge to Worldlings to learne them to dye' (a ballad transferred so early as 14 Dec., 1624), of which five exemplars remain, was sung to the tune of *The Lady's Fall* (vi, 764: 11 June, 1603; "Mark well," etc.): 17 stanzas.

"G Ood people all, repent with speede, high time it is to praye,  
Tempt not the just and righteous God with vaine and longe delaye;  
And while it is to-day, indeede, for mercy call and crye:  
O would that man would beare in minde that one day he must dye!"

'A Right excellent and godly new Ballad shewing the uncertaintye of this present lyfe,' etc., is to the tune of *Wignore's Galliard*. Its own burden became a later name of the same tune, *The glasse doth run*.

"A Ll carefull Christians, marke my songe,  
Consider Death must ende our dayes:

This earthly lyfe it is not long,

And Christ shall come to judge our wayes.

*The Glass doth run, the Clock doth go:*

*"Awake from synne! why sleepe ye so?"*

Soon afterwards must have appeared this unique MS. ballad, 'Ane Lover's Lamentable Complaint; who, being forsaken, wisheth all others to take heede of women.' To the tune of, *The glasse doth run*. (Shirburn MS., fol. 132.)

"C Ome, come, come, come! what shall I say  
To drive away this dolefull day?

For all is vaine for to complaine

To this my dear that doth disdain.

Therefore I will her quite foregoe,

For she hath wrought my grief and woe.

*And thus I sing, my heart is sore,*

*Therefore I'll never wooe her more."*

[12 stanzas.

They loved in those days with ballads to "make your flesh creep." Thus, to the tune of *The Lady's Fall*, was sung 'Miraculous Newes from the citie of *Holddt*, in *Germany*, where there were three dead bodies scene to rise out of their graves, upon the twentieth day of September last, 1616; with other strange things that hapened.' No doubt the woodcut of three skeletons was the same that appeared in the vol. (Brit. Mus., p.m. 1103, d. 53; a cut reproduced in Mason Jackson's excellent work *The Pictorial Press*, p. 28). Sixteen stanzas.

"T He dreadfull day of doome drawes neare; O mortal man, repent:  
For all the world is full of sinne, and unto mischief bent.  
His sword is drawne to strike us dead, as here it is declared;  
Then let us call unto the Lord, with cryes that may be heard."



Extracts from the Second Part are given in our Introduction, near p. xxvii.

For 'The Pettyfull Lamentation of a Damned Soule' see *Preface* to vol. vii, p. xix. Another ballad is extant in print on 'The Soul and the Body.' People held such distorted views of the Christian religion that their creed resembled that of Sandwich Islanders: it was no better than devil-worship, founded on terror.

P. 600.—*Come hither, my own sweet Duck.* This tune, being frequently mentioned, deserves to have the first stanza quoted from the spirited song in *Merry Drollery*, 1661, p. 106, to which it belongs. Its true date is at least ten years earlier, for it marks the lawless time of the Civil Wars, when many a 'broken man' desperately took the road, and lived adventurously by levying contributions, as did Oliver's own Roundheads: "The good old plan, that they should take who have the power, and they should keep—who can." They were amatory, to their own loss, for their leman was a Delilah who betrayed them to enemies and a short shrift. They forbore from injuring the poor, thence they often found shelter and connivance in repayment for generous help in time of need. Could they but have kept aloof from wenches!

"Come hither, my own sweet Duck! and sit upon my knee,  
That thou and I may truck for thy commodity.  
If thou wilt be my honey, then I will be thine own;  
Thou shalt not want for money, if thou wilt make it known.  
*With hey ho, my honey! my heart shall never rue,  
For I have been spending money, and amongst the Jovial Crew."*

Fifteen stanzas follow. It was not in the 1670 edition or its reissue with fresh title-page in 1691, but is reprinted in the *Choyce Drollery*, vol. iii, p. 247, of our *Drolleries of the Restoration*.

Another ballad was entitled 'The Female Highway Hector' (given on p. ix\* of the *Second Preface* to vol. vii, Part XXI), a horsewoman and robber, not a common footpad. In 1673 Richard Head's '*English Rogue*' long anticipated Gay's Captain Macheath, Ainsworth's Dick Turpin, who boldly carried on the traditions of the Picaresque School. Macheath and his comrades were 'High-Toby' men, formerly called 'Hectors.'

A black-letter broadside of the same date is entitled 'The Highway-Hector; or, A very quaint Poem in which much is said concerning the manner and tricks of the Trade.'

To the Tune of, *From Hunger and Cold*, [iv, 604], or, *Puckington's Pound* [p. 272].

"I Am a brave Padder, you ne'er knew a madder  
From *Paddington* Pear-tree turn'd over the Ladder. [= Tyburn gallows.  
I speak French and Latine, I wear plush and satten,  
And in my profession I grow fat, and batten.  
I go like a Gallant in Buff-coat and feather;  
With saddle and holsters of *Cordovan* leather:  
I keep a Grey Mare, and with raw beef I nurse her,  
To fit her for 'Stand, and deliver your purse, Sir!'"

"I keep a good jade, and I feed a fine whore;  
I deal in no trade, yet I never was poor;  
I travel thro' corn and whole acres of fruit,  
And yet I was born unto never a foot:  
The Partrick that's neat, and the Pheasant that's fine,  
Doth serve for my meat, and at midnight I dine.  
It is very seldome my feeding is worser:  
All this comes by 'Stand, and deliver your Purse, Sir!'"  
[Four stanzas in First part: in Second, six more.]

Printed for W. Gilbertson, without Newgate. [Two woodcuts: the old Cavalier, iii, pp. 645, 646; and the horseman, vol. vii, p. 635. Date, circa 1655.]

An earlier and unique ballad on another 'Swaggering Man,' of date *circa* 1606-1616, is 'The Lamentation of *Henry Adlington*, a Fencer, one of the Cutting-Crewe in *London*; who for murther was executed without *Aldgate*, and yet hangeth in chaines.' (Clark MS., Shirburn, fol. 148, *verso*.) To the tune of, *Shore's Wife's Lamentation* (i.e. "If *Rosamond* that was so fair," etc., dated 1603<sup>2</sup>: see vol. i, p. 483): the same tune as *Come, live with me and be my love*!

"O H! gracious God, look downe the wicked deedes that I have done,  
And graunt me pardon for this erime, which cuts me offe before my tyme.  
*Come to me, Iesus, come to mee,  
For thou alone can'st set me free."*

Twelve stanzas. The colophon is: "Harry Adlington, made with his owne hand in the *Marshalsea*, after his condemnation. *Finis.*"

P. 601.—R. C.'s Song (from 'Cupid's Soliciter of Love': see p. 781) is here.

## The Gentleman's Song in disdain of his Mistris.

THE TUNE IS, *Come, my sweet and bonny one.*

S Hall I despair, or dye with care, for her that will not love?  
Hang him that will, I 'le use my skill, some other I 'le go prove.  
And if I can find one that will to me prove kind,  
That her alway I shall obey, and that she soon will find.

Methink I hear some people swear, the Female Sex will change;  
Then why should I despairing dye, for such as love to range?  
I 'le seek to find content in mind and *never more* take care;  
I 'le not complain: 't is all in vain, Women are fond, though fair.

Richard Climasall.

There need be no doubt that, as Mr. William Chappell suggested, Richard Climasall, or Crimsal, wrote the original 'new Ballad of the Souldier and Peggy,' beginning, "It was a brave Souldier that long lived in warres" (reprinted in vol. ii, p. 476), better known as *Peggy has gone over sea with a souldier*, from a line in the ninth stanza, and so quoted in Crimsal's undoubted ballad 'Constant, fair, and fine *Betty*,' which begins, "Now of my sweet, *Bessie*," to the tune of *Peggy went over sea with a souldier*. Compare vol. i, 207; and vol. vii, pp. 99, 507, for "Heard you not of a valiant Trooper?" and p. 750, *ante*.

Few are the men now surviving who loved old songs like William Chappell and the Editor's friend the late Tom Crampton of Sheerness, or his own father's much earlier friend 'Charles Sloman, the English Improvisator,' who died in some London union, but whose genial manners delighted all hearers before the 'Thirties and 'Forties. His memory was stored with old tunes and scraps; private notes of these are in our possession, a gift-book. One stanza recalled 'Mally Stuart' (p. 784); another was named 'Soldier, will you marry me?'

"O now so long you've courted me, Soldier, will you marry me?"

"Oh no! oh no, that cannot be, for I have a wife in my own country."

"O let me in!" the Soldier cried, "it's a cold hail, and a rainy night;  
O let me in!" the Soldier cried, "and I'll never go back no more."

P. 602.—The harsh treatment of Sam. Johnson in 1686 by the vacillating Bishops was partly atoned in Feb. 1690. Nat. Crewe, the Bishop of Durham, who had been active in degrading him, remorsefully sent to him a gift of £200, an allowance of £100 per ann., for three years, and the promise of a benefice. Sam. J. is alluded to in a ballad, beginning, "When the twenty brave Pleaders call'd out of the throng," to the tune of *Packington's Pound*.

“ ‘What tho’ we all once did *Resistance* renounce,  
 And for not being passive poor *Johnson* did trounce?  
 Sure we never took up our opinions *for life*,  
*For better, for worse*, as a man takes his wife!  
 What opinion is upmost, ’t is safe to be of it:  
 A fig for *Lawn-Slaves* that won’t turn for their profit!’  
 Thus incens’d at the *Doctor*, these Right Rev’rend teachers [Sachev.  
 Vow’d they ’d make him a Warning to all *High-Church* Preachers.”  
 —*Salisbury Steeple Reversed; or, The Turnspit Bishops.*

- P. 609.—We know no work so thoroughly and exhaustively edited as the four octavo volumes entitled ‘*The Life and Times of Anthony à Wood*,’ by the Rev. Andrew Clark, M.A., issued by the Oxford Historical Society. His ‘*Ant. à Wood’s History of Oxford*’ is also trustworthy. Our tributary dedication is alike a grateful acknowledgment of manifold benefits received and of his sympathy in pursuits generously manifested. Cf. Note, p. 843. Our regret is, the special Group inscribed to him was not more important.
- P. 610.—The tune to which ‘The Deaf Miller’ was sung is the same that was known later as ‘*Giles Scroggins courted Molly Brown*’ (words thereof are in Neil’s *Pocket Melodist*, i, 9, 1804; *Songster’s Museum*, Gosport, p. 69, 1807; and, with a picture by G. Cruikshank, *The Universal Songster*, i, 81, 1824).
- P. 617.—*Tom D’Urfey and Jeremy Collier*. Tom D’Urfey never felt ashamed of his threefold drama, ‘*Don Quixote*,’ or of the controversy with Jeremy Collier which followed its production. In vol. ii of *Wit and Mirth*, 1719, Tom reprinted part of his rejoinder. He gave it as “A Song, sung in my Play of the *Campaigners* [1698], extremely divertive, just after Mr. [Jerry] C[ollier]’s vile Satyr upon Poets and the Stage. Set to a tune of Mr. Henry Purcell’s” (who had died in 1695). With music.

“NEW Reformation begins thro’ the Nation,  
 And our grumbling Sages, that hope for good wages,  
 Direct us the way;  
 Sons of the Muses, then cloak your abuses;  
 And least you should trample on pious example,  
 Observe and obey.  
 Time-frenzy Curers, and stubborn *Nonjurors*, [See p. 617.  
 For want of diversion now scourge the lewd times;  
 They’ve hinted, they’ve printed, our vein it profane is,  
 And worst of all crimes:  
 Dull clod-pated railers, Smiths, Coblers, and *Colliers*,  
 Have damn’d all our rhymes.

“Under the notion of zeal for Devotion  
 The humour has fir’d ’em, or rather inspir’d ’em,  
 To Tutor the Age:  
 But if in season you’d know the true reason,  
 The hope of Preferment is what makes the Vermin  
 Now rail at the *Stage*.  
 Cuckolds and Canters, with scruples and banters,  
 The old ’Forty-One peal against Poetry ring;  
 But let State-Revolvers and Treason-Absolvers  
 Excuse me if I sing,  
 The Rebel that chuses to cry down the Muses  
 Would cry down the King.”

—*The Campaigners* (Tom D’Urfey).

Neither John Oldmixon nor *Slawkenburgius* advanced proof that Jeremy Collier had written the anonymous 'Lusty Miller's Recreation,' our Roxb. broadside. Collier had no sense of humour, and it was evidently above his capacity, or that of the 'Seven Bishops,' or any other 'Seven Wise Men.' Yet stranger things than this have happened in our pious land: for example, the cleric Robert Herrick, writing the '*Hesperides*,' in 1640; Bishop Hall, and Dr. John Donne, the elder, Dean of St. Paul's, dealing in libellous satire. This theory would explain the onslaught made by Collier on D'Urfey, for having introduced an imitation of the broadside 'Lusty Miller,' as 'The Jolly Miller,' in the 1696 'Don Quixote.' Perhaps, the theory itself is doubtful.

When Jeremy Collier's spiteful '*Short View*' appeared, in 1697, it was not so much the immorality of the dramatists that had galled him, but their popularity. Therein lay the sting. His sanctimonious pamphlets followed. D'Urfey might have replied more effectively than by suggesting any greediness for ecclesiastical preferment; since 'Jerry' Collier was one of those discontented men who would be always in opposition, with intrusive fanaticism.

Dryden collapsed at once, apologetically contrite. Congreve made a tame defence. Wycherley laughed, and felt indifferent. Honest Tom D'Urfey mirthfully held on his way, unfailing in courage and resources. In his comedy, 'The Fool turn'd Critick,' Act iv, 1678, he makes Tim admit, "It is a lewd age, and must be abused, or know no Reformation." The Trowbesh manuscript (as also that of "Taffy was a Welshman") puts the matter into a nutshell.

### Tom D'Urfey and Jerry Collier.

*Defying Traducers in prose or in verse,  
Honest Tom, tho' bemired, is no penny the worse.  
Jerry Collier may rail in each scurrilous page,  
Taking 'Short Views' or long views to slander the Stage;  
But Wycherley's Peggy shall still prattle on,  
And Congreve be welcome, as 'glorious John': [ = Dryden.  
Until non-juring Jeremy ceases to trouble,  
And his canting morality burst like a bubble.  
He was mightily pleased to hunt after 'profanity':  
Half his virtue is spite; t' other half was Insanity!*

To address Collier mockingly as 'Jerry' was not uncommon. Thus, 'The Benefits of a Theatre,' circa 1705, begins, "Prithee, *Jerry*, be quiet, cease railing in vain, Nor banter the Stage with invectives again," etc. Again, "Prithee, *Jerry*, enquire the truth of the matter."—*State Poems*, iv, 49, 1707.

D'Urfey's final crack of the whip against Collier was the accusation that he was both a State Revolutionist and an absolver of high treason. This was in allusion to an event of April 3, 1691, when the grim non-juror publicly administered priestly absolution to Sir John Friend and William Parkyns on the scaffold, without any previous confession. Yet this was Collier's one courageous and justifiable action. The time-serving Primate, Tillotson, with twelve 'conforming' bishops—an ominous 'devil's dozen,' being thirteen in number—'declared' against him; so that he had to hide himself, and to bear a sentence of outlawry. He was always contradictory and wrong-headed. Nevertheless, he died in his bed, so late as April, 1726. His influence had been less than his activity and malevolence. His unhappy disposition carried its own punishment.

The genial Professor John Stuart Blackie told, in his *Song of Metrodorus*—

“ If a man about and about will go,  
To cure all matters, high or low,  
He'll find no rest full surely :  
In his chair of ease a thorn will grow,  
Thick seeds of sorrow shall he sow,  
And make his dearest friend his foe,  
And go to his grave prematurely.”

Worst fate of all : Jeremy Collier was doomed to sustain a paltry panegyric from a wily Hunter, who misused trap and gin (a hundred and sixty years later), one “ whose word no man relies on ” ; yet presumed to designate Jeremy's antagonist “ the wretched D'Urfey ! ” Of the three men we know which was the most ‘ wretched ’ ; certainly not the warm-hearted Tom. Another spiteful coney-catching Warrener calumniated the generous John Payne Collier four years after his death. He in his lifetime held the even tenour of his way, while envious bandogs howled. Such libellers were by Tennyson denounced :

“ All the windy ways of men  
Are but dust that rises up, and is lightly laid again.”

Their spite avails not long. “ Let them rave ! Thou art quiet in thy grave.”

P. 618, etc.—A few words are changed, but the sticklers for textual exactitude shall have the dust and cinders here : they lost nothing of value. The original broadside reads ‘ her belly ’ (*bis*) ; ‘ body ’ ; (p. 619) ‘ younger ’ ; ‘ stones ’ ; ‘ in her ’ ; ‘ two-legged spell.’ In p. 620, a line is deficient from 9th stanza, but bracketed conjecturally. (“ Stones,” “ bellies,” “ lies,” follow.)

In D'Urfey's *Don Quixote* three stanzas appear ; not this fourth stanza, which is in his *Pills* (1700, 1719)—somewhat coarse humour for ‘ Mary the Buxom.’

“ And when they were big they did stare at each other,  
And crying : ‘ Oh, Sisters, what shall we now do ?  
For all our young Bantlings we have but one Father,  
And they in one month will all come to Town too.  
O, why did we run in such haste to the Mill,  
To Robin, who always the Toll-Dish would fill ?  
He bumpt up our b[od]ies,’ they halloed and whoop'd :  
And all the day long,  
This, this was their Song,  
‘ Hoy ! were ever three Sisters so lericompoop'd ? ’ ”

P. 622.—The woodcut of the two lovers kissing is now on p. 705.

P. 624, line 19, text reads ‘ couple ’ ; line 26, ‘ stinking ’ ; l. 28, ‘ goe to his pocky w.o.e.’ L. 35, ‘ locks ’ ; l. 36, ‘ faire above, below may have the p.x.’ Editors are justified who topsy-turvitate such Rabelaisian words, from defiling the text, or remove them to the ‘ kailyard midden ’ of footnote *Addenda*. But the Dunciad Pilgrims to Fleet-Ditch and Holywell Street chose more highly-flavoured Augean stables. Their Lydian Pactolus was the Cloaca maxima.

P. 632, bottom line.—The full title is ‘ A Cuckold by Consent ; or, The Frolick Miller that enticed a Maid, As he did think, to lodge in his lawless bed ; But she deceived him of his intent, And in her room his Wife to bed she sent.’ The Tune is, *The Beds making*. The story resembles the *Bagford Ballad* of the ‘ Unfortunate Miller,’ etc., and has this burden : ‘ But he was deceived in the dark, And took his own for another's mark.’ Printed for Wright, Clarke, Thackeray, and Passenger. (Pepys, iv, 124 ; Rawlinson, 172.) It begins, “ Friends, will it please you to hear me tell ? ” Twenty-nine stanzas. Rawlinson's is a different edition, printed for Coles, Vere, and Wright, c. 1679.



- P. 639.—'Sweet Susan of Ashford' has never been reprinted, but a manuscript version circa 1609, or little later, is extant, entitled 'An excellent new ballad of a young man in the prayse of his beloued.' No tune named.

" I N this towne fayre Susan dwelleth,  
 I love her and she loves me;  
 Hellen's beauty she excelleth,  
 White her forehead, browne her eye.  
 Her ivory hands more softe than silke,  
 And her fingers longe and slender,  
 There's neuer a lady in this lande,  
 Is by nature halfe so tender." [Eight stanzas.]

- P. 639.—In the Rev. Samuel Pegge's 'Kentish Proverbs' (edit. 1878), the first three lines alone of our 'Queer Neighbourhood' are given, and incorrectly. In 1735 Pegge was Vicar of Wye, which has prospered subsequently more in races than in parsons. The English Dialect Society misprinted in 1878 the character of Ashford, as 'Naughty.' Pegge must have written 'haughty,' since it is still accounted 'proud'; but without particular justification for being so. Pegge called Kennington 'poor': in modern days it bears the same slur as 'Lousy Lauder' in N.B., where it was reported that a chest of drawers had been seen moving automatically on the high-road (by sesquipedalian aid) "as fast as it could hotch." This was a pediculian motor-car!

- P. 645.—'Female Ramblers.' A few words modified in text: *ex grat.*, "breed; purged; posteriors; smock to her ["fit," and "p." interpolated]; head."  
 P. 647.—Second stanza, text reads, "above the knee." Page 648 reads, "sieve here with your water-mill"; "sieve"; "engine play'd."  
 P. 650.—To the tune of, *The Guinea wins her*, was sung 'The London Libertine; or, The Lusty Gallant's new ingenious Way of Wooing.'

" I Am as bold a Hector as any in the Nation,  
 Inflam'd with smiling Nectar, then, then to admiration,  
 I court the Ladies fair and gay, 't is all in vain to say me nay;  
 I first ador'd their charms, then clasp them in my arms,  
 And tho' perchance they cry, "Be civil, Sir, O fie!"  
 Yet still they panting lye:  
*For they, for they, do love a little wanton play.*

" There is not one in twenty has power to deny me;  
 I give them kisses plenty, then straight they sit down by me.  
 Let her be Widow, Maid, or Wife, for a time I love her dear as life;  
 If she be young and fair, there's no degree I spare:  
 From Ladies of renown, in City, Court, or Town,  
 To Nancy's russet gown,  
*I go, go! This seven year it has been so.*" Etc.

London: Printed for J. Science, in the Great-Old-Bail[e]y.

- P. 651.—Text reads "water" in title, and "scatter my water." In p 652, "pure cole-black" is in text. "Foul wrong" and "song" are interpolated.  
 P. 655.—In the Pepysian *Penny Merriments*, vol. i, is 'The Lovers' Quarrel; or Cupid's Triumph,' beginning, "Of all the Lords in Scotland fair." Also in Ritson's 'Popular Poetry.' Tune of *Flora's Farewell* (see vol. vi, p. 105).  
 P. 655.—Before returning to 'The Norfolk Lass,' let a word be said for a sensible Lincolnshire 'Handsome Woman,' not hitherto in print, who lived in view of 'Boston Stump.' Her history has come down to us in dialogue, among the rustics. It was taken orally by Colonel F. G. Baylay, R.A., and communicated to the Editor by his friend Robert Roberts, of Boston. (In the second stanza the text is corrupt: we cannot accept "if one favour that you crave," without rhyme or reason; we insert a substitute in brackets.)

The wooer comes to the point, but at first fails to tempt her. "What care I for rings or jewels? What care I for your house or land? What care I for your gold or silver? All I want is an 'andsom' man: *An 'andsom' man,*" etc. Presumably he is not one, for handsome men think too much of their own looks to value feminine beauty supremely. This man can argue and convince, although he be neither young nor handsome.

### The Handsom' Woman.

"Yonder stan's a hansum woman, who she is I dunnot knaw,  
But I'll go court hur fur hur beauty, whether she answers me aye or no.  
*Aye or no : aye or no : whether she answers me Aye or No."*

[SHE.]

"Come sit you down, you're kindly welcome, [tho' I nev'r see you afore];  
Come sit you down, you're kindly welcome, if that I nev'r shou'd see you no more.  
*See you no more, see you no more ; if that I never should see you no more."*

[HE.]

"Madam, I've got rings and jewels; Madam, I've got house and land;  
Madam, I've got gold and silver: all shall be at your command.  
*At your command, at your command, all shall be at your command."*

[SHE.]

"What care I for rings or jewels? What care I for your house or land?  
What care I for your gold or silver? All I want is an 'andsom' man.  
*An 'andsom' man, an 'andsom' man, all I want is an 'andsom' man."*

[HE.]

"A handsome man will not maintain you, neither will his money flow;  
I'm the man that's got the money, money as makes the mare to go.  
*The mare to go, the mare to go ; money as makes the mare to go."*

[SHE.]

"Wunst I laid my head up' a young man's pillow, and I thought it had been  
my home;  
But now I'm forced for to wear the grey willow, all for the sake of that  
false young man!  
*That false young man ! (bis), all for the sake of that false young man."*

[HE.]

"The ripest apple will soon grow rotten, the heart of a young man will soon  
grow cold;  
The thoughts of a young man will soon be forgotten; so pray, young woman,  
oh! don't be bold.  
*Don't be bold ; don't be bold ; so pray, young woman, oh ! don't be bold."*

[WOMAN has the last word, as usual:]

"He took a pail, and I took a pail, and a-milking he went wi' me;  
I said nout, and he said nout; but, ma faith! I think he'll ha' me."

This is the finale. Robert Roberts, of Boston, is a safe authority to follow on old books and Lincolnshire customs: he writes, "To take her pail and go with a girl to milking, is considered almost equal to a proposal of marriage." This throws light on the popular song "'Where are you going to, my pretty maid?'" "I'm going a milking, sir," she said. "May I go with you, my pretty maid?" and her comprehensive reply, "'Yes, if you please, kind sir,' she said." When he adds, "Then I cannot marry you!" she knows it breaks the implied contract.

Another recovered Lincolnshire ditty, from the same hands, ends in marriage: perhaps a traditional variant of the legend on the Lord of “Burleigh-House by Stamford-town,” in the same county: whereof Tennyson was a native-born.

### The Little Gipsy Girl.

MY father is king o’ the Gipsies, ’t is true.

My mother is learning me a Camping for to go,

Wi’ my pack up’ my back; and they all do wish me well:

I’ll be setting up to *London* Town some fortunes for to tell.

As I was walking down i’ *London*’s fair street,

An ’andsome young ’Squire I chanced for to meet;

He view’d my brown cheeks, and he liked them so well

That said he, “My pretty Gipsy Girl, can you my fortune tell?”

“Oh yeess!” I replied, “gie us howd on your hand;

Oh, you have got houses, jewels, and land:

And all other pretty Lasses yar mun lay aside,

For it is this little gipsy girl as is to be your Bride.”

He led me through woods and valleys deep, I’m sure,

And I had got servants to open me the door;

And up’ a rich bed of dawn he pleased me so well [down.

That nine months arter that his fortune I could tell.



Pp. 655 and 656.—‘The Norfolk Lass.’ The words “if you are” were interpolated. Text reads “The women she did name.” Penultimate stanza reads of the Weston lads, “they’ll blow Maids with child.” The localities named are ‘Maxell and Weston’ *alias* Wessen. Maxell *vel* Matsell seems to be Mattishall, a large village near the centre of Norfolk, five miles east of E. Dereham, and the same distance from Weston-Longueville. Either this Weston, or one midway betwixt Holbeach and Yorkshire Spalding, near the Wash, in the extreme north-west, called *Weston-cum-Blakeney*, is meant.

Norfolk shares with Kent the unenviable distinction of all its lasses in balladlore being tainted with wantonness; the good ones having gone off with the Pilgrim Fathers in the *Mayflower*, first trip they made. The others made many trips. ‘The Fair Maid of Islington’ (*Bagford Bds.*, p. 410) may have belonged to Norfolk, but not ‘The Bailiff’s Daughter,’ whom we maintain to be of Middlesex, her proper home (see vol. vi, pp. 241–2). The celebrated ‘Young Lass of *Lym*’ never hesitated like Doña Julia of Seville, when “a little while she strove and much repented,” probably of having denied before she “consented.” She with frank admission said, “Ay, marry, and thank you too!” (see p. 672, and *Note* in vol. vii, p. 112). Not ‘*Norfolk Thomas*’ (ii, 170), but ‘The *Norfolk* Gentleman’s Testament,’ redeems the county: Entered to Thomas Millington in Stationers’ Comp. Registers, 15 October, 1595, it is the well-known ‘Children in the Wood,’ beginning, “Now ponder well, you parents dear” (fully reprinted in vol. ii, p. 214).

Wayland Wood is believed to be the scene of the tragedy; and Griston Hall, whence the emblematic wood-carvings were removed and burned, bears an inscription on the tower-wall: “God save the Queen. Thomas May, 1597.” It is not impossible that *May*, who adorned his mansion with emblematic carvings of the ‘Babes in the Wood,’ had written the ballad which had been registered by the Stationers’ Comp. two years earlier, 1595. A claim has been advanced, that the author of this local ballad lies buried at Walton in Norfolk. His memory was honoured by memorial verses written by Edward Jerningham (1727–1812), of the Cossey family (our authority for this is Mr. James Hooper, of Norwich. A decayed parish near at hand is called Markshall, sometimes Mattishall Heath.)

Verses 'On the Author of the Ballad called the Children in the Wood' begin:

"Let others praise the martial song, which rushes as a flood,  
And round the harp attentive throng, that honours deeds of blood;

"Let me that humble Bard revere, tho' artless be his theme,  
Who snatch'd the tale to Pity dear from dark oblivion's stream."

He tells of the hamlet's straw-roofed fane, "where *Walton's* limpid streamlet flows, in *Norfolk's* rich domain"; of the neglected marble under a thorn, and in the shade of the holy yew-tree, which tradition assigns as the last resting-place.

"Fame, too, reports that when the bier receiv'd the Poet's frame,  
The neighb'ring hamlets hasten'd here, and all the children came.

"Attir'd in white, an infant band advanc'd in long array;  
With rosemary leaves each little hand o'erspread the mournful way:

"Encircling now the Poet's tomb, thrice on his name they call,  
And thrice, into the hallow'd gloom, sweet showers of violets fall."

—*Poems by Mr. Jerningham, 1786, pp. 51, 54.*

He ought to have known these lines by John Gay, telling of a rustic minstrel:

"Then sad he sang *the Children in the Wood*:  
Ah! barbarous Uncle, stain'd with infant blood!

How blackberries they pluck'd in desarts wild,  
And fearless at the glitt'ring faulehion smil'd;

Their little corps the Robin-redbreast found, [sic.  
And strow'd with pious bill the leaves around.

Ah! gentle birds! if this verse lasts so long,  
Your names shall live for ever in my song."

—*JOHN GAY's Shepherd's Week: Sixth Pastoral.*

This Pastoral of 1714 is earlier than Jerningham's poem, and worthy of having been dedicated to Bolingbroke (which cost Gay the favour of George I).

'The Children in the Wood' during three centuries earned protection for Robin Redbreast in remembrance of the legend. Shakespeare may have remembered it.

"The Ruddock would, with charitable bill—

Without a monument—bring thee all this;

Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,

To winter-ground thy corse."—*Cymbeline*, iv, 2.

The old ballad was graced anew by Randolph Caldecott (too early lost, 1886). His coloured designs in his '*Christmas Book*' compensated for the vanished carvings of Griston Hall, Norfolk. Here is a copy of the Pepysian woodcut, on p. 855, probably the same as that of 1595. We "see as in a glass the end of all": the escaped ruffian, who slew his comrade, hangs in chains far away; the uncle's barns are on fire and a shower of topsy-turvy "cattle die in the field," where the babes are already being covered with leaves. But why the pensive pig, who is "an unlikely bird to fly"? *Que diable allait-il dans cette galère*? He prophetically symbolizes Sharon Turner, the sapient commentator who in his *History of England* suggested that "the wicked uncle was intended [in 1595] to represent Richard III, and his nephews, before it was quite safe to stigmatize him openly!" This is saying, "I must dissemble," with a vengeance. Dissemble after a hundred and ten years, and under another dynasty? The defeat and death on Bosworth-field had precluded all danger of plain-speaking for more than a century. Moreover, the ballad tells of one boy and a girl, neither of them beyond three years old; not two nephews. This sort of criticism deserves no serious refutation. The theory is as absurd and untenable as that which makes Norfolk the home of 'The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington.' We yield the other 'Fair Maid.'





THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

(=*'The Norfolk Gentleman his last Will and Testament.'*)

- P. 657.—Dr. Trismegistus did not mention that the case of *Aldibarontiphoscephornio v. Chrononhotonthologos* was decided in 1734 by Henry Carey, Q.C. (quaint composer) of 'Sally in our Alley.' Dr. John Wall Callcott, worth three-dozen Tristrams, set the opening words as a glee—

*Aldibaronti-phoscephornio,*

Where left you *Chrononhotonthologos*?

"Fatigued within his tent, by the toils of war,

On downy couch reposing:

*Rigduunfunnidos* watching near him, while the Prince is dozing."

Chorus: *Aldibaronti-Phoscephornio-Chrononhotonthologos.*

It was written to ridicule the 'grand style' of bombast. It may be held that the registry clerks who 'devil' for Dr. Triste, as Carton devilled for Mr. Stryver, of the King's-Bench bar (*in re* Charles Darney, Dickens' Reports, *Tale of Two Q.C.'s.*, tom. ii, cap. 2), indulged themselves in hoodwinking him. Ecclesiastical law is a bowl of Snapdragon, with real blue fire.



- P. 658.—'The Love-Letters from a Nobleman to his Sister' [-in-law] have been attributed to Mrs. Aphra Behn (women indulge in writing thus). No proof being adduced, the authorship remains doubtful. Compare p. 743.

Aphra Behn, who has been called the foundress of the modern school of English novels, was capable of anything—except of conventional propriety. Some of her songs are exquisite. She was the Sappho of our Isle. Her gaiety and unconventional freedom of speech and action made her the idol of Dryden, and of many others. Daughter of John and Amy Johnson, 'Aysara' was born in July, 1640, at Wye, near Ashford, Kent, and died April 16, 1689; buried in our *Compo Santo*, Westminster Abbey, where a stone marks her grave.



Though bold to audacity in her comedies, not precisely modest in her novels, warm with amorous wit and passionate tenderness in her poems and songs, Aphra Behn was nearly irreproachable in conduct. Hers was the vivacity of a healthy temperament and generous disposition. Her adventurous life at Surinam, her hard struggle, and the loose morality of those with whom she was socially and politically connected, had not saddened her heart or abated her courage. She despised all puritanic hypocrisy, and let the world imagine her to be worse than she was, or than we believe her to have been. She was frank and confiding, sportive and witty, the truest and most generous of friends. She sympathized with men, and delighted in their good-fellowship, keeping aloof from the loose and avaricious vixens of her own sex, whose faults she saw, but never imitated. That she has been misunderstood and disparaged, made an alien and a byword among the Pharisees of modern "unctuous rectitude" (to borrow the happy phrase of our brave Rhodesian), was an inevitable consequence.

(In our *Roxb. Bds.*, vol. vi, p. 7, is reprinted her song of "Love in fantastic triumph sat"; on p. 178, her less poetic but more popular song, "Ah, Jenny! giu your ey'n do kill"; her "Sitting beyond a river's side" is on p. 47; in the same vol. are others on pp. 123, 136. Of "Oh Love! that stronger art than wine," on vi, p. 241, Henry Bayford noted, two years before she died, "these words are by Mr. Ouseley," 1687. More probably she alone had written it, for 'The Lucky Chance.' Seven songs by 'the divine Aphara' are given, including "Love in fantastic triumph sat," from 'Abdelazar,' 1671, in Arthur H. Bullen's delightful *Musa Proterva*, 1889.)

P. 669.—Reference was made to 'The Ladyes' Vindication, being the Women's Answer,' etc., in vol. iii, p. 582. The quaint woodcut on that page appears to be a caricature of one belonging to 'The Parliament of Ladies,' 1640 (copied in Mason Jackson's interesting *Pictorial Press*, p. 85, 1885).

P. 669, line 6 of bottom par.—It was Ross who sang 'Sam Hall' at the Cider-Cellars, Maiden-Lane, in 1849. J. W. Sharp sang the objectionable 'Lock of Hair'; Sam Cowell, a better vocalist, gave 'Mr. Samivel Taylor'; Mackney never sang anything coarse, and was the most prudent of all nigger-melodists. The glee-singing was delightful. They were merry days and nights. Poor little weaklings of *fin de siècle* could not have lived through them. We did.

Of *Tom Farthing*, original text, the omitted stanzas were truly inadmissible in the reprint. Others elsewhere had been a sore strain on patience. It shows how capricious and incompetent were the Licensers of old (like the modern Civic Chamberlain's dramatic pigotry or earlier Donneishness, in the drama) when we see what obscene rubbish escaped the censure, which occasionally 'boggled' at something comparatively harmless. Personal pique and backstairs influence explain the mysteries. The "etc." marks the places where the 4th, 5th, and 6th stanzas come in: now restored, unwillingly:

"*Tom Farthing, Tom Farthing*, thou [a] bungler art, *Tom Farthing!*  
Was ever Woman fumbled so? With always bobbing to and fro,  
Now too high and now too low, 't would make a woman weary, weary.  
If thou had'st but held me to 't, with hip and lip, and leg and foot,  
Besides the other thing to boot, 't would have made me wondrous merry, merry.  
But rivel'd up like chitterlin, thou 'rt [oft from home], and sometimes in,  
And all thou dost 's not worth a pin, which makes me wondrous sorry, sorry,  
*Which makes me wondrous sorry."*

Here follows 'The Second Part' as on p. 670 (the eighth stanza should read "do the feat"). The tenth stanza alone was crowded out. It runs thus:—

"*Tom Farthing, Tom Farthing*, farewell, farewell, *Tom Farthing!*  
Since by thee it can't be done, I'll now go pick of another's bone,  
For meat from thee I can get none, which makes me wondrous weary, weary,  
*Which makes me wondrous weary."*

- P. 671.—The original words of *Stand thy ground, old Harry*; or, ‘*Have at thy coat, old Woman!*’ have escaped us, but ‘*Old Harry*’ was popular before 1609, when a ballad was sung to that tune, by name (Clark MSS., fol. 142). Eight stanzas in each Part. ‘*A Knot*’ ready for the noose.

### A Knotte of Good-fellows.

To the tune of, *Stand thy ground, Old Harry.*

“Come hither, mine Host, come hither! come hither, mine Host, come hither!  
I pray thee, mine Host, give me a pot and a toast,  
And let us all drink together!  
*Give vs more ale, and booke it;* (Repeat.)  
*And yf ye old whore would[n’t] wipe off her score,*  
*For money she must goe looke it.”* Etc.

### The Second Part.

“Here’s to the Old Wench in *Folgate*! *Here’s to the old Wench in Folgate!*  
And tho’ I be loth to nicke and to froth, [*here’s to the old Wench in Folgate,*]  
That built the *Pye at Algate.*  
*Give vs more ale, and booke it.”* Etc.

This, with its frequent repetitions, gives us a fair sample of ‘*Stand your ground, old Harry!*’ Compare Pepys Coll., I, 282, “Come, Hostess, fill the pot, for a penny will never undo me”: to the same tune, printed for Henry Gosson.

- P. 671.—The ‘*Swaggering Man*’ has a foresight of Tyburn-Tree. A more lingering death, and not less ignominious, was the fate of another desperado, who refused to plead, and was pressed to death. Shirburn MS., f. 159, preserves this ‘*New Ballad, shewing the cruell robberies and lewde life of Phillip Collins, alias Osburne, commonly called Phillip of the West, who was prest to death at Neugat[e] in London, the third of December last past, 1597. Tune of, Pagginton’s Pound*’ (p. 272). Fourteen stanzas.

“There was a proud Banker, a theefe to his trade,  
In *Devonshire* he dwelled, as plaine is exprest,  
That in the West-c[o]untry made many afraide,  
And called flaunting *Phillip*, the devill of the West.  
Indifferent tall, High-minded withall,  
His strength with stout courage did worke his great fall.  
He lothed to labour, and all his delight  
Was for to pick quarrels, to brawle, and to fight.” [14 stan.]

Similarly, Walter Calverley suffered by being pressed to death under heavy weights, while stretched naked on the stone floor, 5 August, 1605, after he refused to plead to his indictment, charging him with having stabbed his wife in a frenzy, and murdered two of their children. To save his estate from forfeiture on his conviction, he “stood mute,” and prepared to endure the barbarous torture. He desired to atone thus to his family, by saving them from poverty. The drama founded on this double murder, and its retribution, was called ‘*A Yorkshire Tragedy, not so new as lamentable and true*; acted at the Globe,’ 1608, 1619. Shakespeare’s name, as author, is on early title-pages, but apparently without certitude. It remains one of the best of all ‘doubtful plays’ assigned to him; reprinted in the 3rd and 4th folio editions. ‘*The Yorkshire Tragedy*’ was included among J. P. Collier’s beautiful quartos of *Shakespeare’s Plays*, 1878.

Not until so late as 1827 was it enacted that when the accused would not plead, his silence was to be entered as equivalent to a pleading of not guilty.

- P. 671.—Another specimen of a ‘*Swaggering Man*,’ who trades disgracefully on the follies of women, is shown in a Rawlinson B.-L. ballad, unfortunately mutilated in the unique exemplar; some stanzas are irretrievably lost. The chief interest for us is in the tune and burden, *Laugh and lie down.*

## The

## Young-Man's Rambles; or, The Bachelor's Shifts.

Wherein he doth shew to Young-Men all,  
 How he hath Girls to come at his call;  
 And a way he doth teach to batchellors free,  
 How to get their living and merry to be:  
 For he lives at ease, and takes little care;  
 He spends with the best, yet has money to spare.

To a New Tune, or, *Laugh and Lye down.* [See Note, p. 859.]

I Courted a Maiden was handsome and fair,  
 I told her that I was a Gentleman's Heir;  
 I hug'd her and kiss'd her, and call'd [her my own,] [*End of lines*  
 But all my i[n]tent was] to get her a [Green-Gown.] [*torn away.*  
*And I laugh an[d lie down], though I sig[h for each maid,]*  
*To think what [their jolly] will do fo[r my trade.]*

I followed [my sweeting,] and no [frowns would take];  
 At length [she relenting] much on me did make,  
 I made her believe that my portion was high,  
 When as the Devil a[s hunger']d [was] I.  
 [*Burden, and another entire stanza lost.*]

Thus she did me feast with the best that could be,  
 And I was as willing to take it as she;  
 And always when Money with me it grew low,  
 Then straightways unto her for more would I go.  
*But I laugh [and lie down], etc.*

But with ticking and toying, we both being wild,  
 At last this young Damsel she proved with child.  
 Then what for to do I could not well tell,  
 For in that [same] place I no longer durst dwell.  
*But straight took my flight, and left pritty Nan*  
*In a whole peck of troubles, for want of a man.*

And now I've got the trick on 't, young Wenches so brave,  
 I can kiss and imbrace them, then i' th' lurch can them leave.  
 My Hostess's Daughter [says] she [is content] [*2nd col. bottom of*  
 [While I am beside her, to cancel the rent.] [*sheet torn off.*

For before that Gold or yet silver I'll lack,  
 I'll make them to pawn their smocks from their back;  
 There's Betty doth swear, though Money be scant,  
 She will sell her Head-gear before I shall want.  
*Which makes me to smile, etc.*

Then I do not fear, the truth it is so,  
 But I shall get Money where ever I go.  
 I'll keep well my Nag, that he may not tire,  
 And please pritty Maidens to their hearts' desire.  
*Then I shall be sure to have Money in hand,*  
*So long as their Fathers they have house or land.* [Cf. p. 684.]

Young Batchellors all, my Ways you may take,  
 Then every girl much on you will make;  
 You must not be faint-hearted, [but make their purse] bleed;  
 [Let the whole world go hang, so it serve at my need.] [*3rd col. end*  
*torn off.*

There's *Sisly* and *Peggy* I have at my call,  
 And *Bridget* would have me, but I can't have all;  
 But when I meet with them I tell them more lyes  
 Than Hairs on their heads or Stars in the skyes." *Then, etc.*

And thus by my Wit I do get many things:  
 I make them to sell both their Bodkins and Rings;  
 In their ears I do whisper, 'cause none should us hear,  
 Then chuck them under th' chin, and call them "My Dear!"

So, Young-Men, I 'le leave you, you have heard my Trade,  
 How I get my living by many a Maid.

What need I keep a Cow, or at such charges to be,  
 When I can have a quart of milk for a penny?

*But I laugh [and lye down, though I sigh to each Maid,  
 To think what a Clown will do for brisk Trade.]*

[*Here is a line of \* \* \* type ornaments*] . . . at . . . [*All the rest torn off.*]

It is unfortunate that the final line holds no more than "*But I laugh,*" etc., since the refrain of the first stanza is sorely mutilated. It may have been "*But I laugh in my sleeve,*" etc., for the broken letter looks like an *i*. *The square bracketed words*, even those at the end of final stanza, *are, of course, conjectural*. Following this ballad, a century later came a song: tune of *Gee-ho, Dobbin—*

"While others attempt heavy minutes to kill  
 With *Ombre*, with *Commerce*, *Picquette*, and *Quadrille*,  
 For once let us sing an old game of renown,  
 The old *British* pastime of '*Laugh and lay down.*' [*sic passim.*]  
*Hey down derry, ho down derry;*  
*Hey down derry, hey ho, hey ho!"* (bis).

[Peyps Collection, III, 35. Apparently unique.]

### Laugh and Lie Down; or, A Dialogue,

Between a Young Gentleman and his Sweet-heart, as they sat  
 upon the Banks of the *Keldar*, a little above the Bridge of  
*Brighouse* in *Yorkshire*, on *March* the *First*; both being  
 Inhabitants within the same Township.

Tune of, *As I was a walking one sun-shining day.* [Earlier name of tune.]

AS I was a walking one evening most clear,  
 By the bank of a River, I chanc'd for to hear  
 A young Man and a Virgin of beauty and fame;  
 But for fear to disgrace her, I'll not tell her name.  
 This young Man did hand her along on the way,  
 And unto the Virgin I heard him to say:  
 "I love thee, my *Jewel*, the joys of my heart;  
 From the foot to the Crown . . . lovely thou art."  
 Then she answer'd him quickly: "You do not me love,  
 You speak but in jest, only me for to prove.  
 But what makes your hand to be fumbling here?  
 It makes me to shake and to tremble with fear  
 "That you should o'ercome me, and make me submit  
 To your will and pleasure; but alas! I'm not fit:  
 For want of possessions, you will not me chuse,  
 But just for the present my body t' abuse."

"No, no, my sweet Jewel, it shall not be so ;  
 For if thou fear that, then away will I go !  
 And along the green *meadows* I think I must walk ;  
 Then let us part quickly, and cease all our talk.

"Then farewell, adieu ! for no longer I'll stay."

"*Well, what haste are you in ?*" she gently did say :

"I would not have Lovers to break in a rage,  
 For before that should be I'll be your Foot-page."

Then back with all haste he turn'd to her again,  
 And began to salute her and kiss her amain ;  
 But his hand play'd at all alike (but I'll not swear,  
 For all the king's ransom, what at they play'd there).

But this I will say, yea, and swear it to boot,  
 And boldly affirm it, if I be put to 't,  
 That they made a bargain to laugh and lie down,  
 For a goodly black hood, and a gallant Serge-gown.

And then they fell to it, with might and with main,  
 And when they had done once they fell to it again ;  
 What liquor she had got, I cannot well say,  
 But this I am sure, she went reeling away.

And as they were walking, the Thrush did sing,  
 With a voice as delightful it would please a king.

"Cease, cease !" said the young Man ! "the air for to fill,  
 For thou hast sung well, and I have not danc'd ill."

And now with this *Item* I intend to conclude,  
 Because that my lines are both simple and rude :  
 See that none of you Maids do blush or look red  
 With this *Song*, but the *parties on whom it was made*.

Licensed according to Order. Printed for J. Shooter.

[Black-letter. One woodcut. Date, early in William III's reign, *circa* 1691.  
 The ballad is a piece of local scandal, belonging to *The Banks of the Keldar*.]

P. 672.—"*Kisse, and Good-Morrow !*" was the appropriate greeting of 'The Two Valentines': "Good-morrow, *Valentine !* God bless you ever !" (vii, 114). Another song, graceful in its tender warmth, came before 1653.

### Two Kisses.

"O Nce, and no more !" so said my Love !  
 When, in my arms enchained,  
 She unto mine her lips did move,  
 And so my heart she gained.  
 Thus done, she saith : "Away I must,  
 For fear of being missed :  
 Your heart's made over, but in trust" :  
 And so again she kissed.

P. 672.—'Kissing Goes by Favour,' 1648-53. "To complement and kisse some hold to be a sin." Tune of '*Ay, marry, and thank ye too*.' It continues thus :

"And after, in short [s]pace, the world began to increase  
 Of men and women plentifully, and then they kist apace ;  
 And ever since that time, the trade came on amaine,  
 And she that hath been kissed once, must needs be kist agine :  
*Must needs be kist again, brave boys, must needs be kist againe.*



“And now kissing is us’d, I think, all the world over,  
In *London, Glo’ster, Bristol, and in C’icester and Dover,*  
And in every place beside, this kissing it is us’d ;  
I hold it for a practice good, if it be not abus’d.

*If it be not abus’d, brave boys, if it be not abus’d ;  
I hold it for a very good thing, if it be not abus’d.*

“And now, by consequence, to you I can approve  
That kissing is the readiest way and nearest step to Love ;  
Suppose a brave young Man should meet a handsome Maid,  
To kisse her over and over againe, he would not be afraid :

*He will not be afraid, brave boys, he will not be afraid ;  
To kisse her over and over againe, he will not be afraid.*

“At [country] Wakes and Revills, when young people they doe meet,  
They ’ll send for Fidlers, for to dance, and shake their nimble feet ;  
At every dance’s end the brave young blades will kisse  
Their Lasses round, whose ioyes are crown’d : what harm can come of this ?

*What harme can come of this, brave boys ? No harm can come of this.*

“Kissing is of such vertue, ’t is never out of date,  
Both morning, evening, noon, and night, it never comes too late ;  
Nor can it be refrained by any man or woman,  
From highest to the lowest degree, ’t is every where so common.

*’Tis every where so common, brave boys !*

*’Tis every where so common.”*

[18 stanzas.

P. 678.—‘A Kiss of a Sea-man’ is unique as a ballad, not as an article of commerce ; these stanzas follow, after “When *Venus* did my heart inspire.”

“When first I chanc’d to be among [them],  
I was belov’d of divers young men ;  
And with a modest mild behaviour  
They did intreat my love and favour.

[text, men.

But this I learned from my mother,  
*A Kiss of a Sea-man’s worth two of another.*

“Brave Gentlemen of rank and fashion,  
That live most richly in the Nation,  
Have woo’d and su’d, as brave as may be,  
That I might have been a pretty Lady.

Love’s fiery beams I cannot smother,  
*A Kiss of a Sea-man’s worth two of another.”* By S. S.

Fourteen stanzas in all. A brief argument tells that “The Sea-man is her chosen Mate, Till breath and life are out of date.” Printed for John Andrews, *circa* 1656. Tune, “*Leave thee, leave thee.*” A ballad with this refrain is in vol. iii, p. 561, entitled, ‘A Conscionable Couple.’ Here is the first stanza :

“**T**His doth make the world to wonder,  
That thou and I must part asunder ;  
Parting from thee sore doth grieve me,  
O so loth I am to leave thee !  
*Leave thee, leave thee, I ’ll not leave thee,  
O so loth I am to leave thee ! ”*

Allan Ramsay, *circa* 1720, wrote an imitation dialogue of *Leave thee, leave thee* :

“**T**Ho’ for seven years and mair, honour should reave me,  
To fields where cannons rair, thou needna grieve thee ;  
For deep in my spirits thy sweets are indented, [!  
And Love shall preserve, ay, what Love has imprinted.  
*Leave thee, leave thee ! I ’ll never leave thee,  
Gang the world as it will, dearest, believe me.”*

P. 680.—Already mentioned, p. 816, this song appeared *circa* 1797. Compare the song by Robert Burns (p. 678), and the Jean Allardyce version of 1714 (p. 245), discredited in the *Century Burns*; also the indisputable original, ‘*What should a Young Woman do with an Old Man?*’ (reprinted on p. 679).

### **The Old Man kill'd with a Cough.**

YOU maidens so witty, in country and city,  
 I pray hear with pity a sorrowful maid,  
 That sorely is vexed, and highly perplexed,  
 All with an old husband—I wish he were dead !  
 For he's cross-grain'd and crooked, and doatingly stupid,  
 He has no more sense than a young sucking calf ;  
 For whilst he lies by me he ne'er can enjoy me,  
*For all the night long he is kill'd with a cough.*

The very first time that he came to bed with me,  
 I wish'd for a taste of *Venus's* game ;  
 But to my misfortune and mortification,  
 I found he was feeble and weak in the main :  
 Instead of his pleasing me, still he kept teasing me ;  
 Then I turn'd myself round in a huff ;  
 He says : “ My dear *Jenny*, I pray, do not blame me,  
 For, my dear *Jewel*, *I'm kill'd with a cough.*”

His breath it doth stink, like some old house of office,  
 His slobbering and bobbering I cannot well bear,  
 And every night he comes to [me, a novice,]  
 He must have his spitting-box plac'd in the chair.  
 His nose and his chin they are join'd together,  
 His tawny old pelt it is yellow and tough, [ =hide.  
 He's shivering and shaking, like one with an ague,  
 And, worse than all this—*he's kill'd with a cough.*

This doating old creature, the remains of his nature,  
 His shins are as sharp as the edge of a knife,  
 His knees are as cold as the snow on the mountains,  
 He stands more in need of a Nurse than a Wife.  
 Whilst he lies a sleeping, then I lie a weeping ;  
 Like a hog in a sty he will snort, grunt, and puff ;  
 His snorting and starting, his sneezing and [sm]arting,  
 And worse than all that—*he's kill'd with a cough.*

For the sake of curst money my daddy's undone me,  
 By making me marry this doating old man ;  
 Tho' some they may shame me, yet maidens can't blame me,  
*To crown him with horns as soon as I can.* [Cf. p. 680.  
 What signifies treasure without any pleasure ?  
 I am young, and [I] fain would have sporting enough,  
 And not to be ty'd to this doating old fellow,  
*That's wither'd and worn, and kill'd with a cough.*

But since hard fortune to me has proved cruel,  
 My sorrows to you I mean to relate ;  
 And if he don't alter, and soon, for the better,  
 On him no longer I mean for to wait :  
 I'll have a look out for some lusty young fellow,  
 That's able to give me some reason to laugh,  
 And if I can meet with that lusty good fellow  
*I'll pitch to the devil [my old man] and his cough.* [t. himself.

Printed for John Evans, in Long-Lane, Smithfield.

This theme was better treated by Lady Anne Lindsay of Balcarres, 1770-71, with tenderness and purity, in her ballad of 'Auld Robin Gray.'

"When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame,  
And a' the warld to sleep are gane,  
The waes o' my heart fa' in showr's frae my e'e,  
When my gudeman lies sound by me."

And yet it was suggested to her by the old words of "The bridegroom grat when the sun gaed down." They are not "entirely lost," as the excellent John Muir Wood asserted in his Balmoral Edition of *The Popular Songs of Scotland*, p. 247, 1887, for they had been recovered by C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe, and are reprinted on p. 196 of our present vol. viii. To this tune she wrote her words. The English tune was about 1771 composed by the Rev. William Leeves, Rector of Wrington, Somersetshire, and it has superseded the simple Scottish tune of a single strain. Many continuations of Robin Gray appeared, two unfortunate mistakes by Lady Anne herself, viz., "The Spring had pass'd over, 't was Summer nae mair," and "The wintry days grew lang, my tears were a' spent." These were printed for the Bannatyne Club, 1824, by Sir Walter Scott.

The other sequels are of little merit intrinsically, but the number of them proves the popularity of "Young Jamie loved me well, and sought me for his bride."

Trowbesh Collection holds '*Robin Gray's Answer*' = "I've got my Jenny Bell to sleep by my side"; '*Jamie and Jenny's Farewell*' = "Farewell, farewell! that sigh forbids me to depart"; with '*Jamie's Return and Happy Marriage*' = "When Jamie returned from the salt seas." Also '*Jamie's Complaint*, for Jenny's being married to Auld Robin Gray' = "Since Jenny she has married with Auld Robin Gray"; "The night was still," etc.; one entitled 'The Death and Burial of Auld Robin Gray' = "The Summer it was smiling, all nature round was gay"; '*Auld Robin Gray's Ghaist*' = "'T was in the dead of night, soon after Jenny wed" (a patriotic song concerning Howe and Rodney: printed at Warrington by W. Eyres); and "Right sweetly sang the nightingale," etc.; "Full five long years."

P.683.—We redeem an implied promise, by giving 'The Discontented Ploughman.'

[Rawlinson Collection, 566, 86; Huth, I, 72; C. 22, e. 2, fol. 111.]

### The Discontented Plow-man.

TUNE OF, *True Love Rewarded* [with *Loyalty*]; or, *Flora, Farewell* [vi, p. 105].

MY dearest Love, why art thou so unkind, as to forsake me now, and leave  
me [here] behind?

That am tormented in my mind, because my Love doth prove to me unkind.

I wonder she should prove unkind to me, that have been so constant  
unto she:

Ever since that we did fall in love, I faithful unto her did prove.

I never kept other Maids' company, nor shall do till the day I dye;

I had rather to be rack'd to death, she shall find, than ever for to change  
my mind.

For three year we in love did live, before that she did prove unkind;

To each other we our troth did give, but now my love hath changed  
her mind.

I am a Plow-man by my trade, and that will hold when others fade;  
Beside I have fifty pound a year, for to maintain my only dear.

If that be so that I was poor, then might she hate me therefore;

But seeing that I have means in store, one would think she should love  
me more.

And seeing that means it will not do, nor love yet melt her stony heart,  
I must bear all patiently, though for a while I feel the smart.

*The Young-man's praise of his Love.*

And I will show you the reason why her person I so much adore,  
Because she is the *Phoenix* of the world, which makes me love her still the more.

Her eyes doth like the Diamond shine, which doth pierce this sick heart  
of mine.

And her hair is like the threads of gold, which is both lovely to behold.

Her cheeks are like the Roses red, laid down with pure white and blew;  
Her person is most lovely to behold. These words I speak are very true.

Her teeth are like the ivory white, and her breath is sweeter than Muscadine;  
Her lips, that are both soft and fine, I wish they were inclin'd to mine.

Her breasts like two pillows lye, more brighter than white ivory;  
Which make me love her continually, and so I shall do till the day I dye.

Her fingers they are long and small, her body is both proper and tall;  
Her legs and feet are so compleat, and in every part [she is] most meet.

And now I have set forth her praise, no more then what is her due [al]ways,  
And if she comes not to ease my misery, then for the love of her I shall dye.

*The Maid's kind Reply to the Young-Man.*

“**H**OLD up thy head, my dearest love, I am coming to ease thy misery;  
The reason I did unconstant prove, it was but to try thy constancy.

“Thou say'st thou art a Plow-man brave; I am likewise a Dairy-maid.  
And for thy means thou hast in store thy love I value ten times more.

“When thou did'st walk the streets to and fro, thou said'st I was so strange  
I would not thee know:  
It was but thy constancy for to prove, and try whether or no thou did'st  
me love.

“I know it is three years, and above, since we together did fall in love:  
The vows and promises made between thee and I, I will keep them until I die.

“And now, my love, thou know'st my mind, when we are married prove not  
to me unkind;  
And therefore now, without delay, let us appoint our Wedding-day.”

*The Young Man's Conclusion.*

“**T**EN thousand thanks I give to thee, my dear; that thou art come my  
love-sick heart to cheer:  
I'll be to thee both loving and kind; nothing but death shall change my mind.

“And now, my dear, to end all sorrow, our Wedding-day shall be to-morrow;  
Thy bride-men on thee shall attend, and lead [us] to the Church both hand  
in hand. [t. thee.

“The bells shall ring and musick play, for to pass the time away;  
And when that day in mirth is spent, the night we'll pass away with much  
content.”

Young maidens, wherever you be, come take this counsel now of me:  
To them that you do vow to love, look to it, and see that you do constant  
prove.

As by this copy you may see, though for a while she did try his constancy,  
Now they do live in love and unity, and I wish them many years of joy.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.*



- P. 691.—The nine omitted stanzas of R. Guy's ballad, 'The Longing Shepherdess,' are now recovered and given; to follow the four of p. 691. The music of *Lady, lye near me* (sic) is in *The Dancing Master*, 1650, p. 59, of 1652 edition, and in all editions before 1695. Also in *Popular Music*, p. 185. We repeat the fourth stanza, "*Hymen keeps holiday*," sung by the girl.

[Pepys Collection, III, 59; Douce Coll., I, 119.]

## The Longing Shepherdess; or, Lad[d]y, lie near me.

Tune of, *Lady, lie near me*; or, *The Green Garter*.

**A**Ll in the moneth of *May*, when all things blossom,  
As in my bed I lay, etc. [See three early stanzas, p. 691.]

"*Hymen keeps holiday*; Love, take thy pleasure!

*Cupid* hath thrown away his bow and quiver:

*Boreas* doth gently blow, least I should fear him,

Yet dare I not to stay alone to hear him.

'Come away, do not stay, Sweet-heart, come chear me!

*Thou hast been long away. Lad[d]y, lye near me!*'

"Do not, *Adonis*-like, sweet-heart, fly from me,

For careful I will be, as doth become me,

Both of my flock and thine, whilst they are feeding;

Dear is my love to thee, as is exceeding. *Come away*, etc.

"I may sing 'Well-a-day!' my joys are ended,

The hour of my approach is almost 'spended:

My Parents will me misse, and Swains will jeer me."

Thus still her 't was this, "*La[d]dy, lye near me!*" [i. it was.

*Come away, do not stay*," etc.

### The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.

**S**He had no sooner spoke, but her true Lover  
Near to her did approach, her grief to smother.

"Hearing thy mone, my Sweet, I come to cheer thee,

And will before I part, dearest, lye near thee.

*Be not sad, I am glad that I did hear thee,*

*And what as can be had thou s' have to chear thee.*

"No cost that I will spare for to content thee,

Junkets the best that are, they shall be sent thee,

The chiefest I can get, and best Canary;

Then do not, Sweet-heart, sit so solitary. [*Be not sad*, etc.]

"I hate to bear the mind of a base peasant,

Thou still shalt find me kind; partridge and pheasant,

Butcher's meat is but gross, fare that is dainty

For thee, my loving Lasse, we will have plenty.

"*Adonis*-like to prove, that were too cruel,

[text, so cr.]

To one so dear I love; the richest jewel

I do not estimate like thee, my Sweeting;

I in my heart will hate for to be fleeting.

"The time we'll pass away Histories reading,

Whilst our flock day by day gently are feeding;

And on my Oaten Reed, Love, to requite thee,

'*Care away*,' I will play, for to delight thee.



"The birds with their sweet notes chearfully singing, [Cf. p. 689.  
Also will thee delight, contentment bringing;  
Whose pleasant Harmony, from them resounding,  
Still will delightful be, most sweetly sounding.

"Though I myself am absent, and sometimes leave thee  
To work thy discontent, let nothing grieve thee.  
But merry be, Sweet-heart, till my returning :  
Alone, my dear, thou art ! then cease thy mourning.  
*For I will still be kind, always to cheer thee ;  
And so to ease thy mind, I will be near thee."*

Finis.

R. G. [=Robert Guy].

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.

[Black-letter. Three cuts, described on p. 691. Date, earlier than 1681.]

P. 693.—*The Unsatisfied Lovr's Lamentation*. Text reads, "With my soft hand I'll make it stand; . . . compleat by tasting of the flesh; . . . do the deed; . . . man." Penultimate stanza is corrupt, misreading unintelligibly, "In time I hope (say I) may find a friend, that," etc.

P. 695.—'*Alace ! poor thing,*' is the burden and elsewhere cited 'pleasant new tune' of the unique Roxburghe ballad which comes perforce into this 'Deliverance.' Its rarity of survival may have been caused by its worthlessness; not by its brevity: it holds seven stanzas. People were not easily shocked in those days. The version in Bagford Coll., by S. B., was printed *circa* 1674, for Coles, Vere, T., and P. (S. B. stanzas added here:)

"'Poor heart !' she said, what in her lay this young man's heart to cheer,  
By kissing him, and calling him her Honey and her Dear;  
But finding of his Courage so sadly for to hing,  
Down she fell again and cry'd, '*Alas ! poor thing.*'  
The young man hearing of her moan, his credit for to gain,  
Resolving for to try his strength; but all was spent in vain;  
And troubling of his love-slain mind, he like a logg did cling,  
Which made her kick him off, and cry, '*Alas ! poor thing.*'  
So, to conclude, I saw this youth most fairly beat in Field;  
The stoutest heart that ever drew is sometimes fore'd to yield.  
And so put up his blade again, there sadly for to hing,  
And leave his foe to sigh and cry, '*Alas ! poor thing.*'"

Bagford 'Mourning Conquest' is the earlier version; with the original woodcut of Cupid beholding the recumbent lovers, here represented as children: a label issuing from Cupid's mouth, saying, "*Alas ! poor thing.*" The Roxburghe version has no cut, and is a slip-song, in white-letter.

P. 698.—Abraham Miles's signed ballad (perhaps the original *Beating of the Drum*, a tune-name), in Wood's Coll., 401, fol. 193, is entitled 'A Wonder of Wonders, being a true relation of the strange and invisible beating of a drum at the house of *John Mompesson*, Esq., at *Tidcomb* [corrected to 'Tidworth' in margin by Anthony à Wood], in *Wiltshire*.' Dated by Wood 'mense Febr. 1662,' i.e. 1662 $\frac{2}{3}$  (Rev. Andrew Clark's *Wood's Life and Times*, 1891, vol. i, p. 468). It begins, "All you that fear the God on high | Amend your lives and repent." Tune of *Bragandary*.

P. 701.—'Honesty is Honesty: Come off of my Mother, Sirrah!' is apparently unique. It is in Rawlinson Collection, f. 60, beginning: "Upon a certain day when *Mars* and *Venus* met together, All in a shady bower where she did oft admit him thither. But *Cupid* he did chance to see *Mars* hit the mark so narrow; The boy still cry'd, and could not abide, 'Come off of

my mother, Sirrah ! ” Fourteen stanzas. It appeared in the first edition of *Merry Drollery*, 1661, Part 1st, p. 146, as ‘An Encounter between Mars, Venus, and Cupid’: five stanzas; fourteen in broadside. Argument reads:

The God of guns to Venus runs, to hunt her coney-burrough,  
Which Cupid spies, and then he cries, “Come off of my mother, sirrah ! ”

Sung to the Tune of *Thomas, you cannot* (see pp. 701, 717). Of this oft-cited ballad the words were recovered, imperfectly, in the Percy Folio MS., Supplement p. 116, beginning, “*Thomas vntyed his points apace, and kindly hee beseeches | That shee would give him time and space for to vntye his breeches. ‘Content, content, content!’ she cries,*” etc. Soresly mutilated, a fragment.

P. 705.—We suppose this T. R. to be the same THOMAS ROBINS who gave us a version of ‘Johnny Armstrong’ (vol. vi, p. 600); ‘England’s Gentle Admonition’ (iv, 470); ‘The Loyal Subjects’ Joy’ (vii, 674); and sundry recastings of Robin Hood ballads in the present vol. viii, viz. ‘Robin Hood’s Chase,’ ‘R. H. and the Beggar,’ and ‘R. H. and the Butcher’ (pp. 512, 517, 535, 882). T. R. signed a ballad published by Richard Burton, 1654, ‘Jack the Plow-Lad’s Lamentation.’ It begins, “Gentlemen, gentlemen, listen to my Ditty!” Tune of, ‘*Prentices, fiddle no more, and a burden, ‘To pray for good tidings to come o’er the main.*’ Also signed T. R. is ‘The Contented Cuckold; or, Patience upon force is a Medicine for a mad man.’ See *Additional Notes*, p. 748. Another ‘Contented Cuckold; or, Fortunate Fumbler,’ begins, “There was a beautiful damsel of late.” Tune, *Ladies of London* (p. 751).

P. 705.—‘*The Lovers’ Battle.*’ In *The Merchant of Venice*, ii, 2, Launcelot Gobbo diagnosed himself by cheiromancy, and predicted his own future matrimonial career, with too evident a trust in Venus influencing Fortune, or *vice versa*, both being slippery jades: “Here’s a small trifle of wives! . . . and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed.” Danger affects either the husband or the gallant in a detected intrigue.

THOMAS ROBINS usually adopted themes that had been previously treated in ballads. He was at better moments robust and effective. So here.

[Douce Coll., II, 194, *vo.*; Huth, II, 80; C. 22, e. 2, 173; Jer., II, 23; L., 28.]

## The Scornful Maid and the Constant Young-Man.

With mocks and taunts she doth him jear,  
As in this ditty you may hear;  
Yet no denial he would have,  
But still her favour he did crave.  
Yet at the last she granted love,  
And vowed she would constant prove.  
Yet in this Ditty you may find  
It is Money that doth a bargain bind.

Tune of, *Time’s Changeling I will neuer be*; or, *Sawny [will neuer be my Love again]*, p. 753; vol. vii, p. 14; or, *A Fig for France [and Holland too]*.

“**A**Ll hail, all hail, thou Lady gay, the glory of the world to me!  
More beautious in mine eyes, I say, than *Venus* in her prime could be.  
One smile from thee I now do crave, if so much favour I could have;  
*One smiling glance, from that twinkling eye, will save my life, or else I dye.*”

“Stand back, good Sir! what would you have? Your speeches let me understand;  
What is the thing that you do crave? Do not you think me to trappan.  
What beauty here, Sir, can you spy? Hands off, I pray; come not me nigh.  
*Either a smile or else a frown, I think, will serve for such a Clown.*”

“What ails my dearest heart’s delight? Sweet Lady, now be not so coy.  
Thou seem’st to be an Angel bright, in thee is all my earthly joy.  
Then do not seek my life to spill, but grant me love for my good will.  
*One glance from that bright twinkling eye will make me for to live or dye.”*

**The Second Part, TO THE SAME TUNE.**

“O Fie, away! thou fondling now! my very heart thou vexest sore;  
I scorn such py[nch]’d-nosed Jacks as thou; pack, pack, I say, come here  
no more.

That maid which sets her love on thee, may say she is blind and cannot see:  
The dirtiest Drab in all the Town may prove too good for such a Clown.”

“O, say not so, my only joy; I am the man which loves thee dear.  
Thy speeches doth me sore annoy, but yet thy love I do not fear.  
In time I hope thou wilt change thy mind, for all thou seem’st at first unkind:  
*One smiling glance from that twinkling eye will save my life,”* etc.

“Good sir, I pray you answer take, you spend your time in vain on me:  
I pray you seek some other Mate, my heart doth scorn thy base degree.  
What, do you think I am so blind to have a Clown by birth or kind? {untvye.”  
Oh no, I pray you, come not me nigh, for I scorn my shooes thou should’st

“Well, Lady, now if it be so, that I no favour here can have,  
But now by force from [thee] must go, some other Maiden’s love to crave,  
This Gold and Silver I will let flie, before the next shall me deny:  
For all thou termost me such a Clown, I have a year five hundred pound.”

“’Tis not your Gold, good Sir, that shall tempt me to yield unto your will;  
That Maid which comes when they do call, will find you have but little skill.  
In this same case you do profess to please a Maid: I do protest  
*I see no skill that you can have to give a Maid what she doth crave.”*

“If that be all, my honest Dear, if that thou please me but to prove,  
Then of my skill thou need’st not fear; lo, I have here what Maids do love.  
Here is Gold and Silver, come and see! with all delights to pleasure thee:  
Therefore some favour to me show, before that I from hence do go.”

“What, dost thou think I am so fond to yield my freedom here for Gold?  
Or dost thou think I dote on means? O no, it never shall be told  
That money shall my Master be; therefore come thou no more to me:  
Be gone, be gone, stand not to prate, for fear I break thy Clownish pate.”

“Then fare you well, thou scornful Dame! for, seeing it won’t no better be,  
Yet I must needs set forth thy fame, of all the Maids that e’er I see.  
For beauty rare within mine eyes, no man can win a rarer prize;  
*If thou would yield to me thy love, I constant always vow to prove.”*

“Well, Sir, if you will constant prove, as now you do profess to me,  
Then I do grant to thee my love, and I vow to prove as true to thee.  
Here is hand and heart to thee I give, and I vow to love thee while I live:  
What more can you desire of me? for a constant Wife I will prove to thee.”

“If it be so, my Dearest Dear, thou shalt never have cause to repent,  
For costly cloathing, with jewels rare, I have to give my Love content.  
Here is my hand, my heart is thine, and blessed be the hour and time  
That thou did’st grant thy love to me. Come now, we will go and married be.”

**Finis.**

By T. R[obins].

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden Ball, in West Smithfield.

[Black-letter. Two cuts, each in oval: 1st, the man in black hat, iii, 576;  
2nd, the ‘Autumn’ lady, holding grapes, iv, 283, right. Date, circa 1673.]

P. 708.—Sung to the tune of our Roxburge 'Mars and Venus' (the same as 'When Aurora in Azure was blushing' = 'The Golden Dart,' vol. iii, 533), printed for Philip Brooksby, licensed by Richard Pocock, 1685-8, is 'The Young Man's Careless Wooing, and the Witty Maid's Replication: all done out of English Proverbs' (Pepys Coll., III, 130). It begins—

Down in an Arbour devoted to *Venus*,  
 Unseen I heard two fond lovers contend,  
 Noting how *Cupid* from business can wean us,  
 And yet their love come to an unhappy end.  
 The blinded Boy no victory wins:  
 As you shall hear, [t]he [man] now begins.

"I prethee, Sweet-heart, grant me my desire,  
 For I am thrown, as the old Proverb goes,  
 Out of the *Frying-pan* into the *Fire*:  
 And there is none doth pity my woes.  
 Then hang or drown himself, my Muse!  
 For there is not a tur[nip] to choose.

"Most Maids are false, tho' some may seem holier,  
 Yet I believe they are all of one mind;  
 'Like unto like,' quoth the *De'el* to the *Collier*,  
 And they'll prove true when the *Devil* is blind. [Bagford Bds.,  
 Let no man yield to their desire, p. 936.  
 For the burn'd child doth dread the fire," etc.

After three more stanzas he gets 'The Witty Maid's Answer.' At first she was "drown'd in tears of vexation," tearing her hair and falling to the ground, but she soon makes reply in his own fashion, with such proverbs as "*A Slut's good enough to make Sloven's porridge*," and "*'T is a good Jack makes a good Jill*."

"If I should grant unto thee thy desire,  
 Without obtaining my Mother's good will,  
 Then I'm sure all the fat's in the fire:  
 I know what I think, and think I will still: etc.

"I must confess that I loved thee well one day,  
 But ere that thou findest me do so again  
 Thou shalt kiss me where I sat on Sunday:  
 We foolish Maids put too much trust in Men.  
 Yet when we think we are in our Heaven,  
 You leave us all at sixes and sevens.

"Thou only seekest to know where my stock is;  
 But stay by my troth, some are wiser than some;  
 Near is my petticoat, nearer my smock is,  
 And thy Entertainment shall be like Jack Drum:  
 For when my Portion thou hast got,  
 'T is need that makes the old Wife trot.

"And thus to conclude upon our conferring,  
 Most Men are false, very few men are true;  
 They are neither Fish, Flesh, nor yet good red herring:  
 We must speak truth, give the Devil his due;  
 And this shall be my last reply,  
 Go walk up, out, knave! What care I?"

Printed for P. Brooksby, etc. [Black-letter. Cuts, vii, 308; vi, 237.]

To the same tune of *Mars and Venus* was sung a Mock-song (C. 22, e. 2, art. 9; Jersey I, 185 = Lind., 37; Huth, II, 30), entitled, 'Love and No Love.'

## A Mock-Song; or, 'Love and No Love.'

The young-man with this Maid would fain be doing,  
 And very earnest was with her in wooing;  
 But the Maiden she was very cunningly witted,  
 I think no young-man never was better fitted.

To the Tune of, *Mars and Venus*. With Allowance, **Ro. Le Strange**.

"**A**ll in the Evening as I [was] walk[ing] | in the fields to take the air, ['walk'd.']  
 I spyed two Lovers there a talking, | under a pleasant shady Bower.

The young-man said: "Sweet-heart, dost love me?"

For I vow now I am come to prove thee,

If thou wilt be true and constant, | and grant me love for love again:

For I swear my heart with love is slain."

THE MAID REPLIES.

"Indeed, good Sir, you do but flatter, | your complements cost you no money:  
 I'de have you rest your self contented, | for all you call me love and honey.

For a Maiden she had need be careful,

And of young-men's promises to be fearful;

They're given so much to dissemble, | and tell a Maiden a hundred lyes,  
 As many as there is stars in the skies."

[Two more stanzas in First Part; Second Part holds six.]

Printed for P. Brooksby, near the Hospital-gate in West-Smithfield.

[Black-letter. Three woodcuts: 1st, man and woman in a wood, vi, 70; 2nd and 3rd, man and woman with rose, growing, vi, 163. Date, *circa* 1672.]

Another ballad, probably unique, is entitled '*Mars and Vulcan in Opposition; or, When Mars and Fair Venus were both in Conjunction,*' etc. To the tune of, *Colonell Downes his men*. B.-L. London, printed for F[ran]cis G[rove]. It begins:

"A Country blade of late, well mounted on a horse,  
 Posted unto a market-town, spurr'd on by Cupid's force."

P. 709.—'*The Country-man's Paradise.*' To admit this 'extra' ballad into a single page and append the note accounting for its introduction, the fourth stanza was temporarily relinquished. Text reads (with a false repeat-rhyme, "o'er and o'er," in second stanza: bracketed as "more and more"), thus, with unnecessary coarseness, as fourth stanza, on the haymaking:—

"And at the Evening tide our day's-work we do cock, | If we are not espied, then  
 I take up her smock; | And what doth after follow, I am asham'd to say,  
 But thus we do, I tell to you, as we do make *the Hay*."

P. 711.—"*A Lady of Pleasure at Bart'lemy-Fair*" would have found changes in 1736, the date of Henry Carey's '*Honest Yorkshire-man.*' He sings:

## Bartholomew-Fair.

**O** *Barteldom-Fair*, since the Lord Mayor  
 Has cried thee down,  
 There's nought worth regarding, I'd not give a farding  
 For *London Town*.

Such pork, such pig, such rant, such rig, such rattling there!  
*But all's done, there's no more Fun, at Barteldom-Fair.*

Adieu all joys, of 'Prentice-Boys and pretty Maids!  
 The Country, the Court, have lost their sport, and the Show-Folk their trades.  
 Nay, even the Cit, in a generous Fit, would take Spousey there:  
*But all's gone, there's no more Fun, at Barteldom-Fair.*



P. 713.—To mercantile traffic as this ‘High-prized Pin-Box’ damsel, or ‘The Two-Penny Score’ (p. 718), a rebuke was sung in Edinburgh—

“THE Lassies of the *Canongate*, oh ! they are wondrous nice ;  
They winna gie a single kiss but for a double price.  
Gar hang them, gar hang them, heich upon a tree ;  
For we’ll get better up the gate, for a bawbee.”

This lowered the market-price of a perishable article, one of little intrinsic value if bartered commercially, instead of being interchanged at prime cost.

P. 722.—‘*O’er Bogie*’ (Roxburghe Coll., III, 277) is a corrupt text, but the earliest attainable. We gave Allan Ramsay’s first stanza, “I will awa’.” His other stanzas owe nothing to the old song (*which we gladly retrieve*). Ramsay’s are woefully inferior, in their transparent insincerity. His “*Betty*” is like Robert Nicoll’s ‘*Bonny Bessie Lee*,’ who lost her charm—

“The wee laughing lassie was a gude wife growin’ auld,  
Twa weans at her apron, and ane upon her knee;  
She was douce too, and wise-like, and wisdom’s sae cauld:  
*I wou’d rather ha’e the ither ane, than this Bessy Lee!*”

In the Roxb. second stanza (p. 721), the text read “and a well-hung Loom,” which is inadmissible, except as misprint for ‘limb’: assonant rhymes being common in such ditties. We omitted third and fourth stanzas, as clumsy interpolations. There is no congruity in “He asked my hair in complement for to make [him] a wig, and long or e’er we parted he bore my whirle-gige; He fustled all my petticoat, and felled about my spare [*i.e.* waist]; he ne’er would be contented, untill that he felled mair.” The fourth stanza is absolutely nauseous: “He laid me down upon [a] bank, and all my bosom bair; and he,” etc. “He took the sheers into his hand, he cowed my head full bare, but immediately thereafter he swore that I had mair.”

A fragment of another early version of ‘*O’er Bogie*’ is preserved in one of C. K. Sharpe’s Notebooks; the songs were “evidently obtained through a Northern collector” (viz. Peter Buchan: cf. the *Introduction*, pp. xl, etc.).

AS I came by *Strathbogie* yetts, *Strathbogie*’s trees were green,  
There I heard the drums to beat, ‘I’ll o’er *Bogie* wi’ him.’  
*I’ll o’er Bogie wi’ my love, I’ll o’er Bogie wi’ him;*  
*He says he’s crossing Gawdie-side: I will awa’ wi’ him.*

This gives a perfectly innocent meaning to *Bogie* and to *Gawdie*, and localizes them to the place whereof we are told elsewhere: “There’s cauld kail in *Aberdeen*, and castocks in *Strathbogie*: ilka lad maun hae his lass, but I maun hae my cogie.” *Gamrie* also is in Aberdeenshire: compare “*Willie*’s drown’d in *Gamrie*.”

“O *Willie* is fair, and *Willie* is rare, and *Willie* is wondrous bonny;  
And *Willie* says he’ll marry me: gin ever he’ll marry ony.”

Allan Ramsay’s version, in vol. iv of *The Tea-Table Miscellany*, begins similarly: “*Willie*’s rare, and *Willie*’s fair” (with ‘*hecht*’=promised, instead of ‘*says*’; and *Larrow*, not *Gamrie*). Hamlet was ready to take the ghost’s word for a thousand pound; but who could be rash enough to accept Peter Buchan’s word, or John Pinkerton’s, for a bodle, equal to half a plack, or the third of an English halfpenny? An awful risk, with no chance of salvage.

P. 722.—*Thro’ the Wood, Laddie*. This Roxb. Coll. Slip-song is certainly older and superior to the garbled and confused “traditional version” furnished in the *Scots’ Musical Museum*. But we are afraid the untold sequel to the tale would probably be similar to that of the preceding song, where the Lassie went “*O’er Bogie*,” and was reckless enough to wander over ‘*Gaudy*,’ or ‘*Gandy*,’ or even ‘*Houghmagandy*’ itself. (Cf. Burns’s ‘*Holy-Fair*,’ 1785.)

The music of *Through the Wood, Laddie*, is given twofold by the late John Muir Wood, of Glasgow (in that best companion to William Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, 1855: the original and genuine edition), *Popular Songs of Scotland, with their appropriate Melodies*, illustrated by critical and other notices by George Farquhar Graham; revised by J. Muir Wood. He died on June 25, 1892, at Armadale Cove, Dumbartonshire, in his 87th year, lamented by all who knew and loved him. It is not in his *Balmoral Edition*, 1887, but in vol. iii, pp. 56, 57, of the 1861 edition. A set of words, 1725, to the tune, begins: "As early I walk'd on the first of sweet May."

Another Scottish ballad was ill-classed on p. 186 as a Slip-song of the Roxb. Coll., viz. "I would I were where *Helen* lies." The earliest text known to us is the Roxburghe, in 25 stanzas: the white-letter broadside.

[Roxburghe Collection, III, 578.]

### I would I were where Helen lies.

To its own PROPER TUNE.

MY sweetest Sweet and fairest Fair, of birth and worth beyond compare,  
Thou art the causer of my care, since first I loved thee:  
*I would I were where Helen lies, where Helen lies, where Helen lies!*  
*For night and day on me she cries, in Land where e'er she be.*

Thy face is full of Blessedness, thy lips are full of Comeliness,  
Thy countenance is Loveliness, with Heart: O pity me.  
*I would I were where Helen lies, etc. [Passim.]*

Pity and vertue they do meet, which makes thy body so compleat;  
The love of thee! my only Sweet, can only comfort me.

Yet God hath giv'n to me a mind, the which to thee shall prove as kind  
As any one that thou shalt find, of high or low degree.

Yet ne'ertheless I am content, and ne'er a whit my Love repent,  
But think the time it was well spent, though I disdained be.

Yet *Venus* lov'd a Shepherd swain, whose name is called *Ordemain*;  
And *Ros'mond* an inferior man: why may thou not love me? [*Adon.*]

Shall Contemplation be to me the height of my felicitie?  
Shall I adore a Deitie, can no way passed be?

Shall I continue still to love whom neither tears nor sighs can move?  
Such constancy will fully prove no Truth, but flattery.

The shallowest River makes most din, the deepest Pool, the deadest Lin,  
The richest man least truth within, though he preferred be.

The Eagle and the Cock-a-match can't stoop the Butterfly to catch,  
Nor can the Hare feed with the Ratch: no more can'st thou love me. [*Auk?*]

But here I'll swear I'll be as true, as any one shall favour you;  
The love I love I'll never rue, until the day I die.

My Heart to thee thou hast in tye, with thee to live and also dye;  
I love thee for thy Constancy, and evermore shall do.

No accident can have the force to change my Love, or yet it cross;  
Nor can the world, with [all] its dross, hinder my love from you.

O *Helen* fair, without compare, let not Despair nor killing Care  
My pure heart tear! but one word mair, and say, thou pities' me!

O *Helen* sweet, and most compleat, my captive sprit pines at thy feet;  
O think not fit thus for to treat thy Pris'ner cruellie!

O *Helen* brave, this still I crave, on thy poor Slave some pittance have;  
O do him save, who's near his Grave, and pines for love of thee.

O *Helen* best, discreet, modest, who is possest with thee is blest,  
With happiness thou art increast: Oh, if I were with thee!

O *Helen* wise, do not despise the humble cries of him that dyes:  
Look where he lyes, and bid him rise, and live and hope for thee.

O *Helen* great in my conceit, my rigid Fate I must regret;  
Rigour abate, do not him hate who loves thee till he die.

O *Helen* coy, my Love, my Joy! do not employ the winged Boy  
Me to destroy, or to annoy that Heart who sighs for thee.

O *Helen* chaste, my wounds bleed fast, my life doth waste and makes great  
Thou wilt at last, when time is past, repent thy cruelty. [haste;

O *Helen* fair, O *Helen* sweet, O *Helen* brave, O *Helen* best!  
O *Helen* wise, O *Helen* great, O *Helen* coie and chaste!—

Think on the place where we have been, imbracing of my love *Helen*,  
At *Venus* game hath been right keen, but now I them deny.

O *Helen* rare, O *Helen* fair, I'll wear a garland of thy hair;  
Shall cover me for evermaire, until the day I die.

O that I were where I would be, even beneath yon green-wood Tree,  
And my own Deary on my knee, so well as we should agree.

*I would I were where Helen lies, where Helen lies, where Helen lies,  
For night and day on me she cries in land where e're she be.*

### Finis.

This was indisputably antecedent to the version slightly retouched by Robert Burns, 'Where Helen Lies,' No. 155 in Johnson's *Scots' Musical Museum*, vol. ii, p. 163, 1788: a poor halting version in comparison with Walter Scott's in *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. i, p. 75, 1802, "O sweetest sweet, and fairest fair!" (pp. 92-96, 1803). Scott gives stanzas 1, 4, 9, 5, 15, 16, varied, as Part First; beginning the Second with the burden "*I wish I were*," etc. Four stanzas tell the story of her death and her avenger (similarly in Jamieson's *Bds.*):

"Curst be the heart that thought the thought, and curst the hand that fired  
the shot,

When in my arms burd *Helen* dropt, and died for sake o' me.

"O think na ye my heart was sair? my love dropt down, and spake nae mair!  
There did she swoon, wi' meikle care, on fair *Kirkconnell* lee.

"As I went down the waterside, none but my foe to be my guide,  
None but my foe to be my guide, on fair *Kirkconnell* lee.

"I lighted down, my sword did draw, I cutted him in pieces sma', [*a.l.* hacked.  
I hacked him in pieces sma', for her sake that died for me.

"O *Helen* fair, beyond compare, I'll make a garland of thy hair,  
Shall bind my heart for evermair, until the day I die."

It next repeats the burden, with a weak substitution of "*Out of my bed she bids me rise, says, 'haste and come to me!'*" and finally these three stanzas:—

"O *Helen* fair! O *Helen* chaste! if I were with thee I were blest,  
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest, on fair *Kirkconnell* lee.

"I wish my grave were growing green, a winding-sheet drawn o'er my e'en,  
And I in *Helen*'s arms lying on fair *Kirkconnell* lee.

"I wish I were where *Helen* lies, night and day on me she cries,  
And I am weary of the skies, for her sake who died for me."

Here we reach the true pathos of the ditty, but the hand of the later minstrel is different from that which had written the Roxburgh street-song. Joseph Ritson quoted Thomas Pennant's *Tour in Scotland*, ii, 101, 1769, etc., for the Kirkconnell story of Adam Fleming, with mention of "An ancient ballad of no great merit which recalls the tragical event." Ritson gave three stanzas with the music: "Oh *Helen* fair" following the refrain. His second is, "I wish my grave 't were growing green," substituting a repetition of the line instead of the awkward rhyme "in *Helen's* arms lying." His third twice repeats "Where *Helen* lies," and ends "who died for love of me." The best composite version is W. E. Aytoun's of ten stanzas, in *Ballads of Scotland*, i, 42, 1858, similarly beginning with "I wish I were," and coming straight to the narrative. Robert Jamieson (*Scot. Bds.*, i, 203, 1806; prepared before the *Minstrelsy* of 1802) calls John Pinkerton's unblushing fabrication (*Scottish Tragie Ballads*, 1781) a "beautiful and pathetic song." Jamieson's own attempt is weak. Another flimsy imitation, by John Mayne, was printed in 1815, five double stanzas. Tennyson adopted the story for his '*Oriana*,' preserving the traditional arrow, not a bullet, and the true lover becomes accidentally the slayer of the maiden.

"Thou liest beneath the greenwood tree;  
I dare not die and come to thee, *Oriana*.  
I hear the roaring of the sea, *Oriana*!"

P. 723.—Few and grudging were any reprieves of punishment during the reign of King George III. The Draconian Code found judges prompt to condemn to death, without any scruple of conscience. The King (as in the case of Dr. William Dodd, p. 322) refused to mitigate the penalty. It was one good trait in the character of his son and successor, whom Byron irreverently styles "Fum the Fourth, our Royal bird," that he was always more willing to pardon than his father had been. He searched the minutes of each trial, and exerted himself in pleading for mercy with his advisers who counselled immediate execution.

The nation was fortunate in having such a king as George III. In his virtues, also in his narrowness and obstinacy, he was a true representative Englishman. When we remember his lineage, we rejoice that he, and not his miserable nonentity of a father, '*Prince Fed*' (pp. 268, 614), succeeded at once to the throne in 1760, on the death of his grandfather, George II.

As to Frederick Lewis, Prince of Wales, the contempt shown towards him by the Jacobites and Tories was richly deserved. If it seem exaggerated, let his character be studied anew. "One who had for many years observed him narrowly, has told us that he was unable to detect the shadow of a virtue in him. His kindred regarded him with horror and disgust. He had even exhausted the forbearance and longsuffering of maternal love, and the fact that he had survived infancy was considered by both his parents to be the greatest calamity which had ever befallen them . . . In mendacity, poltroonery, and dirtiness, he was not excelled either by his late secretary, G. Bubb Dodington, or by his recent under-secretary, Mallet."—C. Churton Collins, in *Quart. Review*, vol. cli, p. 341. Mallet's name was Malloch.

Allusions were made (on p. 675) to the choice for condemned criminals, between wiving and hanging. Here is a song from Michael Bamm's '*Mayor of Windgap*.'

### The Choice of a Noose.

THERE was a victim in a cart a going to be hang'd,

When his reprieve came from the King: the cart and crowd did stand;  
But he must either *take a wife* or be content to die.

"Och! why then should I keep my life?" the victim did reply.

"There's people here from ev'ry place, why should I spoil their sport?

The bargain's hard in either case: but come, drive on the cart!"



P. 724.—This ‘Song of Captain Bolton,’ and the ‘Lamentation of Ten Malefactors’ on p. 723, were among the seventy-nine ‘Slip-Songs’ mentioned on pp. 184 to 188; *thirty-three of them are given in this final volume*, since the List was printed: *comprising everything of value*. They are distributed on pp. 260, 265, 269; 306, 311, 312, 314, 315, 317, 318, 321, 321, 329, 333, 334, 336; 436, 437, 453; 551, 566, 568; 613, 692; 705; with ‘O’er Bogie’ and ‘Thro’ the Wood, Laddie,’ pp. 721, 722; ‘The Broken Contract,’ p. 807; ‘The Fantastical Prodigal,’ on p. 811; and ‘Where Helen lies,’ p. 872. It is not a ‘slip-song,’ but a broadside.

P. 726.—‘The Lamentation of Ten Malefactors,’ in the London ‘No Popery!’ Riots of June, 1780, appears to be the very latest printed ballad in the Roxburghe Collection. It ends the Anti-Papal struggle of 1680–1780.

As to the individual criminals named in the ballad, the general rule seems to have been followed: the worst culprits escaped punishment, unless they happened to be shot down by the soldiery, or burned to death, during the riots. The persons tried and condemned to the gallows were the weakest and poorest, the mere outskirts of the mob. Thomas Taplin was in some sort “Captain of the gang,” as he boasted, but it was no more than a gang of boys who harassed the public for involuntary ‘charity’ to aid the Protestant religion. When resistance was offered, they shouted to Taplin, who rode on horseback and enforced their claims, naming the sum required. Thus, “for extorting 2s. and 6d. from Mr. Mahon, an apothecary,” he was condemned on 28 June, 1780, and executed. Along with him was tried, found guilty, and hanged, Richard Roberts, a lad of seventeen years, for assisting to pull down the house of Sir John Fielding, the blind Justice, half-brother of the novelist (*Gentleman’s Magazine, Hist. Chronicle*, vol. fifty, p. 342). William Pateman, another of our *Roxb. Ballad* malefactors, p. 726, was condemned on 30 June for riotously assisting to pull down the house of Mr. Charlton, in Coleman Street. Edward Dennis, *alias* Jack Ketch (compare Dickens’s *Barnaby Rudge*), was condemned on 3 July, but appealed against the sentence, having been forced to join the rioters by threats, to save his life. He escaped immediate execution, being a serviceable man, in great request for Tyburn solemnities. Edward Dennis was not hanged. Writing in November, 1841, Charles Dickens added memorable words:—

“Those shameful tumults, while they reflect indelible disgrace upon the time in which they occurred, and all who had taken part in them, teach a good lesson. That what we falsely call a religious cry is easily raised by men who have no religion, and who in their daily practice set at naught the commonest principles of right and wrong; that it is begotten of intolerance and persecution; that it is senseless, besotted, inveterate, and unmerciful, all History teaches us. But perhaps we do not know it in our hearts too well to profit by even so humble and familiar an example as the ‘No Popery!’ riots of Seventeen Hundred and Eighty.”—Preface to *Barnaby Rudge*.

P. 739.—To Samuel Pepys, the greatest collector of Black-letter ballads, we owe unstinted gratitude, and pay it gladly. His name may have been monosyllabic. The late Percival Leigh wrote ‘*Mr. Pips his Diary*,’ in *Punch*, 1849, illustrated by Richard Doyle: see vol. xvi, p. 114. In *The Graphic*, Nov. 1891, *Punch*’s ‘Lazy Minstrel’ discussed the pronunciation of Pepys—

“THERE are people, I’m told—some say they are heaps,  
Who speak of the talkative Samuel as Peeps;  
And some, so precise and pedantic their step is,  
Who call the delightful old Diarist Pppys;  
But those I think right, and I follow their steps,  
Ever mention the garrulous gossip as Peps.”—Ashby Sterry.

On pp. 879, 880, we record our praise of Samuel Pepys, written ten years ago.



- P. 739.—Repetition from p. xvi\*. We give anew the important restoration of certain lines of Martin Parker's ballad named "THE TWO INSEPARABLE BROTHERS," from a later discovered duplicate; *itself deficient in the final line of first Part*. Compare p. 26 of the present vol. viii, where the first stanza begins "To England lately newes is come," etc., and the second stanza commences "I many Prodigies haue seene," etc. The third and fourth stanzas are now authoritatively restored, thus:—

“A Gentleman, well qualifide, doth beare his brother at his side,  
Inseparably knit,  
As in this figure you may see, and both together living be :  
The world admires at it.

[*True text, restored.*  
[*i.e.*, wonders at it.

“In *Italy* this youth was borne, whom nature freely did adorne  
 With shape and pulchritude,  
 Like other men in each respect, and not with common intellect  
 He's inwardly indued.

“This yo[u]ng man doth compleatly walke,” etc.  
*(Continue, as on p. 26, except that we read “nature hath us’d him  
 so to it, [he scarcely doth feel] pain’d.”)* *[Conjectural.]*

- P. 743.—“Distrust prudes and persecutors.” It was the stealthy scribbler of ‘St. Abe and his Seven Wives’ who, in a contemptible review, using a pseudonym, Thomas Maitland, stabbed with a poisoned pen the true poet and painter who wrote the sonnet of ‘Nuptial Sleep,’ ‘The Blessed Damozel,’ and ‘Lazy, laughing, languid Jenny,’ bearing its Shakespearean motto, “Vengeance of Jenny’s case! Fie on her! Name her not, child,” etc. Here is what has been reprehensibly omitted from later editions of *Poems by D. G. R.* :

## Nuptial Sleep.

(Sonnet v of 'The House of Life.' Ed. prin., 1870.)

A T length their long kiss severed, with sweet smart:  
And as the last slow sudden drops are shed  
From sparkling eaves when all the storm has fled,  
So singly flagged the pulses of each heart.  
Their bosoms sundered, with the opening start  
Of married flowers to either side outspread  
From the knit stem ; yet still their mouths, burnt red,  
Fawned on each other where they lay apart.

Sleep sank them lower than the tide of dreams,  
And their dreams watched them sink, and slid away.  
Slowly their souls swam up again, through gleams  
Of watered light and dull drowned waifs of day ;  
Till from some wonder of new woods and streams  
He woke, and wondered more : for there she lay.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

Suppressed similarly and needlessly, after the first edition of *'Goblin Market and other Poems,'* 1862, were three powerful poems by D. G. R.'s sister, the late Christina Gertrude Rossetti, written in 1856-60. They reveal strength beyond her ordinary workmanship. Her surviving brother William M. R. restored them to publication in 1896. They are: 'A Triad' (= "Three sang of love together"); 'Cousin Kate' (= "I was a cottage-maiden, hardened by sun and air"); and 'Sister Maude' ("Who told my mother of my shame? Who told my father of my dear? Oh, who but Maude, my sister Maude, who lurk'd to spy and peer!"). These are object-lessons to show what mischief belated scrupulosity can do, without remorse. Prudery blushes self-consciously, always at the wrong time.

A clerical Tartuffe of Dodonean affinities denounced as “ribaldry” the Poems of Thomas Carew, and tried to suppress the *Roxburghe Ballads*. He was prompted by a serpent of Eden. They fulfilled what the ‘Oxford Graduate’ had earlier prophesied in *Modern Painters* (vol. iv, p. 399) — “There is not to my mind a more woful or wonderful matter of thought than the Power of a Fool. In the world’s affairs there is no design so great or good but it will take twenty wise men to help it forward a few inches; and a single Fool can stop it: there is no evil so great or so terrible but that, after a multitude of counsellors have taken means to avert it, a single Fool will bring it down. Pestilence, famine, and the sword are given into the Fool’s hand, as were the arrows into the hand of the Giant.” The Fool’s bauble is ecclesiastical persecution; his laughter paralyzes; his cap-and-bells are the noxious whimsies that buz and rattle inside a corrupted skull. True men — Rossetti, Byron, Shelley, and the later James Thomson, ‘Bysshe Vanolis,’ who wrote ‘*The City of Dreadful Night*’ — grew weary of the conflict, and passed “into the Silent-Land” before their time. There they joined

“The great of old,  
The dead but sceptred sov’rans who still rule  
Our spirits from their urns.” — *Manfred*, iii, 4.

\* \* “Alace! that samyn sweet face!” We gave on p. xvi of First Preface to vol. viii (Part XXIII, 1895) the brothers Wedderburn’s religious parody of the lost original, in their *Compendius buik of godly and spirituall Sangis*, 1600: our nearest guide to the original mentioned in the *Complaynt of Scotlande*, 1549.

On the same p. xvi was added the first stanza of the late James Thomson’s ingenious attempt to reconstruct the poem; and here are the other stanzas:—

“Alace! that samyn sweet face!’  
Eyes have lost the light of youth,  
But have kept their loving truth;  
Lips that tremble while they speak  
Speak the words that ravish me;  
And the forpined hollow cheek,  
Oh, it breaks my heart to see!  
Hair yet witnesseth a vow,  
Loyalty is on the brow:  
‘Alace! that samyn sweet face!’  
Sweet then, yet sweetest now.

“Alace! that samyn sweet face!’  
Could one kindle up those eyes,  
Think you, with a love-surprise?  
Could a rain of kisses turn  
Those poor lips to bloom once more?  
Would those wan cheeks swell and burn,  
Fed with joys of heretofore?  
Would caressing hands allow  
Not a furrow on that brow?  
‘Alace! that samyn sweet face!’  
Dear then, yet dearest now.” — ‘*Vane’s Story*,’ p. 170.

‘Bysshe Vanolis’ (J. T.’s pseudonym, compounded of Shelley’s name and anagram of Novalis) cherished a deeply-rooted love for his betrothed, who died in her unstained maidenhood. He kept constant to the “samyn sweet face,” that could never lose its charm for him, when beauty yielded to sorrow and death. He was a true lover, and in his long bereavement grew weary of life. Had he known the Wedderburns’ parody, he would have learned the original rhythmical construction of the stanza. But we might have lost instead of gaining, since he would have sought to remould his stanzas in accordance with the earlier type. His best friend and helper was Bertram Dobell, of Haverstock Hill.

All the *Roxburghe Ballads* are now reprinted, either in these Eight Volumes, or among the *Bagford Ballads* and the *Amanda Group of Bagford Poems*. Beyond the statement on p. 739, the sum-total of complete ballads and songs reaches 1900; besides many that are partially quoted, and innumerable others mentioned. This *Synopsis* should be read in what another Longfellow calls 'The Children's Hour.'

### The Ballad-Society's Ten Little Volumes.

TUNE OF, *Ten little Nigger-boys went out to dine.*—HERODOTUS.

TEN Black-letter-ballad Vols. (*Seven of them mine*):

*Chappell did the first of them, not foreseeing* NINE.

*Second Innings* CHAPPELL won, friends were all elate;

*Volumes each run thro' three years: this left volumes* EIGHT.

EBSWORTH, fresh from 'Drolleries,' the big lump to leaven,

*At 'Bagford Ballads' took a rise: the debt sunk to* SEVEN.

'Bagfords' keeping to the front (some with Roxbro's mix),

*Finish off their two vols.' hunt, leaving only* SIX.

*Volume Third of Roxbro' Bees humming in the hive,*

C. calls E. the swarm to ease: "Edit t'other FIVE!"

E., at close of '83, gives one volume more;

Monmouth, prompt for praise or blame, ending Roxburghe's FOUR.

York and Monmouth at dead-lock; bring sharp toil to E.,

*Down to Sedgemoor and the block: this left volumes* THREE.

*Varying fare of rich and rare old ballads came in view,*

*Vol. Six ends in '89, leaving other* TWO.

*Harder, fiercer, 'Civil War': will it ne'er be done?*

*Yes, in 1893 all battles gain'd save* ONE!

*Now at last, in '97, every song's in type,*

*Nought but INDICES to print ('copy' for them ripe):*

*Ballads'-own Society you from the slate may wipe;*

☛ *Members should pay up arrears, to loose the final gripe.*

YE EDITOR.

THE foregoing rhymes, being too undignified to be the real Finale, we dedicate stanzas to the memory of old Samuel Pepys, the greatest of all collectors of Black-letter ballads (see p. 875). With despicable ingratitude, some recent traders on his name, making money by his open-hearted revelations of himself that were never intended to glut their prurient curiosity, besmirch him, while pilfering his secrets. Yet those who intimately knew the worth of Samuel Pepys gave to him *generous contemporary praise*. He is truly alive and companionable to-day as when he frolicked with Knipp, or made his wife jealous by attending too closely to Deb. He was the uncrowned king of ballad-lore, "*our own friend*, Sam Pepys." The Editor, being "older than he's reckon'd" (according to Dean Swift), and one who "well remembers Charles the Second," vouches for this record as true.

### A Gossip at Deptford.

(On SAMUEL PEPYS. Replaced Secretary to the Admiralty, 1684.)

"DO you wonder we love him, the best of all men?  
 Though I grant he is heavy and solemn and dull  
 When you meet him at Council, with word or pen:  
 Can you guess half the wisdom he stores in his skull?  
 Not half? not a tithe! He's no idler at work;  
 The State has no servant, of all whom she keeps,  
 Like my squab little friend, who no labour does shirk:  
 The pattern of quill-driving clerks, Sam Pepys.

"If you knew what a pack he has had to control!  
 Peculators and sneaks, downright liars and thieves,  
 Men born into the world with no scrap of a soul,  
 Men whose solemn oath never a street drab believes.  
 With colleagues who truckle, take bribes from the French,  
 Smiling blandly at threats of the Vengeance that sleeps,  
 Who pass jests on 'Old Rowley,' yet toy with his wench; [= Chas. II.  
 Is there one who can boast of connivance from Pepys?

"To his duty he's true, and wherever he sees  
 The Navy despoil'd, he speaks out like a man;  
 He knows well the risk, and, altho' he loves ease,  
 No temptation of pleasure can alter his plan.  
 Our seamen's complaints find him urgent to aid;  
 If timber be stolen, or rotting in heaps,  
 And the Honour of ENGLAND seems nearly betray'd,  
 Up starts to the rescue undaunted Sam Pepys.

*"In the dockyards they know his true worth, and a cheer  
 Would rise from each shed-full of men, be you sure,  
 Were not discipline strict; but he cares not to hear  
 From shipwrights, what conscience must echo secure.  
 Yet he makes no pretence to be hero or saint;  
 With the joyous he laughs, with mourners he weeps;  
 He's not one who at bilge-water turns pale, or faints:  
 But a man, with sound courage and skill, is Sam Pepys.*

*"He had taint of the Puritan once, in Nol's time,  
 And perhaps pious phrases drop from him too oft;  
 But Religion is not such a terrible crime,  
 Though we find little piety now left aloft.  
 Some snigger and sniff at his proneness to prayers,  
 Where storing old Books, and old Ballads, he creeps;  
 While others are shock'd at his fondness for Players:  
 The girls in the 'tiring-room worship Sam Pepys.*

*"You should hear him at home, when his viol's in tune,  
 Or his voice joins in harmony dulcet and true;  
 Take my word, you would linger, none care to leave soon,  
 Though his wife (looking jealous at Knipp) is a shrew.  
 All gossip he notes; and when wanton eyes gaze,  
 Whether maid, wife, or widow, his heart bounds and leaps:  
 I saw him kiss Nellie, who acted stage-plays,  
 And Nell kiss'd him back again. Not Mistress Pepys!*

*"Now you see, we who know him have made up our mind  
 Not to heed the vile slanders of pamphleteers' mob:  
 We stand up for the man who is honest and kind,  
 Who will suffer no traitors to ruin or rob.  
 They may call him 'a Papist,' because he loves James,  
 High-Admiral York, ruling barques on our deeps;  
 But no Papist is he, who keeps watch on the Thames,  
 In the Ship-yard at Deptford, our old friend Sam Pepys."*

J. W. EBSWORTH.



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NOTA BENE.—THE GENERAL INDEX TO HISTORICAL NAMES AND EVENTS, for the entire completed work of Eight Volumes (as mentioned on p. ix** of the *Preface* to Part XXV), is in active preparation. But the printing of it, as PART XXVII (= VOL. IX), is dependent on sufficient funds being provided. The customary 'BALLAD-INDEX TO VOLUME EIGHT' follows here: Double Title-pages and Frontispieces allow of separate binding in Two Divisions.

The promised copper-plate portraits are delayed, not cancelled.



[From the Roxburghe Collection, III, 60.]

¶ This woodcut belongs to p. 514; also to vol. vii, p. 577, where it was described as adorning incongruously 'The Life and Death of Thomas Stukely; an English Gallant in the time of Queen Elizabeth': issued after her death, 1603. It began, "In the West of England born there was, we understand, A famous Gallant," etc. The woodcut appears also in T. ROBIN'S 'Robin Hood's Chase' = "Come, you Gallants all, to you I do call" (a ballad reprinted on p. 512). Later versions omit the four hindmost figures. One debased copy reappears in John Payne Collier's eighteen-shilling quarto of *Broadside Black-Letter Ballads*: Printed for Private Circulation, 1868, p. 48; at the head of the ballad entitled 'The Northern Lord' [and Cruel Jew], viz., "A noble Lord of high renouwe Two daughters had, the eldest browne." Compare our p. 180. J. P. Collier, in a note on his p. 127, mentions that "the original B.-L., without printer's name, formerly passed through the hands of Thorpe the bookseller, and the editor has a much corrupted copy of it, 'Printed and sold in Aldermay Church-yard, Bow Lane, London,' n. d."

J. P. C.'s woodcut could not have been copied direct from any Black-letter exemplar of 'The Northern Lord'; but from his Aldermay reprint; for the ballad belongs to w.-L. days, after 1700. It is a vulgar "Garland in Four Parts," combining the Shylock and Portia incidents from Shakespeare with those of Iachimo and Imogen, in a modern imbroglio devoid of poetry.

The costume agrees less with the conventional Bowmen's dress of Robin Hood Ballads (e.g. p. 515), than with the blue-bonnetted Scottish men's Northern garb "when first the Scottish wars began," 1637. It was certainly used for Thomas Robins's 'Robin Hood's Chase' (p. 512); but the capture of the deluded Sheriff of Nottingham in Sherwood Forest is the incident chosen for the picture (see pp 534, 537); T. R.'s rescription of 'Robin Hood and the Butcher' ending thus:

"Then Robin he brought him thorow the wood, and set him on his dapple gray :
'O haue me commended to your wife at home !' so Robin went laughing away."



[1.—'The Jolly Welsh-Woman' belongs to p. 792, *ante*; and to vol. vii, 725.
2.—Sheffery Morgan, *alias* Taffy, is 'The Welsh Fortune-Teller' of vii, 722.]

THE Welsh-man 'Morgan' this denotes,
 Who never stood at ease;
 "Hur cattle are the hill-top goats,
 Hur rabbits—toasted cheese.
 Hur went a'rood on Taffyd's-day,
 Hur fortune for to seek,
 Py thieve and plunder, with no pay,
 But pike-staff and hur Leek!
 Hur Harp doth petter twangle play
 Than hur lying tongue can speak."

[March 1,

Ballad-Index to Vol. VIII, Of First Lines, Burdens, Titles, and Tunes.

Prefatory Note.—This List includes "First Lines," indicated by their being set within double commas; quotational. *Burdens*, *refrains*, or *choruses* are distinguished in *Italic* type; Titles, sub-titles, and tunes are severally specified. Marked 'quoted,' or merely 'mentioned,' when not given complete.—
 J. W. EBSWORTH.

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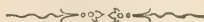
"WHEN You and I behind the Veil are past,
 Oh, but the long long while the world shall last!
 Which of our Coming and Departure heeds
 As the Seven Seas should heed a pebble-cast.

"Yet ah! that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
 That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!
 The Nightingale that in the branches sang,
 Ah! whence, and whither, flown again, who knows?

"Yon rising Moon that looks for us again,
 How oft hereafter will she wax and wane!
 How oft hereafter rising shall she look
 Through this same Garden—and for *one* in vain

"And when Thyself with shining foot shall pass
 Among the Guests star-scatter'd on the grass,
 And in thy joyous errand reach the Spot
 Where I made one—turn down an empty Glass!"

TAMÁM.





"Mais, où sont les neiges d'antan ?"—VILLON, 1461.

*TELL me, you, who on last-words linger,
Tell me—such answer may yet avail
To the question plied by our earliest singer,
François Villon, whose rhymes never fail ;
Tidings he sought, were it bliss or bale,
Of Old-time Damsels, once crowned with praise,
Renowned for charms too soon to pale :*

"But where are the Beauties of Charles's days ?"

*Welcome to us would be token-bringer,
Since Pepys and Count Hamilton told their tale ;
Prudes held aloof, grimly pointing the finger
At Nellie and 'Carwell,' whom we bewail :
Dear they are still, tho' accounted frail.*

*At Puritan primness none seek to gaze,
Unripe, yet shrivelled, frost-nipt, grown stale :*
But where are the Beauties of Charles's days ?

*Woman we love, fatal amorous clinger :
At Lilith or Lamia let moralists rail !
Not we the denouncer ; not we stone-flinger,
To chase her to Tophet adown the gale,
Albeit she has forfeited 'Hail ! All hail !'*

*On Lely's canvas her witchery stays,
Her lips drawing life-blood thro' hauberk of mail :*
Where still are the Beauties of Charles's days !

L ENVOI, to H.R.H.

*PRINCE, gallant sportsman on mountain and dale,
It is you have the taste that applauds and weighs ;
Fair Maidens flock round you whenever you sail ;
But where are the Beauties of Charles's days ?*

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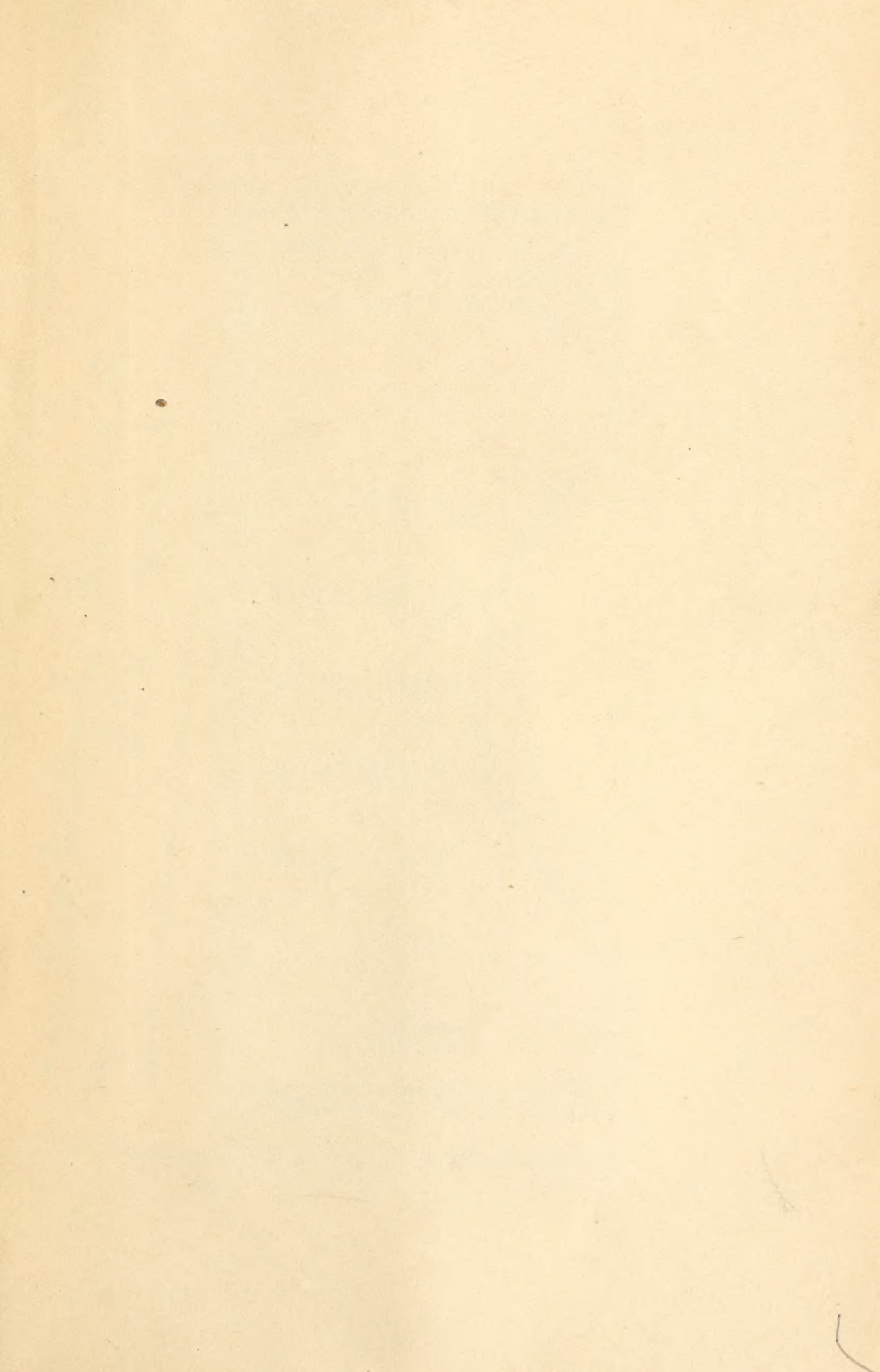
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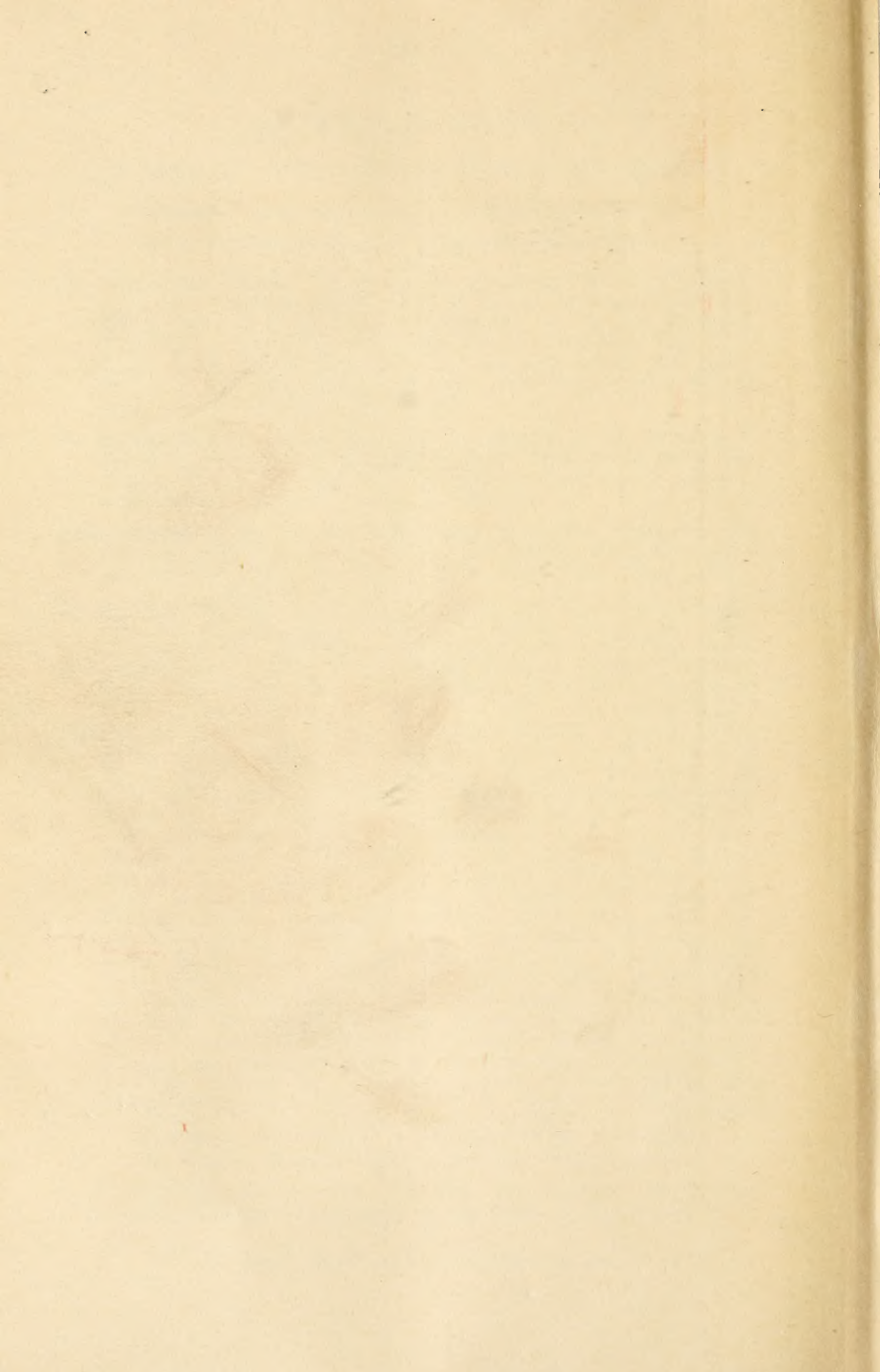
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